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the captor's story

Amirante de Guad

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EL INGENIOSO HIDALGO
QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA

COMPOSED BY

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA

(1605)

TRANSLATED BY CHARLES JARVIS

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY HENRY MORLEY

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INTRODUCTION.

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CERVANTES and Shakespeare died in the same year, 1616, and according to the records of their several countries, they died on the same day, the 23rd of April. But when Gregory XII. reformed the Calendar, in 1582, his adjustment included the deduction of ten days by reckoning the 5th of October in that year as the 15th. Reform by a Pope was not readily accepted in Protestant countries; England held by the old style until September 1752, and in 1616 the day called the 23rd of April in Spain was called the 13th in England. Cervantes died, therefore, ten days before Shakespeare; and he was at the time of his death an older man by sixteen years and a half. Shakespeare was born in April 1564; Cervantes, in October 1547.

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Like conditions produced at the same time in Spain and England writers who touched life to the quick. When there was through great part of Europe conflict of opinion that touched what man cared about with all their souls, and the combatants in their two camps looked to Madrid as the head-quarters of one, and to London as head-quarters of the other, when the depths of thought and feeling were stirred everywhere, whence could the fullest utterance come, but from these two centres of energy?

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Miguel (that is, Michael) de Cervantes Saavedra was baptized

on the 9th of October, 1547, and it has been suggested that, according to a Spanish custom, he may have been called Michael because born on St. Michael's day, the 29th of September.

The family of Cervantes had been noble; the Castilian branch of it, which intermarried with the Saavedras, became poor, and the parents of the author of *Don Quixote* were poor. They lived in New Castile in the city of Alcala, rebuilt in 1083 near the site of the Roman city of Complutum, surrounded by walls in 1389, and enriched with a university by Cardinal Ximenes, Primate of Spain, in the year 1500. In the new University of Alcala were produced and printed the six folio volumes of that edition of the Scriptures in five ancient languages, each with its text diligently revised by collation of MSS., which was to enable, as Ximenes said, every theologian "to drink of that water which springeth up to eternal life at the fountain head itself." The work, which was known, from the Latin name for the place of its production, as the Complutensian Polyglot, was set on foot in 1502; the printing of it was begun in 1514 and finished in 1517; and it drew into the new University of Alcala the best scholars of Spain. Thirty years after the completion of the work that first gave a place to Alcala in the history of Literature, Cervantes was born there. The little city, about 17 miles from Madrid, was then still vigorous with the intellectual life brought into it by the newly-founded University. The river of his birth-place, the Henares, which flows into the Xarama, which flows into the Tagus, flows also through one of the works of Cervantes, his '*Galatea*.'

Of the early life of Cervantes we know from himself that he wrote verse as a boy, read eagerly, and delighted in the rising vigour of the stage. He may or may not have studied in the

University of Salamanca, but he was a student still at the age of twenty-two. Lope de Hago then published a volume of verse on the death of Philip the Second's wife, Isabelle of Valois, and included in the volume six poems by Cervantes, whom he calls repeatedly his dear and loved disciple. This was in 1569.

In 1568 Monsignor Aquaviva had been sent to Spain on a special mission from the Pope to Philip the Second, and in 1570 Cervantes was at Rome, officiating for a little time as chamberlain in his household.

In 1571 the Pope joined with Venice and the King of Spain in holy league against the Turks, and Cervantes then enlisted as a common soldier in the expedition that was to go out under command of Don John of Austria. The Spanish and Italian fleets under Don John defeated the Turks in the Gulf of Lepanto, on the 7th of October, 1571. Cervantes was there present. Though suffering from fever, he took active part in the fight, and was three times wounded. By one of the wounds he was deprived for life of the use of his left hand and arm.

He was in hospital at Messina until April 1572, but then joined in the expedition to the Levant under Marco Antonio Colonna, and in 1573 saw service in the attack of the Turks upon the fortress of Goleta. Experience of such services is thus recalled in the story of the Captive in his 'Don Quixote.'

"The following year, which was '72, I was at Navarino, rowing in the captain-galley of the *Three Lanthorns*; and there I observed the opportunity that was then lost of taking the whole Turkish fleet in port: for all the Levantines and Janizaries on board took it for granted that they should be attacked in the very harbour, and had their baggage and passamaquas in readiness for making their escape on shore, without intending to resist—such was the terror which our

navy had inspired. But it was ordered otherwise; not through any fault in our general, but for the sins of Christendom; and because God ordains that there should always be some scourge to chastise us. In short, Uchali got into Modon, an island near Navarino; and putting his men on shore, he fortified the entrance of the port, and remained quiet until the season forced Don John to return home. In this campaign the galley called the *Prize*, whose captain was the son of the famous corsair Barbarossa, was taken by the *She-wolf*, of Naples, commanded by that thunderbolt of war the fortunate and invincible captain Don Alvará de Basan, marquis of Santa Cruz. I cannot forbear relating what happened at the taking of this vessel. The son of Barbarossa was so cruel, and treated his slaves so ill, that as soon as the rowers saw that the *She-wolf* was ready to board them, they all at once let fall their oars, and seizing their captain, who stood near the poop, they tossed him along from bank to bank, and from the poop to the prow, giving him such blows, that before his body had passed the mainmast his soul was gone to hades; so great was the hatred his cruelty had inspired!

“We returned to Constantinople, where the year following we received intelligence that Don John had taken the city of Tunis from the Turks, and put Muley Hamet in possession of it: thus cutting off the hopes of Muley Hamida, who was one of the bravest but most cruel of Moors. The Grand Turk felt this loss very sensibly; and with that sagacity which is inherent in the Ottoman family, he made peace with the Venetians (to whom it was very acceptable); and the next year he attacked the fortress of Goleta, as well as the fort which Don John had left half finished near Tunis. During all these transactions I was still at the oar, without any hope of redemption: being determined not to let my father know of my captivity. The Goleta and the fort were both lost; having been attacked by the Turks with an army of seventy-five thousand men, besides above four hundred thousand Moors and Arabs; which vast multitude was furnished with immense quantities of ammunition and warlike stores; together with so many pioneers, that each man bringing only a handful of earth might have covered both the Goleta and the fort. Although the Goleta was until then supposed to be impregnable, no blame attached to the defenders; for it was found that, water being no longer near the surface as formerly, the besiegers were enabled to raise mounds of sand that commanded the fortifications: and thus

attacking them by a cavalier, it was impossible to make any defence. It has been ignorantly asserted that our troops ought not to have shut themselves up in the Goleta, but have met the enemy at the place of disembarkment—as if so small a number, being scarcely seven thousand men, could have at once defended the works and taken the field against such an overwhelming force ! But many were of opinion, and myself among the rest, that the destruction of that place was a providential circumstance for Spain ; for it was the forge of iniquity, the sponge, the devourer of countless sums, idly expended for no other reason than because it was a conquest of the invincible Charles the Fifth : as if his immortal fame depended upon the preservation of those ramparts ! The fort was also so obstinately defended, that above five-and-twenty thousand of the enemy were destroyed in twenty-two general assaults ; and of three hundred that were left alive, not one was taken unwounded : an evident proof of their unconquerable spirit. A little fort, also in the middle of the lake, commanded by Don John Zanoguera, of Valencia, yielded upon terms. Don Pedro Portocarrero, general of Goleta, was made prisoner, and died on his way to Constantinople, broken-hearted for the loss of the fortress which he had so bravely defended. They also took the commander of the fort, Gabrio Cerbellon, a Milanese gentleman, a great engineer, and a brave soldier. Several persons of distinction lost their lives in these two garrisons : among whom was Pagan Doria, knight of Malta, a gentleman well known for his exalted liberality to his brother, the famous John Andrea Doria ; and his fate was the more lamented, having been put to death by some African Arabs, who upon seeing that the fort was lost, offered to convey him disguised as a Moor to Tabarca, a small haven, or settlement, which the Genoese have on that coast for the coral-fishing. These Arabs cut off his head, and ‘carried it to the general of the Turkish fleet, who made good our Castilian proverb, that ‘though we love the treason, we hate the traitor ;’ for the general ordered those who delivered him the present to be instantly hanged, because they had not brought him alive.

Cervantes returned to Italy with his regiment, the Third Flanders, which had high repute in the Spanish army. His service was then in Italy. He was for a year in Naples. In 1575 he had left the regiment and was on his way to Spain

with letters to the king in commendation of his service, when he was captured, together with his elder brother, by Arnaute, an Algerine pirate, and carried as a slave into Algiers.

As a slave, Cervantes served first a Greek who had turned Mahometan, then a Venetian, who was also a renegado, then the Dey. The Dey claimed him to keep him in check; for he had boldly conceived and begun to execute scheme after scheme for escape. He had tried to escape by land to Oran, but was deserted by his guide. He had lived with thirteen others in a cave by the sea-shore, using his wit to provide for them all, while waiting for the chance of rescue by boat from a passing ship. Treachery destroyed that hope. He planned escape by force, but his letter was intercepted. In these and other plots, when discovery came, he took on himself all the blame. He schemed even for a general rising of the white slaves in Algiers, there were five-and-twenty thousand of them, and when he took charge of Cervantes the Dey declared that, "If he could but keep that lame Spaniard well guarded, he should consider his capital, his slaves, and his galleys safe."

The elder brother of Cervantes was first ransomed, after two years of captivity. It was not until five years after his capture that the widowed mother was able to ransom her son Miguel, by selling all she had, including the dowry of her daughters, and by begging and borrowing in small sums an additional five hundred crowns to make up the price demanded for his liberty. Cervantes was thus restored to freedom in September 1580, at a time when in this country Spenser had been known for a year as "the new poet" by his first work, the 'Shepherd's Calendar,' and Shakespeare was a boy of sixteen. The age of Cervantes was then thirty-three.

When he had returned to Spain, Cervantes re-entered the Spanish army, and served in Portugal. Sebastian, King of Portugal, a young man of twenty-three, had landed in Africa with the flower of his nobility and, on the 4th of August, 1578, been slain by the Moors with nearly all his followers at the battle of Alcazar—

“Wherein two kings,
Besides the King of Barbary, were slain,
King of Morocco and of Portugal,
With Stukeley, that renowned Englishman,
That had a spirit equal with a king;”

of which battle, and of the prowess of Tom Stukeley, our Thomas Lodge made, about twelve years afterwards, a play. In 1580 the throne of Portugal was again vacant, and succession was claimed by Antonio, Prior of Crato; by the Duke of Bragança and Savoy; by the Prince of Parma; by the Pope; by Elizabeth of England; and by Philip II. of Spain, who secured it by help of the Duke of Alva. Cervantes went with the Spanish troops in this first occupation, which established in Portugal the power of Spain for the next sixty years.

He acquired at this time friendliest interest in the Portuguese and in their literature, was for some time at Lisbon, and was in the expedition of 1582 for the reduction of the Azores, which had belonged to Portugal and withheld allegiance from Spain.

It was after these experiences that Cervantes published, in 1584, what he called the ‘first fruits of his poor Genius,’ the prose pastoral of ‘Galatea.’ It was of the school of the ‘Diana Enamorada’ of George of Montemayor, first printed in 1542, a book of which the influence was felt even in England, for it affected the form of Sir Philip Sidney’s romance of ‘Arcadia,’

written nearly at the same time as 'Galatea,' although published later. Like Montemayor's 'Diana,' 'Galatea' is unfinished. It has been supposed that Cervantes wrote it to please and win the lady whom he married; that he praised her under the name of Galatea before his marriage to her on the 12th of December, 1584. She was of a good family, and one that was counted among old friends of the family of Cervantes, for her mother had been named executrix to his father's will.

Cervantes did not marry for wealth. He and his wife were both poor, but his wife was his loving companion for the rest of his life. She survived him, and desired at her own death to be buried by his side.

Marriage now stood in the way of military service, and Cervantes began to look to his pen for aid. He wrote twenty or thirty pièces for the stage, and was thus occupied in Spain at the time when Shakespeare, about twenty-two years old, came to try fortune with the theatres in London. The plays of Cervantes were not printed. He names nine, and two of those he names have been discovered. One of them, drawn from his own experience, set forth the sufferings of white slaves in Algiers; the other was a tale of the long struggle of the Celtiberians in Numantia, four thousand against sixty thousand in the fifteen months' siege by Scipio Africanus. The Numantians are called Spaniards throughout the play, and Spain herself, personified, appears upon the stage.

Cervantes had also a widowed sister, who was justly dependent on him for support, for she had given her all towards his ransom from Algiers. He received little from the theatre, and having left Madrid in 1588, next sought to mend his fortunes in Seville. There he took employment as agent for a royal commissary for

the fleets coming from America, and afterwards as a collector of monies due to government or private persons. He lived in this way for ten years, his occupation causing him to visit many parts of Andalusia and Granada. The failure of a person to whom he had entrusted money received made him then a defaulter to the government for a very small sum that he was too poor to pay, and he was imprisoned at Seville. After three months' imprisonment, he was released in December 1597; but trouble over the little money that he could not pay lasted for another ten years. He had tried in vain, in 1590, to obtain from the government some small office in America, and the papers sent in to support his suit remain as the best material for knowledge of his early life.

Next comes a tradition that the Grand Prior of the Order of St. John in La Mancha sent Cervantes to collect some money due to his monastery by villagers of Argamasilla. The debtors refused payment, and after much worrying of the collector, they locked him in prison. Cervantes indicates in his preface to 'Don Quixote' that the book was "engendered in a prison." This, says the legend, was the prison. Therefore it was that he made Don Quixote a knight from a village in La Mancha. But Cervantes might have begun his book in the prison at Seville; or, indeed, afterwards in a prison at Valladolid.

The Court had been removed to Valladolid by Philip the Third, and Cervantes went there, where the poverty of his home was so great that his sister aided in the struggle for bread by taking in needlework. A man having been killed near his lodging, Cervantes was imprisoned during an inquiry into the matter.

Under such pressure of outward circumstances the genius of

Cervantes produced one of the great books of the world. 'Don Quixote,' or what the later production of a second part has caused to be known as 'The First Part of Don Quixote'—was licensed at Valladolid in 1604, and published at Madrid in 1605. Cervantes was then fifty-eight years old. 'Don Quixote' was three times reprinted—once at Madrid and twice elsewhere—before the end of the year of its first publication. Cervantes, therefore, was encouraged in 1606 to follow the Court back to Madrid.

Like Chaucer, whose unclouded kindness gives in the 'Canterbury Tales' no sign of troubles that were about him when his master-work was planned, Cervantes, when the world pressed hard on him, had not a drop of bitterness to be forced out. He will laugh out of repute the conventional ideals of the tales of chivalry; whose knights and ladies represent no part of God's creation, but are creation of the novelist, and engaged upon adventures that are no kin to the deeds of men. But there is in the satire of Cervantes not a touch of mocking scorn, Shakespeare himself is not more human. The poor knight of Cervantes, with a kitchen as ill-furnished as his own, is a true-hearted gentleman, with his brain turned by romance reading, who desires, as all men should, to be of some use in the world. He is eager to advance its good and to repress its evil; but as many another true-hearted gentleman has since done or now does, he shapes the plain realities of life into ideals of his brain. The extravagances of the books of chivalry, so treated, become the type of all labour about castles in the air, whose builders usually have, like 'Don Quixote,' fine sympathies and noble aims. Thus the book has, what every great work of genius has, a core to it in which there is some seed.

At Madrid, known as the author of 'Don Quixote,' Cervantes became the friend of Lope de Vega and other foremost writers of the time. But he remained poor, often shifting house within Madrid. In 1609 he entered the Brotherhood of the Holy Sacrament, a religious association joined by the chief men of letters in the capital. In 1612, before the appearance of the second part, a translation of 'Don Quixote' by Thomas Shelton was published in London. I have here taken from it the translation of the pleasant imitations of commendatory verses that precede the book. In 1613 Cervantes published a volume containing twelve 'Novelos Exemplares,'—moral tales—including the 'Curioso Impertinente,' which he had published already in the First Part of 'Don Quixote.' In 1614 Cervantes commented upon the poets of his time in a rhymed satire called the 'Viage del Parnaso'—Journey to Parnassus. He includes in it a good-humoured reference to his own poems, and to the poverty with which he was rewarded. The players at Madrid, where Lope de Vega carried all before him, refused now to take plays from Cervantes. He was driven to publish in a volume six unacted comedies and eight farces, written to suit the popular taste, and expressing, therefore, only by snatches, the originality of his own genius. Meanwhile he had been delighting himself with a continuation of 'Don Quixote,' free from all the weakness that usually cripples the sequel to a successful book. This appeared in 1615, when Cervantes was sixty-seven years old. His health was failing and he knew death to be very near. But he worked on, when Quixote had appeared, anxious to finish a romance called 'Persiles and Sigismunda.'

He went to his wife's village of Esquivias, where they had a little house; there finished his romance, and wrote a preface to

it, wherein he represents himself on his ride back to Madrid advised about his dropsy by a medical student who overtook him on the road, and replying that his pulse had warned him that he would not live beyond next Sunday. "And so," he said, "farewell to jesting, farewell my merry humours, farewell my gay friends, for I feel that I am dying, and have no desire but soon to see you happy in the other life." He died at the age of sixty-eight, on the 23rd of April, 1616. His '*Persiles and Sigismunda*' was published by his widow in the year after his death.

The Spanish romance of chivalry took its departure from the '*Amadis of Gaul*'—Gaul, meaning Wales—written at the close of the fourteenth century by a Portuguese, Vasco de Lobeira, who was a contemporary of Chaucer, and died three years after him. '*Amadis*' was translated into Spanish about the year 1503. Its translator followed it up with an original romance of his own, of the adventures of knight Esplandian, son of the perfect knight Amadis and the peerless Oriana. '*Esplandian*' was followed in 1526 by the '*History of Florisando*,' nephew of Amadis, then came '*Lisuarte of Greece*,' son of Esplandian and grandson of Amadis. Upon him followed an '*Amadis of Greece*.'

Another early romance hero who became father of a family was Palmerin de Oliva, whose story, written by a carpenter's daughter at Burgos, was first printed in 1511. In 1516 appeared a second book by the same authoress, telling the adventures of Palmerin's sons, Primaleon and Polendos. In 1533 followed the adventures of Palmerin's grandson, Platir. In 1547 and 1548 appeared the two parts of '*Palmerin of England*,' who was another grandson of Palmerin de Oliva, being the son of Don Duarde, or Edward, King of England, and Florida, daughter of

the elder Palmerin. This romance, on the model of 'Amadis,' ranks next to it in value. Other romances were, 'Don Florizel of Riquea,' and his brother 'Anaxartes;' the invincible knight, Lepolelmo, called the Knight of the Cross, in 1543; in 1549 'The Great Deeds in Arms of the Bold Knight Don Silves de la Selva.' There were also 'Belianis of Greece,' 'Olivante de Laura,' 'Felixmarte of Hircania,' 'The Renowned Knight Cifar,' and 'The Valorous Don Florando of England;' to say nothing of the religious romances, 'The Celestial Chivalry,' 'The Christian Chivalry,' 'The Knight of the Bright Star,' 'The Christian History and Warfare of the Stranger Knight, the Conqueror of Heaven.' Cervantes in pleasant sonnets imitating the commendatory verses of brother poets before a poet's volume, sets Amadis, Belianis, and the rest at work in prefatory commendation of their brother knight Don Quixote.

Of these heroes of romance, and of all that concerns Spanish Literature, let it suffice here to say that the reader may find much well told in the 'History of Spanish Literature,' by an American author, George Ticknor, whose English book is to be read also in Spanish, and to which this notice of Cervantes is indebted for all the information that it gives. Mr. Ticknor's book, first published in 1849, was the result of studies begun in 1818. It is not only the best and fullest 'History of Spanish Literature' accessible to English readers, but among histories of the Literature of any country it is one of the best books that I know.

Eight editions of the First Part of 'Don Quixote' were printed in the first ten years of its life, and of the Second Part five editions in two years.

The first translator of 'Don Quixote' into English was Thomas

Shelton, whose translation of the First Part appeared in 1612, three years before Cervantes had produced the Second. The translation was made, as he says, five or six years before, "out of the Spanish Tongue into the English, in the space of fortie dayes." The translation of the Second Part, dedicated to the Duke of Buckingham by Edward Blount, the publisher, followed in 1620. This was the year of the earliest translation of the First Part of 'Don Quixote' into French. The translator was Cesar Oudin; the first French translation of the Second Part, by F. Rosset, followed in 1633. 'Don Quixote' has been translated also into Latin, Italian, German, Dutch, Danish, Russian, Polish, and Portuguese. Germany began to translate in 1648, and among half-a-dozen translations attained highest success with Ludwig Tieck's in 1815. Of French translations there are seven or eight. The second translation into English was in 1687, by John Philips, nephew of Milton. It was a folio entitled 'Don Quixote made English according to the Humour of our Modern Language.' It had no merit. In 1719 followed the translation by Peter Antony Motteux, a Frenchman by birth, who, when settled in England, turned from trade, wrote songs, comedies, farces, operas, and a very free translation of 'Don Quixote,' which was published in the year after his death. At the age of fifty-eight he was found dead in a disorderly house, on his birthday in 1718. Next followed, in 1742, the translation by Charles Jarvis, in two quarto volumes. William Warburton, who knew Jarvis through Pope, offered to give him an unsigned prefatory dissertation on the 'Origin of Books of Chivalry,' and Pope, when the 'Don Quixote' came out, wrote to Warburton about the dissertation, "Before I got over two paragraphs I cried out, *Aut Erasmus, aut Diabolus!* I knew you as certainly

as the ancients did the gods, by the first pace and the very gait." Jarvis's translation reached a third edition in 1756, the year after Smollett had produced his translation, in which free use had been made of Motteux. An English 'Don Quixote' with seventy-four plates, engraved from pictures by Robert Smirke, was published in 1818. The translator professed to have made free use of the several preceding versions with constant reference to the original. There was another translation in 1820. In 1822 there was Lockhart's version of the translation by Motteux. The fascination of the book has caused translators to multiply. In 1881 appeared in three 8vo volumes a thoroughly conscientious new translation by Alexander James Duffield. As I now write the journals of the day are announcing that another new translation is almost ready to appear. The wiser the world grows the more it feels the wisdom of Cervantes, who in this book pleads, with the good humour of Shakespeare, through wit and fancy, for the dominion of good sense.

H. M.

May, 1885.



CERTAIN SONNETS,

WRITTEN BY

KNIGHTS ERRANT, LADIES, SQUIRES, AND HORSES,

IN THE PRAISE OF

DON QUIXOTE,

HIS DAME, HIS SQUIRE, AND STEED.

AMADIS OF GAUL, IN PRAISE OF DON QUIXOTE.

THOU that my doleful life didst imitate,

When absent and disdain'd it befell,

Devoid of joy, I a repentant state

Did lead, and on the poor rock's top did dwell,

Thou that the streams so often from thine eyes

Didst suck, of scalding tears' disgustful brine :

And without pewter, copper, plate, likewise,

Wast on the bare earth oft constrain'd to dine :

Live of one thing secure eternally,

That whilst bright Phœbus shall his horses spur

Through the fourth sphere's dilated monarchy,

Thy name shall be renown'd, near and far,

And as 'mongst countries thine is best alone,

So shall thine author peers on earth have none.

DON BELIANIS OF GREECE,
TO DON QUIXOTE OF THE MANCHA.

I TORE, I hacked, abolished, said and did,
More than knight errant else on earth hath done :
I dextrous, valiant, and so stout beside,
Have thousand wrongs reveng'd, millions undone.
I have done acts that my fame eternize :
In love I courteous and so peerless was :
Giants, as if but dwarfs, I did despise ;
And yet no time of love-plaints I let pass.
I have held fortune prostrate at my feet,
And by my wit seiz'd on occasion's top,
Whose wandering steps I led where I thought meet,
And though beyond the moor my soaring hope
Did crown my hap, with all felicity :
Yet great Quixòte, do I still envy thee.

THE KNIGHT OF THE SUN,

ALPHEBO, TO DON QUIXOTE.

MY sword could not at all compare with thine,
Spanish Alphebo ! full of courtesy :
Nor thine arm's valour can be matched by mine,
Though I was fear'd, where days both spring and die.
Empires I scorned, and the vast monarchy
Of th' orient ruddy (offered me in vain)
I left, that I the sovereign face might see
Of my Aurora, fair Claridiane,
Whom, as by miracle, I surely lov'd :
So banished by disgrace, even very hell
Quak'd at mine arm, that did his fury tame :
But thou, Illustrious Goth, Quixote ! hast prov'd
Thy valour for Dulcineas sake, so well,
As both on earth have gain'd eternal fame.

ORLANDO FURIOSO,

PEER OF FRANCE, TO DON QUIXOTE OF THE MANCHA.

THOUGH thou art not a peer, thou hast no peer,
Who might'st among ten thousand peers be one ;
Nor shalt thou never any peer have here,
Who ever conquering, vanquished wast of none.
Quixote, I'm Orlando that, cast-away
For fair Angelica, cross'd remotest seas,
And did such trophies on fame's altar lay,
As pass oblivion's reach, many degrees.
Nor can I be thy peer, for peerlessness
Is to thy prowess due and great renown,
Although I lost, as well as thou, my wit :
Yet mine thou may'st be, if thy good success
Make thee the proud Moor tame, shame them that crown
Us equals in disgrace, and loving fit.

SOLIS DAN,

TO THE DON QUIXOTE OF MANCHA.

MAUGRE the ravings that are set abroad,
And rumble up and down thy troubled brain :
Yet none thine acts, Don Quixote, can reproach,
Or thy proceedings tax as vile, or vain.
Thy feats shall be thy fairest ornament
(Seeing wrongs to undo thou goest thus about)
Although, with blows, a thousand times y-shent
Thou wert, well nigh, given by the miscreant rout.
And if thy fair Dulcinea, shall wrong
By misregard thy fairer expectation,
And to thy cares will lend no listening ear :
Then let this comfort all thy woes outwear,
That Sancho failed in broker's occupation,
He foolish, cruel she : thou, without tongue.

THE PRINCESS ORIANA OF GREAT BRITAIN,
TO LADY DULCINEA DE TOBOSO.

HAPPY those which, for more commodity
And ease, Dulcinea fair! could bring to pass,
That Greenwich, where Toboso is, might be,
And London chang'd, where thy knight's village was.
Happy she that might body and soul adorn
With thy rich livery, and thy high desire:
And see thy happy knight by honour borne
In cruel combat, broaching out his ire.
But happiest she, that might so cleanly scape
From Amadis, as thou hast whilome done
From thy well-mannered knight, courteous Quixote:
Oh! were I she, I'd envy no one's hap,
And had been merry when I most did moan,
And take my pleasure without paying shot.

GANDALINE, AMADIS OF GAUL'S SQUIRE,
TO SANCHE PANÇA, DON QUIXOTE'S SQUIRE.

HAIL, famous man, whom fortune hath so blest !
When first in squire-like trade it thee did place,
As thou didst soft and sweetly pass disgrace,
Ere thou thereof the threatening danger wist.
The shovel or sickle little do resist
The wandering exercise ; for now's in grace
Plain squire-like dealing, which doth quite deface
His pride that would the Moor bore with his fist.
Thine ass I jointly envy and thy name,
And eke thy wallet I do emulate ;
An argument of thy great providence :
Hail, once again ; who, 'cause so good a man,
Thy worths our Spanish Ovid does relate,
And lowly chants them with all reverence.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN BABIECA, HORSE TO THE
CID, A FAMOUS CONQUEROR OF SPAIN : AND
ROZINANTE, DON QUIXOTE'S COURSER.

Ba. HOW haps it, Rozinante, thou art so lean?

Ro. Because I travel still, and never eat :

Ba. Thy want of barley and straw, what does it mean?

Ro. That of my Lord, a bit I cannot get.

Ba. Away, sir jade ! you are ill-manneréd,
Whose ass's tongue, your lord does thus abase.

Ro. If you did see how he's enamouréd,
You would conclude, that he's the greatest ass.

Ba. Is love a folly? (*Roz.*) Sure it is no wit.

Ba. Thou art a metaphysician ; (*Roz.*) for want of meat.

Ba. Complain upon the squire. (*Roz.*) What profits it?
Or how shall I my woeful complaints repeat !
Since though the world imputes slowness to me,
Yet greater jades my lord and Sancho be.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

LOVING reader, thou wilt believe me, I trust, without an oath, when I tell thee it was my earnest desire that this offspring of my brain should be as beautiful, ingenious, and sprightly as it is possible to imagine ; but, alas ! I have not been able to control that order in nature's works whereby all things produce their like ; and, therefore, what could be expected from a mind sterile and uncultivated like mine, but a dry, meagre, fantastical thing, full of strange conceits, and that might well be engendered in a prison—the dreadful abode of care, where nothing is heard but sounds of wretchedness ? Leisure, an agreeable residence, pleasant fields, serene skies, murmuring streams, and tranquillity of mind—by these the most barren muse may become fruitful, and produce that which will delight and astonish the world.

Some parents are so hoodwinked by their excessive fondness, that they see not the imperfections of their children, and mistake their folly and impertinence for sprightliness and wit ; but I, who, though seemingly the parent, am in truth only the step-father of Don Quixote, will not yield to this prevailing infirmity ; nor will I—as others would do—beseech thee, kind reader, almost with tears in my eyes, to pardon or conceal the faults thou mayest discover in this brat of mine. Besides thou art neither its kinsman nor friend ; thou art in possession of thine own soul, and of a will as free and absolute as the best ; and art, moreover, in thine own house, being as much the lord and master of it as is the monarch of his revenue ; knowing also the common saying —“ Under my cloak, a fig for a king ;” wherefore, I say, thou art absolved

and liberated from every restraint or obligation, and mayest freely avow thy opinion on my performance, without fear or reproach for the evil, or hope of reward for the good, thou shalt say of it. Fain, indeed, would I have given it to thee naked as it was born, without the decoration of a preface, or that numerous train of sonnets, epigrams, and other eulogies, now commonly placed at the beginning of every book ; for I confess that, although mine cost me some labour in composing, I found no part of it so difficult as this same Preface which thou art now reading ; yes, many a time have I taken up my pen, and as often laid it down again—not knowing what to write.

Happening one day, when in this perplexity, to be sitting with the paper before me, pen behind my ear, my elbow on the table, and my cheek resting on my hand, deeply pondering on what I should say, a lively and intelligent friend unexpectedly entered ; and seeing me in that posture, he inquired what made me so thoughtful. I told him I was musing on a preface for Don Quixote, and frankly confessed I had been so teased and harassed by it that I felt disposed to give up the attempt, and trouble myself no further either with the preface or the book, but rather leave the achievements of that noble knight unpublished. “For shall I not be confounded,” said I, “with the taunts of that old law-maker, the Vulgar, when, after so long a silence, I now, forsooth, come out, at this time of day, with a legend as dry as a rush, destitute of invention, in a wretched style, poor in conception, void of learning, and without either quotations in the margin, or annotations at the end : while all other books, whether fabulous or profane, are so stuffed with sentences from Aristotle, Plato, and the whole tribe of philosophers, that the world is amazed at the extensive reading, deep learning, and extraordinary eloquence of their authors ! Truly, when these wiseacres quote the Holy Scriptures, you would take them for so many St. Thomases, or doctors of the church ! And so observant are they of the rules of decorum, that in one line they will cite you the ravings of a lover, and in the next some pious homily—to the delight of every reader. In all these matters my book will be wholly deficient ; for, Heaven knows, I have nothing either to quote or make notes upon ; nor do I know what authors I have followed, and therefore cannot display their names, as usual, in alphabetical succession, beginning with Aristotle, and ending with Xenophon, Zoilus, or Zeuxis—the one a painter, the other a slanderous critic. It will also be ungraced by commendatory sonnets from the pens of dukes, marquises,

earls, bishops, ladies of quality, or other illustrious poets : though, were I to request them of two or three humbler friends, I know they would supply me with such as many of higher name amongst us could not equal. In short, my dear friend," continued I, "it is plain that Signor Don Quixote must lie buried amongst the musty records of La Mancha, till Heaven shall send some abler hand to fit him out in a manner suitable to his high deserts ; since I find it impossible to perform that duty myself, not only from a want of competent talents, but because I am naturally too lazy in hunting after authors to enable me to say what I can say as well without them. These are the considerations that made me so thoughtful when you entered ; and you must allow that it was not without sufficient cause."

On hearing this tale of distress, my friend struck his forehead with the palm of his hand, and, bursting into a loud laugh, said, "I now see I have been in error ever since I have known you ; I always took you for a discreet and sensible man, but now it appears you are as far from being so as heaven is from earth. What ! is it possible that a thing of such little moment should have power to embarrass and confound a genius like yours, formed to overcome and trample under foot the greatest obstacles ?—By my faith, this is not incapacity, but sheer idleness ; and if you would be convinced that what I say is true, attend to me, and in the twinkling of an eye you shall see me put those difficulties to the rout which you say prevent your introducing to the world the history of the renowned Don Quixote, the light and mirror of all knight-errantry."

"Say on," replied I, "and tell me how you propose to fill up the vacuum which my fear has created, or how brighten up the gloom that surrounds me." "Nothing so easy," said he ; "your first difficulty, respecting the want of sonnets, epigrams, or panegyrics by high and titled authors, may at once be removed simply by taking the trouble to compose them yourself, and then baptizing them by whatever name you please : fathering them upon Prester John of the Indies, or the Emperor Trapisonda, who, to my certain knowledge, were famous poets ; but suppose they were not so, and that sundry pedants and praters, doubting that fact, should slander you—heed them not : for should they even convict you of falsehood, they cannot deprive you of the hand that wrote it."

"Now, as to your marginal citations of those authors and books whence

you collected the various sentences and sayings interspersed through your history, it is but scattering here and there over your pages some scraps of Latin, which you know by heart, or that will cost you but little trouble to find :—for example, when treating of liberty or slavery,

‘Non bene pro toto libertas venditur auro ;

and then on the margin you clap me down the name of Horace, or whoever said it. If your subject be the power of death, then opportunely comes,

‘Pallida mors, æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
Regumque turres.’

If friendship, or loving our enemies, as God enjoins, forthwith you look into the Holy Scriptures, and without any very curious search you will be able to take the identical words of the sacred text :

‘Ego autem dico vobis, diligite inimicos vestros.’

If you should be speaking of evil thoughts, recollect the Evangelist :

‘De corde exeunt cogitationes malæ.

On the inconstancy of friends, Cato will give you this distich :

‘Donec eris felix, multos numerabis amicos,
Tempora si fuerint nubila, solus eris.

By the assistance of these, or such-like dribblets of learning, you will at least gain the credit of being a scholar—a character which in these times leads to both honour and profit.

“As for annotations at the end of your book, you may safely manage it in this manner : if you should have occasion to speak of a giant, let it be Goliath, for there you will have, at a small expense, a noble annotation, which will run thus :—‘The giant Goliath, or Goliath, was a Philistine whom the shepherd David slew in the valley of Terebinthus, by means of a great stone which he cast from a sling’—as recorded in the Book of Kings, where you will find both chapter and verse. And, in order to prove yourself skilled in literature and cosmography, take an opportunity to mention the river Tagus, on which an admirable note will present itself, to this effect :—‘The river Tagus was so named by a king of Spain ; its source is in such a place ; after kissing the walls of the celebrated city of Lisbon, it is swallowed up in the ocean. Its sands are reported to be of gold’—and so on. If you would treat of robbers, I will

furnish you with the history of Cacus, for I have it at my fingers' ends; and if of courtesans, there is the Bishop of Mondonedo, who will accommodate you with a Lamia, a Lais, and a Flora, which annotation cannot fail to do you infinite credit. If you have to speak of cruel females, Ovid will supply you with Medea; if enchanters and witches be your theme, Homer has a Calypso, and Virgil a Circe; if valiant commanders, Julius Cæsar and his Commentaries are at your service, and Plutarch will give you a thousand Alexanders. If love should chance to engage your pen, with the two ounces which you possess of the Tuscan tongue, you may apply to Leon Hebreo, who will provide you abundantly; or in case you dislike to visit foreign parts, you have here, at home, Fonseca, on 'the Love of God,' which contains all that you, or the most inquisitive, can possibly desire on that subject. In short, do you only contrive to introduce these names or allusions, and leave both quotations and annotations to me; for I will engage to fill up your margins, and add four whole sheets to the end of your book.

"We now come to the list of quoted authors—another of your grievances, which also admits of an easy remedy; for you have only to look out for some book containing such an alphabetical list, from A down to Z, and transfer it bodily to your own; and should the artifice be apparent from the little need you had of their help, it matters not; some, perhaps, may be silly enough to believe that in your plain and simple tale you really had made use of every one of them;—at all events, such a display of learned names will give your book an air of importance at the first sight, and nobody will take the trouble to examine whether you have followed them or not, since nothing would be gained by the labour.

"Yet after all, sir," continued my friend, "if I am not greatly mistaken, none of these things are necessary to your book, which is a satire on the extravagant tales of chivalry; a subject never considered by Aristotle, overlooked by St. Basil, and utterly unknown to Cicero. The minute accuracies of true history, the calculations of astrology, the measurements of geometry, and subtleties of logic, having nothing to do with it; neither does it interfere with ecclesiastical concerns, mingling divine and human things—from which every good Christian should abstain:—to Nature only do you refer; she is your sole guide and example, and the more closely you attend to her suggestions, the more perfect must be your book. Books of chivalry are your game, and your

chief purpose is to destroy their credit with the world ; you therefore need not go begging for sentences from philosophers, precepts from holy writ, fables from poets, harangues from orators, nor miracles from saints, but simply endeavour to express your meaning in a clear and intelligible manner ; and in well-chosen, significant, and decorous terms, give a harmonious and pleasing turn to your periods ; so that the perusal of your history may dispel the gloom of the melancholy, add to the cheerfulness of the gay, and, while it affords amusement even to the simple, it shall be approved by the grave, the judicious, and the wise. In fine, the downfall and demolition of that mischievous pile of absurdity which, though despised by some, is admired by the many ; and, if successful, believe me, you will have performed a service of no mean importance."

I listened to my friend's discourse in profound silence, and so strongly was I impressed by his observations, that I acknowledged their truth, and immediately converted them to my use, in composing this Preface ; wherein, gentle Reader, thou wilt perceive the judgment of my friend, my own good fortune in meeting with so able a counsellor in the crisis of my distress, and at the same time thou wilt confess thy own satisfaction in thus receiving, in so simple and artless a manner, the History of the famous Don Quixote de la Mancha, who, in the opinion of all the inhabitants of the Campo de Montiel, was the chastest lover and most valiant knight that had appeared in those parts for many years. I will not enlarge on the benefit I confer in presenting to thee so distinguished and honourable a personage ; but I do expect some acknowledgment for having introduced to thy acquaintance his faithful attendant, the famous Sancho Panza, in whom are combined all the squirely endowments that are to be found scattered over the pages of knight-errantry. And now, may God give thee health !—not forgetting me. Farewell.

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ADVENTURES OF DON QUIXOTE.



BOOK I.

CHAPTER I.

Which treats of the quality and manner of life of our renowned hero.

DOWN in a village of La Mancha,* the name of which I have no desire to recollect, there lived, not long ago, one of those gentlemen who usually keep a lance upon a rack, an old buckler, a lean horse, and a coursing greyhound. Soup, composed of somewhat more mutton than beef, the fragments served up cold on most nights, lentils on Fridays, pains and breakings on Saturdays, and a pigeon, by way of addition, on Sundays, consumed three-fourths of his income; the remainder of it supplied him with a cloak of fine cloth, velvet breeches, with slippers of the same for holidays, and a suit of the best homespun, in which he adorned himself on week-days. His family consisted of a housekeeper above forty, a niece not quite twenty, and a lad who served him both in the field and at home, who could saddle the horse or handle the pruning-hook. The age of our gentleman bordered upon fifty years; he was of a strong constitution, spare-bodied, of a meagre visage, a very early riser, and a lover of the chase. Some pretend to say that his surname was Quixada, or Quesada, for on this point his historians differ; though, from very probable conjectures, we may conclude that his name was Quixana. This is, however, of little importance to our history; let it suffice that, in relating it, we do not swerve a jot from the truth.

Be it known, then, that the afore-mentioned gentleman, in his leisure moments, which composed the greater part of the year, gave himself up with so much ardour to the perusal of books of chivalry, that he almost wholly neglected the exercise of the chase, and even the regulation of his domestic affairs; indeed, so extravagant was his zeal in this pursuit, that he sold many acres of arable land to purchase books of knight-errantry; collecting as many as he could possibly obtain. Among them all, none pleased him so much as those written by the famous Feliciano de Silva, whose brilliant prose and intricate style were, in his opinion, infinitely precious; especially those amorous speeches and challenges in which they so abound; such as: "The reason of the unreasonable treatment of my reason so enfeebles my reason, that with reason I complain of your beauty." And again: "The high heavens that, with your divinity, divinely fortify you with the stars, rendering you meritorious of the merit merited by your greatness." These and similar rhapsodies distracted the poor gentleman, for he laboured to comprehend and unravel their

* Partly in the kingdom of Arragon, and partly in Castile.

meaning, which was more than Aristotle himself could do, were he to rise from the dead expressly for that purpose. He was not quite satisfied as to the wounds which Don Belianis gave and received; for he could not help thinking that, however skilful the surgeons were who healed them, his face and whole body must have been covered with seams and scars. Nevertheless, he commended his author for concluding his book with the promise of that interminable adventure; and he often felt an inclination to seize the pen himself and conclude it, literally as it is there promised: this he would doubtless have done, and with success, had he not been diverted from it by meditations of greater moment, on which his mind was incessantly employed.

He often debated with the curate of the village, a man of learning, and a graduate of Sigüenza, which of the two was the best knight, Palmerin of England, or Amadis de Gaul; but Master Nicholas, barber of the same place, declared that none ever came up to the knight of the sun; if, indeed, any one could be compared to him, it was Don Galaor, brother of Amadis de Gaul, for he had a genius suited to everything; he was no effeminate knight, no whimperer, like his brother; and in point of courage, he was by no means his inferior. In short, he became so infatuated with this kind of study, that he passed whole days and nights over these books; and thus, with little sleeping and much reading, his brains were dried up, and his intellects deranged. His imagination was full of all that he had read;—of enchantments, contests, battles, challenges, wounds, courtships, amours, tortures, and impossible absurdities; and so firmly was he persuaded of the truth of the whole tissue of visionary fiction that, in his mind, no history in the world was more authentic. The Cid Ruy Diaz, he asserted, was a very good knight, but not to be compared with the knight of the flaming sword, who, with a single back-stroke, cleft asunder two fierce and monstrous giants. He was better pleased with Bernardo del Carpio, because, at Roncesvalles, he slew Roland the enchanted, by availing himself of the stratagem employed by Hercules upon Anteus, whom he squeezed to death within his arms. He spoke very favourably of the giant Morganti, for, although of that monstrous brood who are always proud and insolent, he alone was courteous and well-bred. Above all, he admired Rinaldo de Montalvan, particularly when he saw him sallying forth from his castle to plunder all he encountered; and when, moreover, he seized upon that image of Mahomet which, according to history, was of massive gold. But he would have given his housekeeper, and even his niece into the bargain, for a fair opportunity of kicking the traitor Galalon.

In fine, his judgment being completely obscured, he was seized with one of the strangest fancies that ever entered the head of any madman: this was, a belief that it behoved him, as well for the advancement of his glory as the service of his country, to become a knight-errant, and traverse the world, armed and mounted, in quest of adventures, and to practise all that had been performed by knights-errant, of whom he had read; redressing every species of grievance, and exposing himself to dangers which, being surmounted, might secure to him eternal glory and renown. The poor gentleman imagined himself at least crowned emperor of Trebisonde, by the valour of his arm; and thus wrapped in these agreeable delusions, and borne away by the extraordinary pleasure he found in them, he hastened to put his designs into execution.

The first thing he did was to scour up some rusty armour, which had been his great grandfather's, and had lain many years neglected in a corner. This he cleaned and adjusted as well as he could, but he found one grand defect; the helmet was incomplete, having only the morion: this deficiency, however, he ingeniously supplied, by making a kind of vizor of pasteboard, which, being

fixed to the morion, gave the appearance of an entire helmet. It is true indeed that, in order to prove its strength, he drew his sword, and gave it two strokes, the first of which instantly demolished the labour of a week; but not altogether approving of the facility with which it was destroyed, and in order to secure himself against a similar misfortune, he made another vizor, which, having fenced in the inside with small bars of iron, he felt assured of its strength, and, without making any more experiments, held it to be a most excellent helmet.

In the next place he visited his steed; and although this animal had more blemishes than the horse of Ganela, which "*tantum pellis et ossa fuit*," yet, in his eyes, neither the Bucephalus of Alexander, nor the Cid's Babieca, could be compared with him. Four days was he deliberating upon what name he should give him; for, as he said to himself, it would be very improper that a horse so excellent, appertaining to a knight so famous, should be without an appropriate name; he therefore endeavoured to find one that should express what he had been before he belonged to a knight-errant, and also what he now was: nothing could, indeed, be more reasonable than that, when the master changed his state, the horse should likewise change his name, and assume one, pompous and high-sounding, as became the new order he now professed. So after having devised, altered, lengthened, curtailed, rejected, and again framed in his imagination a variety of names, he finally determined upon *Rozinante*,* a name, in his opinion, lofty, sonorous, and full of meaning; importing that he had been only a *rozin*, a drudge-horse, before his present condition, and that now he was before all the *rozins* in the world.

Having given his horse a name so much to his satisfaction, he resolved to fix upon one for himself. This consideration employed him eight more days, when at length he determined to call himself Don Quixote; whence some of the historians of this most true history have concluded that his name was certainly Quixada, and not Quesada, as others would have it. Then recollecting that the valorous Amadis, not content with the simple appellation of Amadis, added thereto the name of his kingdom and native country, in order to render it famous, styling himself Amadis de Gaul; so he, like a good knight, also added the name of his province, and called himself Don Quixote de la Mancha; whereby, in his opinion, he fully proclaimed his lineage and country, which, at the same time, he honoured by taking its name.

His armour being now furnished, his helmet made perfect, his horse and himself provided with names, he found nothing wanting but a lady to be in love with; for a knight-errant without the tender passion was a tree without leaves and fruit—a body without a soul. "If," said he, "for my sins, or rather, through my good fortune, I encounter some giant—an ordinary occurrence to knights-errant—and overthrow him at the first onset, or cleave him in twain, or, in short, vanquish him and force him to surrender, must I not have some lady, to whom I may send him as a present? that when he enters into the presence of my charming mistress, he may throw himself upon his knees before her, and inured at him, at humble voice, say, 'Madam, in me you behold the giant concealed by the lord of the island Malendrania, who, being vanquished in single combat out of the never-enough-to-be-praised Don Quixote de la Mancha, am by such a degree, thenceforth to present myself before you to be disposed of according to your pleasure.' How happy was our good knight formerly; but I say true! How much more so when he found a mistress! It is to do you service neighbouring village, a good-looking peasant girl resided, of uncouth figure formerly been enamoured, although it does not appear that she more indignant, as common drudge-horse, and *ante*, before; as Alexander's horse was called *ance* of the innkeeper's bull-head; and the knight of the sun's, *Cornerio*, from a horn in the upon seeing so long

ever knew or cared about it; and this was the lady whom he chose to nominate mistress of his heart. He then sought a name for her, which, without entirely departing from her own, should incline and approach towards that of a princess or great lady, and determined upon Dulcinea del Toboso (for she was a native of that village), a name, he thought, harmonious, uncommon, and expressive—like all the others which he had adopted.

CHAPTER II.

Which treats of the first sally that Don Quixote made from his native village.

As soon as these arrangements were made, he no longer deferred the execution of his project, which he hastened from a consideration of what the world suffered by his delay: so many were the grievances he intended to redress, the wrongs to rectify, errors to amend, abuses to reform, and debts to discharge! Therefore, without communicating his intentions to anybody, and wholly unobserved, one morning before day, being one of the most sultry in the month of July, he armed himself cap-a-pie, mounted Rozinante, placed the helmet on his head, braced on his target, took his lance, and, through the private gate of his back-yard, issued forth into the open plain, in a transport of joy to think he had met with no obstacles to the commencement of his honourable enterprise. But scarce had he found himself on the plain, when he was assailed by a recollection so terrible as almost to make him abandon the undertaking: for it just then occurred to him that he was not yet dubbed a knight; therefore, in conformity to the laws of chivalry, he neither could nor ought to enter the lists against any of that order; and, if he had been actually dubbed, he should, as a new knight, have worn white armour, without any device on his shield, until he had gained one by force of arms. These considerations made him irresolute whether to proceed; but frenzy prevailing over reason, he determined to get himself made a knight by the first one he should meet, like many others, of whom he had read. As to white armour, he resolved, when he had an opportunity, to scour his own, so that it should be whiter than ermine. Having now composed his mind, he proceeded, taking whatever road his horse pleased: for therein, he believed, consisted the true spirit of adventure.

Our new adventurer, thus pursuing his way, conversed within himself, saying: "Who doubts but that in future times, when the true history of my famous achievements is brought to light, the sage who recorded them will, in this manner, describe my first sally! 'Scarcely had ruddy Phœbus extended over the face of this wide and spacious earth the golden filaments of his beautiful hair, and scarcely had the little painted birds, with their forked tongues, hailed, in soft and mellifluous harmony, the approach of the rosy harbinger of morn, who leaving the soft couch of her jealous consort, had just disclosed her smiling face through the gates and balconies of the Manchegan horizon. when an imagined knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha, quitting the slothful down of his arm; a nante, his famous steed, proceeded over the ancient memorable way by the ext' (which was indeed the truth). O happy era, happy age," he continued, "his glorious deeds shall be revealed to the world! deeds worth graven on brass, sculptured on marble, and recorded by the pen which had been his O sage enchanter, whosoever thou mayest be, destined to chronicle. This he ordinary history! forget not, I beseech thee, my good Rozinante, grand defect; the companion of all my toils!" Then again, as if really enamoured, however, he "O Dulcinea, my princess! sovereign of this captive heart, heard, which, being

wrong me by a cruel adherence to your decree, forbidding me to appear in the presence of your beauty! Deign, O lady, to think on this enslaved heart, which for love of you, endures so many pangs!"

In this wild strain he continued, imitating the style of his books as nearly as he could, and proceeding slowly on, while the sun arose with such intense heat that it was enough to dissolve his brains, if any had been left. He travelled almost the whole of that day without encountering anything worthy of recital, which caused him much vexation, for he was impatient for an opportunity to prove the valour of his powerful arm.

Some authors say his first adventure was that of the straits of Lapice; others affirm it to have been that of the windmills; but, from what I have been able to ascertain of this matter, and have found written in the annals of *La Mancha*, the fact is that he travelled all that day, and as night approached, both he and his horse were wearied and dying with hunger; and in this state, as he looked around him, in hopes of discovering some castle, or shepherd's cot, where he might repose and find refreshment, he descried, not far from the road, an inn, which to him was a star conducting him to the portals, if not the palace of his redemption. He made all the haste he could, and reached it at nightfall. There chanced to stand at the door two young women, ladies of pleasure (as they are called), on their journey to *Seville*, in the company of some carriers who rested there that night. Now as everything that our adventurer saw and conceived was, by his imagination, moulded to what he had read, so in his eyes the inn appeared to be a castle, with its four turrets, and pinnacles of shining silver, together with its drawbridge, deep moat, and all the appurtenances with which such castles are usually described. When he had advanced within a short distance of it, he checked *Rozinante*, expecting some dwarf would mount the battlements, to announce by sound of trumpet, the arrival of a knight-errant at the castle; but finding them tardy, and *Rozinante* impatient for the stable, he approached the inn-door, and there saw the two strolling girls, who to him appeared to be beautiful damsels or lovely dames enjoying themselves before the gate of their castle.

It happened that just at this time a swineherd collecting his hogs (I make no apology, for so they are called) from an adjoining stubble-field, blew the horn which assembles them together, and instantly *Don Quixote* was satisfied, for he imagined it was a dwarf who had given the signal of his arrival. With extraordinary satisfaction, therefore, he went up to the inn; upon which the ladies, being startled at the sight of a man armed in that manner, with lance and buckler, were retreating into the house; but *Don Quixote*, perceiving their alarm, raised his pasteboard vizor, thereby partly discovering his meagre, dusty visage, and with gentle demeanour and placid voice, thus addressed them: "Fly not, ladies, nor fear any discourtesy, for it would be wholly inconsistent with the order of knighthood which I profess, to offer insult to any person, much less to virgins of that exalted rank which your appearance indicates." The girls stared at him, and were endeavouring to find out his face, which was almost concealed by the sorry vizor; but hearing themselves called virgins, a thing so much out of the way of their profession, they could not forbear laughing, and to such a degree, that *Don Quixote* was displeased, and said to them: "Modesty well becomes beauty, and excessive laughter, proceeding from a slight cause, is folly; but I say not this to humble or distress you, for my part is no other than to do you service." This language, so unintelligible to the ladies, added to the uncouth figure of our knight, increased their laughter; consequently he grew more indignant, and would have proceeded further, but for the timely appearance of the innkeeper, a very corpulent, and therefore a very pacific man, who, upon seeing so ludicrous an object, armed, and with accoutrements so ill-sorted

as were the bridle, lance, buckler, and corslet, felt disposed to join the damsels in demonstrations of mirth; but, in truth, apprehending some danger from a form thus strongly fortified, he resolved to behave with civility, and therefore said, "If, Sir Knight, you are seeking for a lodging, you will here find, excepting a bed (for there are none in this inn), everything in abundance." Don Quixote, perceiving the humility of the governor of the fortress, for such to him appeared the innkeeper, answered, "For me, Signor Castellano, anything will suffice: since arms are my ornaments, warfare my repose." The host thought he called him Castellano because he took him for a sound Castilian, whereas he was an Andalusian, of the coast of St. Lucar, as great a thief as Cacus, and not less mischievous than a collegian or a page: and he replied, "If so, your worship's beds must be hard rocks, and your sleep continual watching; and that being the case, you may dismount with a certainty of finding here sufficient cause for keeping awake the whole year, much more a single night." So saying, he laid hold of Don Quixote's stirrup, who alighted with much difficulty and pain, for he had fasted the whole of the day. He then desired the host to take especial care of his steed, for it was the finest creature ever fed; the innkeeper examined him, but thought him not so good by half as his master had represented him. Having led the horse to the stable, he returned to receive the orders of his guest, whom the damsels, being now reconciled to him, were disarming; they had taken off the back and breast plates, but endeavoured in vain to disengage the gorget, or take off the counterfeit beaver, which he had fastened with green ribbons in such a manner that they could not be untied, and he would upon no account allow them to be cut; therefore he remained all that night with his helmet on, the strangest and most ridiculous figure imaginable.

While these light girls, whom he still conceived to be persons of quality, and ladies of the castle, were disarming him, he said to them, with infinite grace, "Never before was knight so honoured by ladies as Don Quixote, after his departure from his native village! damsels attended upon him; princesses took charge of his steed! O Rozinante,—for that, ladies, is the name of my horse, and Don Quixote de la Mancha my own; although it was not my intention to have discovered myself, until deeds, performed in your service, should have proclaimed me; but impelled to make so just an application of that ancient romance of Lanzarote, to my present situation, I have thus prematurely disclosed my name: yet the time shall come when your ladyships may command, and I obey; when the valour of my arm shall make manifest the desire I have to serve you." The girls, unaccustomed to such rhetorical flourishes, made no reply, but asked whether he would please to eat anything. "I shall willingly take some food," answered Don Quixote, "for I apprehend it would be of much service to me." That day happened to be Friday, and there was nothing in the house but some fish, of that kind which in Castile is called Abadexo; in Andalusia, Bacallao; in some parts, Curadillo; and in others, Truchuela. They asked if his worship would like some truchuela, for they had no other fish to offer him. "If there be many troutlings," replied Don Quixote, "they will supply the place of one trout; for it is the same to me whether I receive eight single rials or one piece-of-eight. Moreover, these troutlings may be preferable, as veal is better than beef, and kid superior to goat; be that as it may, let it come immediately, for the toil and weight of arms cannot be sustained by the body unless the interior be supplied with aliments." For the benefit of the cool air, they placed the table at the door of the inn, and the landlord produced some of his ill-soaked and worse-cooked bacallao, with bread as foul and black as the knight's armour: but it was a spectacle highly risible to see him eat; for his hands being engaged in holding his helmet on, and raising the beaver, he could not feed himself, therefore one of the ladies performed this office for him;

but to drink would have been utterly impossible, had not the innkeeper bored a reed, and, placing one end into his mouth, at the other poured in the wine; and all this he patiently endured rather than cut the lacings of his helmet.

In the mean time there came to the inn a sow-doctor, who, as soon as he arrived, blew his pipe of reeds four or five times, which finally convinced Don Quixote that he was now in some famous castle, where he was regaled with music; that the poor jack was trout, the bread of the purest white, the strolling wenches ladies of distinction, and the innkeeper governor of the castle; consequently he remained satisfied with his enterprise and first sally, though it troubled him to reflect that he was not yet a knight, feeling persuaded that he could not lawfully engage in any adventure until he had been invested with the order of knighthood.

CHAPTER III.

In which is related the pleasant method Don Quixote took to be dubbed Knight.

AGITATED by this idea, he abruptly finished his scanty supper, called the innkeeper, and, shutting himself up with him in the stable, he fell on his knees before him, and said, "Never will I arise from this place, valorous knight, until your courtesy shall vouchsafe to grant a boon which it is my intention to request: a boon that will redound to your glory, and to the benefit of all mankind." The innkeeper, seeing his guest at his feet, and hearing such language, stood confounded, and stared at him, without knowing what to do or say; he entreated him to rise, but in vain, until he had promised to grant the boon he requested. "I expected no less, signor, from your great magnificence," replied Don Quixote; "know, therefore, that the boon I have demanded, and which your liberality has conceded, is that, on the morrow, you will confer upon me the honour of knighthood. This night I will watch my arms in the chapel of your castle, in order that, in the morning, my earnest desire may be fulfilled, and I may with propriety traverse the four quarters of the world, in quest of adventures for the relief of the distressed; conformable to the duties of chivalry and of knights-errant, who, like myself, are devoted to such pursuits."

The host, who, as we have said, was a shrewd fellow, and had already entertained some doubts respecting the wits of his guest, was now confirmed in his suspicions; and to make sport for the night, determined to follow his humour. He told him therefore that his desire was very reasonable, and that such pursuits were natural and suitable to knights so illustrious as he appeared to be, and as his gallant demeanour fully testified; that he had himself in the days of his youth followed that honourable profession, and travelled over various parts of the world in search of adventures; failing not to visit the suburbs of Malaga, the isles of Riaran, the compass of Seville, the market-place of Segovia, the olive-field of Valencia, the rondilla of Grenada, the coast of St. Lucar, the fountain of Cordova, the taverns of Toledo, and divers other parts, where he had exercised the agility of his heels and the dexterity of his hands: committing sundry wrongs, soliciting widows, seducing damsels, cheating youths; in short, making himself known to most of the tribunals in Spain; and that finally he had retired to this castle, where he lived upon his revenue and that of others; entertaining therein all knights-errant of every quality and degree, solely for the great affection he bore them, and that they might share their fortune with him, in return for his good will: He further told him that in his castle there was no chapel wherein he could watch his armour, for it had been pulled down, in

order to be rebuilt; but that, in cases of necessity, he knew it might be done wherever he pleased; therefore he might watch it that night in a court of the castle, and the following morning, if it pleased God, the requisite ceremonies should be performed, and he should be dubbed so effectually, that the world would not be able to produce a more perfect knight. He then inquired if he had any money about him? Don Quixote told him he had none: having never read in their histories that knights-errant provided themselves with money. The innkeeper assured him he was mistaken, for, admitting that it was not mentioned in their history, the authors deeming it unnecessary to specify things so obviously requisite as money and clean shirts, yet was it not, therefore, to be inferred that they had none; but, on the contrary, he might consider it as an established fact that all knights-errant, of whose histories so many volumes are filled, carried their purses well provided against accidents: that they were also supplied with shirts, and a small casket of ointments to heal the wounds they might receive; for in plains and deserts, where they fought and were wounded, no aid was near, unless they had some sage enchanter for their friend, who could give them immediate assistance, by conveying in a cloud through the air some damsel or dwarf, with a phial of water, possessed of such virtue that, upon tasting a single drop of it, they should instantly become as sound as if they had received no injury. But when the knights of former times were without such a friend, they always took care that their esquires should be provided with money, and such necessary articles as lint and salves: and when they had no esquires, which very rarely happened, they carried these things themselves, upon the crupper of their horse, in wallets so small as to be scarcely visible, that they might seem to be something of more importance: for, except in such cases, the custom of carrying wallets was not tolerated among knights-errant. He therefore advised, though, as his godson (which he was soon to be), he might command him, never henceforth to travel without money and the aforesaid provisions; and he would find them serviceable when he least expected it. Don Quixote promised to follow his advice with punctuality; and an order was now given for performing the watch of the armour, in a large yard adjoining the inn. Don Quixote, having collected it together, placed it on a cistern which was close to a well; then, bracing on his target and grasping his lance, with graceful demeanour, he paced to and fro, before the pile, beginning his parade as soon as it was dark.

The innkeeper informed all who were in the inn of the frenzy of his guest, the watching of his armour, and of the intended knighting. They were surprised at so singular a kind of madness, and went out to observe him at a distance. They perceived him sometimes quietly pacing along, and sometimes leaning upon his lance with his eyes fixed upon his armour, for a considerable time. It was now night, but the moon shone with a splendour which might vie even with that whence it was borrowed; so that every motion of our new knight might be distinctly seen.

At this time, it happened that one of the carriers wanted to give his mules some water; for which purpose it was necessary to remove Don Quixote's armour from the cistern; who seeing him advance, exclaimed with a loud voice, "O thou, whosoever thou art, rash knight! who approachest the armour of the most valiant adventurer that ever girded sword, beware of what thou dost, and touch it not, unless thou wouldst yield thy life as the forfeit of thy temerity." The carrier heeded not this admonition (though better would it have been for him if he had), but, seizing hold of the straps, he threw the armour some distance from him; which Don Quixote perceiving, he raised his eyes to heaven, and addressing his thoughts, apparently, to his lady Dulcinea, said: "Assist me, O lady, to avenge this first insult offered to your vassal's breast; nor let your

favour and protection fail me in this first perilous encounter." Having uttered these and similar ejaculations, he let slip his target, and raising his lance with both hands, he gave the carrier such a stroke upon the head that he fell to the ground in so grievous a plight that, had the stroke been repeated, there would have been no need of a surgeon. This done, he replaced his armour, and continued his parade with the same tranquillity as before.

Soon after, another carrier, not knowing what had passed, for the first yet lay stunned, came out with the same intention of watering his mules; and, as he approached to take away the armour from the cistern, Don Quixote, without saying a word or imploring any protection, again let slip his target, raised his lance, and, with no less effect than before, smote the head of the second carrier. The noise brought out all the people in the inn, and the landlord among the rest; upon which Don Quixote braced on his target, and laying his hand upon his sword, said: "O lady of beauty! strength and vigour of my enfeebled heart! Now is the time for thee to turn thy illustrious eyes upon this thy captive knight, whom so mighty an encounter awaits!" This address had, he conceived, animated him with so much courage that, were all the carriers in the world to have assailed him, he would not have retreated one step.

The comrades of the wounded, upon discovering the situation of their friends, began at a distance to discharge a shower of stones upon Don Quixote, who sheltered himself as well as he could with his target, without daring to quit the cistern, because he would not abandon his armour. The innkeeper called aloud to them, begging they would desist, for he had already told them he was insane, and that, as a madman, he would be acquitted, though he were to kill them all. Don Quixote, in a voice still louder, called them infamous traitors, and the lord of the castle a cowardly, base-born knight, for allowing knights-errant to be treated in that manner; declaring that, had he received the order of knighthood, he would have made him sensible of his perfidy. "But as for you, ye vile and worthless rabble, I utterly despise ye! Advance! Come on, molest me as far as ye are able, for quickly shall ye receive the reward of your folly and insolence!" This he uttered with so much spirit and intrepidity that the assailants were struck with terror; which, in addition to the landlord's persuasions, made them cease their attack; he then permitted the wounded to be carried off, and, with the same gravity and composure, resumed the watch of his armour.

The host, not relishing these pranks of his guest, determined to put an end to them, before any further mischief ensued, by immediately investing him with the luckless order of chivalry: approaching him, therefore, he disclaimed any concurrence, on his part, in the insolent conduct of those low people, who were, he observed, well chastised for their presumption. He repeated to him that there was no chapel in the castle, nor was it by any means necessary for what remained to be done; that the stroke of knighting consisted in blows on the neck and shoulders, according to the ceremonial of the order, which might be effectually performed in the middle of a field; that the duty of watching his armour he had now completely fulfilled, for he had watched more than four hours, though only two were required. All this Don Quixote believed, and said that he was there ready to obey him, requesting him, at the same time, to perform the deed as soon as possible; because, should he be assaulted again when he found himself knighted, he was resolved not to leave one person alive in the castle, excepting those whom, out of respect to him, and at his particular request, he might be induced to spare. The constable, thus warned and alarmed, immediately brought forth a book in which he kept his account of the straw and oats he furnished to the carriers, and, attended by a boy, who carried an end of candle, and the two damsels before mentioned, went towards Don Quixote,

whom he commanded to kneel down ; he then began reading in his manual, as if it were some devout prayer, in the course of which he raised his hand and gave him a good blow on the neck, and, after that, a handsome stroke over the shoulders, with his own sword, still muttering between his teeth, as if in prayer. This being done, he commanded one of the ladies to gird on his sword, an office she performed with much alacrity, as well as discretion, no small portion of which was necessary to avoid bursting with laughter at every part of the ceremony ; but indeed the prowess they had seen displayed by the new knight kept their mirth within bounds. At girding on the sword, the good lady said : " God grant you may be a fortunate knight and successful in battle." Don Quixote inquired her name, that he might thenceforward know to whom he was indebted for the favour received, as it was his intention to bestow upon her some share of the honour he should acquire by the valour of his arm. She replied, with much humility, that her name was Tolosa, and that she was the daughter of a cobbler at Toledo, who lived at the stalls of Sanchobienaya ; and that, wherever she was, she would serve and honour him as her lord. Don Quixote, in reply, requested her, for his sake, to do him the favour henceforth to add to her name the title of don, and call herself Donna Tolosa, which she promised to do. The other girl now buckled on his spur, and with her he held nearly the same conference as with the lady of the sword ; having inquired her name, she told him it was Molinera, and that she was daughter to an honest miller of Antiquera : he then requested her likewise to assume the don, and style herself Donna Molinera, renewing his proffers of service and thanks.

These never-till-then-seen ceremonies being thus speedily performed, Don Quixote was impatient to find himself on horseback, in quest of adventures. He therefore instantly saddled Rozinante, mounted him, and, embracing his host, made his acknowledgments for the favour he had conferred by knighting him, in terms so extraordinary, that it would be in vain to attempt to repeat them. The host, in order to get rid of him the sooner, replied, with no less flourish, but more brevity ; and, without making any demand for his lodging, wished him a good journey.

CHAPTER IV.

Of what befel our knight after he had sallied from the inn.

LIGHT of heart, Don Quixote issued forth from the inn about break of day, so satisfied and so pleased to see himself knighted, that the joy thereof almost burst his horse's girths. But recollecting the advice of his host concerning the necessary provisions for his undertaking, especially the articles of money and clean shirts, he resolved to return home, and furnish himself accordingly, and also provide himself with a Squire, purposing to take into his service a certain country fellow of the neighbourhood, who was poor, and had children, yet was very fit for the squirely office of chivalry. With this determination he turned Rozinante towards his village ; and the steed, as if aware of his master's intention, began to put on with so much alacrity that he hardly seemed to set his feet to the ground. He had not, however, gone far, when, on his right hand, from a thicket hard by, he fancied he heard feeble cries, as from some person complaining. And scarcely had he heard it when he said, " I thank Heaven for the favour it does me, by offering me so early an opportunity of complying with the duty of my profession, and of reaping the fruit of my honourable desires. These are, doubtless, the cries of some distressed person, who stands in need of my protection and assistance." Then, turning the reins, he guided

Rozinante towards the place whence he thought the cries proceeded, and he had entered but a few paces into the wood, when he saw a mare tied to an oak, and a lad to another, naked from the waist upwards, about fifteen years of age, who was the person that cried out; and not without cause, for a lusty country fellow was laying on him very severely with a belt, and accompanied every lash with a reprimand and a word of advice; for, said he, "The tongue slow and the eyes quick." The boy answered, "I will do so no more, dear sir; by the passion of God, I will never do so again; and I promise for the future to take more care of the flock."

Don Quixote, observing what passed, now called out in an angry tone, "Discourteous knight, it ill becomes thee to deal thus with one who is not able to defend himself. Get upon thy horse, and take thy lance" (for he had also a lance leaning against the oak, to which the mare was fastened), "and I will make thee sensible of thy dastardly conduct." The countryman, seeing such a figure coming towards him, armed from head to foot, and brandishing his lance at his face, gave himself up for a dead man, and therefore humbly answered: "Signor cavalier, this lad I am chastising is a servant of mine, whom I employ to tend a flock of sheep which I have hereabouts; but he is so careless that I lose one every day; and because I correct him for his negligence, or roguery, he says I do it out of covetousness, and for an excuse not to pay him his wages; but before God, and on my conscience, he lies." "Dar'st thou say so in my presence, vile rustic?" said Don Quixote. "By the sun that shines upon us, I have a good mind to run thee through with this lance! Pay him immediately, without further reply; if not, by the God that rules us, I will despatch and annihilate thee in a moment! Unbind him instantly!" The countryman hung down his head, and, without reply, untied his boy. Don Quixote then asked the lad how much his master owed him, and he answered, nine months' wages, at seven reals a month. Don Quixote, on calculation, found that it amounted to sixty-three reals, and desired the countryman instantly to disburse them, unless he meant to pay it with his life. The fellow, in a fright, answered that, on the word of a dying man, and upon the oath he had taken (though by the way he had taken no oath), it was not so much; for he must deduct the price of three pair of shoes he had given him on account, and a real for two blood-lettings when he was sick. "All this is very right," said Don Quixote; "but set the shoes and the blood-lettings against the stripes thou hast given him unjustly; for if he tore the leather of thy shoes, thou hast torn his skin; and if the barber-surgeon drew blood from him when he was sick, thou hast drawn blood from him when he is well; so that upon these accounts he owes thee nothing." "The mischief is, signor cavalier," quoth the countryman, "that I have no money about me; but let Andres go home with me, and I will pay him all, real by real." "I go home with him!" said the lad; "the devil a bit! No, sir, I will do no such thing; for when he has me alone, he will flay me like any Saint Bartholomew." "He will not do so," replied Don Quixote; "to keep him in awe, it is sufficient that I lay my commands upon him; and, on condition he swears to me, by the order of knighthood which he has received, I shall let him go free, and will be bound for the payment." "Good sir, think of what you say," quoth the boy; "for my master is no knight, nor ever received any order of knighthood; he is John Aldudo the rich, of the neighbourhood of Quintanar." "That is little to the purpose," answered Don Quixote; "there may be knights of the family of the Aldudos: more especially as every man is the son of his own works." "That's true," quoth Andres; "but what works is my master the son of, who refuses me the wages of my sweat and labour?" "I do not refuse thee, friend Andres," replied the countryman; "have the kindness to go with me; and I swear, by all the orders of knight-

hood that are in the world, I will pay thee every real down, and perfumed* into the bargain." "For the perfuming, I thank thee," said Don Quixote: "give him the reals, and I shall be satisfied: and see that thou failest not; or else by the same oath, I swear to return and chastise thee; nor shalt thou escape me, though thou wert to conceal thyself closer than a lizard. And if thou wouldst be informed who it is thus commands, that thou mayest feel the more strictly bound to perform thy promise, know that I am the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, the redresser of wrongs and abuses; so farewell, and do not forget what thou hast promised and sworn, on pain of the penalty I have denounced." So saying, he clapped spurs to Rozinante, and was soon far off.

The countryman eagerly followed him with his eyes; and, when he saw him quite out of the wood, he turned to his lad Andres, and said: "Come hither, child, I wish now to pay what I owe thee, as that redresser of wrongs commanded." "So you shall, I swear," quoth Andres; "and you will do well to obey the orders of that honest gentleman (whom God grant to live a thousand years!), who is so brave a man, and so just a judge, that, egad, if you do not pay me, he will come back and do what he has threatened." "And I swear so too," quoth the countryman: "and to show how much I love thee, I am resolved to augment the debt, that I may add to the payment." Then, taking him by the arm, he again tied him to the tree, where he gave him so many stripes, that he left him for dead. "Now," said he, "Master Andres, call upon that redresser of wrongs; thou wilt find he will not easily redress this: though I believe I have not quite done with thee yet, for I have a good mind to flay thee alive, as thou saidst just now." At length, however, he untied him, and gave him leave to go in quest of his judge, to execute the threatened sentence. Andres went away in dudgeon, swearing he would find out the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, and tell him all that had passed, and that he should pay for it sevenfold. Nevertheless, he departed in tears, leaving his master laughing at him.

Thus did the valorous Don Quixote redress this wrong; and, elated at so fortunate and glorious a beginning to his knight-errantry, he went on toward his village, entirely satisfied with himself, and saying in a low voice: "Well mayst thou deem thyself happy above all women living on the earth, O Dulcinea del Toboso, beauteous above the most beautiful! since it has been thy lot to have subject and obedient to thy whole will and pleasure so valiant and renowned a knight as is and ever shall be Don Quixote de la Mancha! who, as all the world knows, received but yesterday the order of knighthood, and to-day has redressed the greatest injury and grievance that injustice could invent, and cruelty commit! to-day hath he wrested the scourge out of the hand of that pitiless enemy, by whom a tender stripling was so undeservedly lashed!"

He now came to the road, which branched out in four different directions; when immediately those cross-ways presented themselves to his imagination where knights-errant usually stop to consider which of the roads they shall take. Here, then, following their example, he paused awhile, and, after mature consideration, let go the reins; submitting his own will to that of his horse, who, following his first motion, took the direct road towards his stable. Having proceeded about two miles, Don Quixote discovered a company of people, who, as it afterwards appeared, were merchants of Toledo, going to buy silks in Murcia. There were six of them in number; they carried umbrellas, and were attended by four servants on horseback, and three muleteers on foot. Scarcely had Don Quixote espied them, when he imagined it must be some new adventure: and, to imitate as nearly as possible what he had read in his

* A Spanish phrase for paying or returning anything with advantage.

books, as he fancied this to be cut out on purpose for him to achieve, with a graceful deportment and intrepid air, he settled himself firmly in his stirrups, grasped his lance, covered his breast with his target, and, posting himself in the midst of the highway, awaited the approach of those whom he already judged to be knights-errant; and when they were come so near as to be seen and heard, he raised his voice, and, with an arrogant tone, cried out: "Let the whole world stand, if the whole world does not confess that there is not in the whole world a damsel more beautiful than the empress of La Mancha, the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso!" The merchants stopped at the sound of these words, and also to behold the strange figure of him who pronounced them; and, both by the one and the other, they perceived the madness of the speaker; but they were disposed to stay and see what this confession meant which he required; and therefore one of them, who was somewhat of a wag, but withal very discreet, said to him:—"Signor cavalier, we do not know who this good lady you mention may be: let us but see her, and if she be really so beautiful as you intimate, we will, with all our hearts, and without any constraint, make the confession you demand of us." "Should I show her to you," replied Don Quixote, "where would be the merit of confessing a truth so manifest?" It is essential that, without seeing her, you believe, confess, affirm, swear, and maintain it; and, if not, I challenge you all to battle, proud and monstrous as you are: and, whether you come on one by one (as the laws of chivalry require), or all together, as is the custom and wicked practice of those of your stamp, here I wait for you, confiding in the justice of my cause." "Signor cavalier," replied the merchant, "I beseech your worship, in the name of all the princes here present, that we may not lay a burden upon our consciences, by confessing a thing we never saw or heard, and, especially, being so much to the prejudice of the empresses and queens of Alcarria and Estremadura, that your worship would be pleased to show us some picture of this lady, though no bigger than a barleycorn, for we shall guess at the clue by the thread; and therewith we shall rest satisfied and safe, and your worship contented and pleased. (Nay, I verily believe we are so far inclined to your side that, although her picture should represent her squinting with one eye, and distilling vermilion and brimstone from the other, notwithstanding all this, to oblige you, we will say whatever you please in her favour.)" "There distils not, base scoundrels," answered Don Quixote, burning with rage, "there distils not from her what you say, but rather ambergris and civet among cotton; neither doth she squint, nor is she hunch-backed, but as straight as a spindle of Guadarrama;* but you shall pay for the horrid blasphemy you have uttered against so transcendent a beauty!" So saying, with his lance couched, he ran at him who had spoken with so much fury and rage that, if good fortune had not so ordered that Rozinante stumbled and fell in the midst of his career, it had gone hard with the rash merchant. Rozinante fell, and his master lay rolling about the field for some time, endeavouring to rise, but in vain; so encumbered was he with his lance, target, spurs and helmet, added to the weight of his antiquated armour. And while he was thus struggling to get up, he continued calling out:—"Fly not, ye dastardly rabble; stay, ye race of slaves; for it is through my horse's fault, and not my own, that I lie here extended." A muleteer of the company, not over good-natured, hearing the arrogant language of the poor fallen gentleman, could not bear it without returning him an answer on his ribs; and coming to him, he took the lance, which having broken to pieces, he applied one of the splinters with so much agility upon Don Quixote, that, in

* A small town nine leagues from Madrid, situated at the foot of a mountain, the rocks of which are so perpendicular that they are called "the Spindles." Near it stands the Escorial.
—*Jarvis*.

spite of his armour, he was threshed like wheat. His masters called out, desiring him to forbear; but the lad was provoked, and would not quit the game, until he had quite spent the remainder of his choler: and, seizing the other pieces of the lance, he completely demolished them upon the unfortunate knight; who, notwithstanding the tempest of blows that rained upon him, never shut his mouth, incessantly threatening heaven and earth, and those who to him appeared to be assassins. At length the fellow was tired, and the merchants departed, sufficiently furnished with matter of discourse concerning the poor belaboured knight, who, when he found himself alone, again endeavoured to rise: but, if he could not do it when sound and well, how should he in so bruised and battered a condition? Yet he was consoled in looking upon this as a misfortune peculiar to knights-errant; and imputing the blame to his horse: although to raise himself up was impossible, his whole body was so horribly bruised.

CHAPTER V.

Wherein is continued the narration of our knight's misfortune.

VERY full of pain, yet soon as he was able to stir, Don Quixote had recourse to his usual remedy, which was to recollect some incident in his books, and his frenzy instantly suggested to him that of Valdovinos and the Marquis of Mantua, when Carlotto left him wounded on the mountain: a story familiar to children, not unknown to youth, commended and even credited by old men; yet no more true than the miracles of Mahomet. Now this seemed to him exactly suited to his case; therefore he began to roll himself on the ground, and to repeat, in a faint voice, what they affirm was said by the wounded knight of the wood:—

“Where’art thou, mistress of my heart,
Unconscious of thy lover’s smart?
Ah me! thou know’st not my distress,
Or thou art false and pitiless.”

In this manner he went on with the romance, until he came to those verses where it is said:—“O noble marquis of Mantua, my uncle and lord by blood!”—just at that instant it so happened that a peasant of his own village, a near neighbour, who had been carrying a load of wheat to the mill, passed by; and, seeing a man lying stretched on the earth, he came up, and asked him who he was, and what was the cause of his doleful lamentations? Don Quixote firmly believing him to be the marquis of Mantua his uncle, returned him no answer, but proceeded with the romance, giving an account of his misfortune, and of the amours of the emperor’s son with his spouse, just as it is there recounted. The peasant was astonished at his extravagant discourse; and taking off his vizor, now battered all to pieces, he wiped the dust from his face; upon which he recognised him, and exclaimed, “Ah, Signor Quixada” (for so he was called before he had lost his senses, and was transformed from a sober gentleman to a knight-errant), “how came your wor^{ship} in this condition?” But still he answered out of his romance to whatever question he was asked.

The good man, seeing this, contrived to take off the back and breastpiece of his armour, to examine if he had any wound; but he saw no blood nor sign of any hurt. He then endeavoured to raise him from the ground, and with no little trouble placed him upon his ass, as being the beast of easier carriage. He

gathered together all the arms, not excepting the broken pieces of lance, and tied them upon Rozinante; then taking him by the bridle, and his ass by the halter, he went on towards his village, full of concern at the wild language of Don Quixote. No less thoughtful was the knight, who was so cruelly beaten and bruised that he could scarcely keep himself upon the ass, and ever and anon he sent forth groans that seemed to pierce the skies, insomuch that the peasant was again forced to inquire what ailed him. And surely the devil alone could have furnished his memory with stories so applicable to what had befallen him; for at that instant, forgetting Valdovinos, he recollected the Moor Abindarraez, at the time when the governor of Antequera, Roderigo of Narvaez, had taken him prisoner, and conveyed him to his castle; so that when the peasant asked him again how he was, and what he felt, he answered him in the very same terms that were used by the prisoner Abindarraez to Roderigo of Narvaez, as he had read in the *Diana of George of Montemayor*, applying it so aptly to his own case that the peasant went on cursing himself to the devil, to hear such a monstrous heap of nonsense, which convinced him that his neighbour had run mad, and he therefore made what haste he could to reach the village, and thereby escape the plague of Don Quixote's long speeches; who, still continuing, said:—"Be it known to your worship, Signor Don Roderigo de Narvaez, that this beauteous Xarifa, whom I mentioned, is now the fair Dulcinea del Toboso, for whom I have done, do, and will do, the most famous exploits of chivalry, that have been, are, or shall be, seen in the world." To this the peasant answered:—"Look you, Sir, as I am a sinner, I am not Don Roderigo de Narvaez, nor the marquis of Mantua, but Pedro Alonzo your neighbour: neither is your worship Valdovinos, nor Abindarraez, but the worthy gentleman Signor Quixada." "I know who I am," answered Don Quixote; "and I know, too, that I am not only capable of being those I have mentioned, but all the twelve peers of France, yea, and the nine worthies, since my exploits will far exceed all that they have jointly or separately achieved."

With this and similar conversation, they reached the village about sunset: but the peasant waited until the night was a little advanced, that the poor battered gentleman might not be seen so scurvily mounted. When he thought it the proper time he entered the village, and arrived at Don Quixote's house, which he found all in confusion. The priest and the barber of the place, who were Don Quixote's particular friends, happened to be there: and the housekeeper was saying to them aloud: "What do you think, Signor Licentiate Pero Perez" (for that was the priest's name) "of my master's misfortune? for neither he, nor his horse, nor the target, nor the lance, nor the armour, have been seen these six days past. Woe is me! I am verily persuaded, and, it is certainly true as I was born to die, that these cursed books of knight-errantry, which he is often reading, have turned his brain; and, now I think of it, I have often heard him say, talking to himself, that he would turn knight-errant, and go about the world in quest of adventures. The devil and Barabbas take all such books, that have spoiled the finest understanding in all *La Mancha*." The niece joined with her, adding, "And you must know, Master Nicholas" (for that was the barber's name), "that it has often happened that my honoured uncle has continued poring on those wicked books of misadventures two whole days and nights; then, throwing the book out of his hand, he would draw his sword and strike against the walls; and when he was heartily tired, would say, he had killed four giants, as tall as so many steeples, and that the sweat, which his labour occasioned, was the blood of the wounds he had received in the fight; then, after drinking off a large pitcher of cold water, he would be as quiet as ever, telling us that the water was a most precious liquor, brought him by the sage Esquife, a great enchanter, and his friend. But I take the blame of all this

to myself, for not informing you, gentlemen, of my dear uncle's extravagancies, that they might have been cured before they had gone so far, by burning all those cursed books, which as justly deserve to be committed to the flames as if they were heretical." "I say the same," quoth the priest; "and, in faith, to-morrow shall not pass without holding a public inquisition upon them, and condemning them to the fire, that they may not occasion others to act as I fear my good friend has done.

All this was overheard by Don Quixote and the peasant; and, as it confirmed the latter in the belief of his neighbour's infirmity, he began to cry aloud, "Open the doors, gentlemen, to Signor Valdivinos, and the marquis of Mantua, who comes dangerously wounded, and to Signor Abindarraez the Moor, whom the valorous Roderigo de Narvaez, governor of Antequera, brings as his prisoner." Hearing this, they all came out; and, immediately recognising their friend, they ran to embrace him, although he had not yet alighted from the ass; for indeed it was not in his power. "Forbear, all of you," he cried, "for I am sorely wounded, through my horse's fault: carry me to my bed; and, if it be possible, send for the sage Urganda, to search and heal my wounds." "Look ye," said the housekeeper immediately, "if my heart did not tell me truly on which leg my master halted. Get upstairs in God's name; for, without the help of that same Urganda, we shall find a way to cure you ourselves. Cursed, say I again, and a hundred times cursed, be those books of knight-errantry, that have brought your worship to this pass!" They carried him directly to his chamber, where, on searching for his wounds, they could discover none. He then told them "he was only bruised by a great fall he got with his horse Rozinante, as he was fighting with ten of the most prodigious and audacious giants on the face of the earth." "Ho, ho!" says the priest, "what, there are giants too in the dance! by my faith, I shall set fire to them all before to-morrow night." They asked Don Quixote a thousand questions, to which he would return no answer; he only desired that they would give him some food, and allow him to sleep, that being what he most required. Having done this, the priest inquired particularly of the countryman in what condition Don Quixote had been found. The countryman gave him an account of the whole, with the extravagancies he had uttered, both at the time of finding him, and during their journey home; which made the Licentiate impatient to carry into execution what he had determined to do the following day, when, for that purpose, calling upon his friend Master Nicholas the barber, they proceeded together to Don Quixote's house.

CHAPTER VI.

Of the grand and diverting scrutiny made by the priest and the barber, in the library of our ingenious gentleman.

LONG and heavy was the sleep of Don Quixote; meanwhile the priest having asked the niece for the key of the chamber containing the books, those authors of the mischief, which she delivered with a very good will, they entered, attended by the housekeeper, and found above a hundred large volumes well bound, besides a great number of smaller size. No sooner did the housekeeper see them than she ran out of the room in great haste, and immediately returned with a pot of holy water and a bunch of hyssop, saying: "Signor Licentiate, take this, and sprinkle the room, lest some enchanter of the many these books abound with, should enchant us, as a punishment for our intention to banish

them out of the world. The priest smiled at the housekeeper's simplicity, and ordered the barber to reach him the books, one by one, that they might see what they treated of; as they might perhaps find some that deserved not to be chastised by fire. "No," said the niece, "there is no reason why any of them should be spared, for they have all been mischief-makers: so let them all be thrown out of the window into the court-yard; and, having made a pile of them, set fire to it; or else make a bonfire of them in the back-yard, where the smoke will offend nobody." The housekeeper said the same; so eagerly did they both thirst for the death of those innocents. But the priest would not consent to it without first reading the titles at least.

The first that Master Nicholas put into his hands was *Amadis de Gaul*, in four parts; and the priest said, "There seems to be some mystery in this, for I have heard say that this was the first book of chivalry printed in Spain, and that all the rest had their foundation and rise from it; I think, therefore, as head of so pernicious a sect, we ought to condemn him to the fire without mercy." "Not so," said the barber; "for I have heard also that it is the best of all the books of this kind; therefore, as being unequalled in its way, it ought to be spared." "You are right," said the priest, "and for that reason its life is granted for the present. Let us see that other next to him." "It is," said the barber, "the *Adventures of Esplandian*, the legitimate son of *Amadis de Gaul*." "Verily," said the priest, "the goodness of the father shall avail the son nothing; take him, mistress housekeeper; open that casement, and throw him into the yard, and let him make a beginning to the pile for the intended bonfire." The housekeeper did so with much satisfaction, and good *Esplandian* was sent flying into the yard, there to wait with patience for the fire with which he was threatened. "Proceed," said the priest. "The next," said the barber, "is *Amadis of Greece*: yea, and all these on this side, I believe, are of the lineage of *Amadis*." "Then into the yard with them all!" quoth the priest; "for rather than not burn Queen *Pintiquiestra*, and the shepherd *Darinel* with his eclogues, and the devilish perplexities of the author, I would burn the father who begot me, were I to meet him in the shape of a knight-errant." "Of the same opinion am I," said the barber; "And I too," added the niece. "Well then," said the housekeeper, "away with them all into the yard." They handed them to her; and, as they were numerous, to save herself the trouble of the stairs, she threw them all out of the window.

"What tun of an author is that?" said the priest. "This," answered the barber, "is *Don Olivante de Laura*." "The author of that book," said the priest, "was the same who composed the *Garden of Flowers*; and in good truth I know not which of the two books is the truest, or rather the least lying; I can only say that this goes to the yard for its arrogance and absurdity." "This that follows is *Florismarte of Hyreania*," said the barber. "What! is Signor *Florismarte* there?" replied the priest; "now, by my faith, he shall soon make his appearance in the yard, notwithstanding his strange birth and chimerical adventures; for the harshness and dryness of his style will admit of no excuse. To the yard with him, and this other, mistress housekeeper." "With all my heart, dear sir," answered she; and with much joy executed what she was commanded. "Here is the knight *Platir*," said the barber. "That," said the priest, "is an ancient book, and I find nothing in him deserving pardon: without more words, let him be sent after the rest;" which was accordingly done. They opened another book, and found it entitled the *Knight of the Cross*. "So religious a title," quoth the priest, "might, one would think, atone for the ignorance of the author; but it is a common saying, 'the devil lurks behind the cross': so to the fire with him." The barber, taking down another book, said, "This is the mirror of chivalry." "Oh! I know his worship very well," quoth

the priest. "Here comes Signor Reynaldos de Montalvan, with his friends and companions, greater thieves than Cacus; and the Twelve Peers, with the faithful historiographer Turpin. However I am only for condemning them to perpetual banishment, because they contain some things of the famous Mateo Boyardo; from whom the Christian poet Ludovico Ariosto spun his web; and, even to him, if I find him here uttering any other language than his own, I will show no respect; but if he speaks in his own tongue, I will put him upon my head." "I have him in Italian," said the barber, "but I do not understand him." "Neither is it any great matter, whether you understand him or not," answered the priest; "and we would willingly have excused the good captain from bringing him into Spain and making him a Castilian; for he has deprived him of a great deal of his native value; which, indeed, is the misfortune of all those who undertake the translation of poetry into other languages; for, with all their care and skill, they can never bring them on a level with the original production. In short, I sentence this, and all other books, that shall be found treating of French matters, to be thrown aside, and deposited in some dry vault, until we can deliberate more maturely what is to be done with them; excepting, however, Bernardo del Carpio, and another, called Roncesvalles, which, if they fall into my hands, shall pass into those of the housekeeper, and thence into the fire, without any remission." The barber confirmed the sentence, and accounted it well and rightly determined, knowing that the priest was so good a Christian, and so much a friend to truth, that he would not utter a falsehood for all the world.

Then, opening another book, he saw it was Palmerin de Oliva, and next to that another, called Palmerin of England; on espying which, the Licentiate said, "Let this Oliva be torn to pieces, and so effectually burnt that not so much as the ashes may remain; but let Palmerin of England be preserved and kept, as an unique production; and such another case be made for it as that which Alexander found among the spoils of Darius, and appropriated to preserve the works of the poet Homer. This book, neighbour, is estimable upon two accounts; the one, that it is very good of itself; and the other, because there is a tradition that it was written by an ingenious king of Portugal. All the adventures of the castle of Miraguarda are excellent, and contrived with much art; the dialogue courtly and clear; and all the characters preserved with great judgment and propriety. Therefore, Master Nicholas, saving your better judgment, let this and Amadis de Gaul be exempted from the fire, and let all the rest perish without any further inquiry." "Not so, friend," replied the barber; "for this which I have here is the renowned Don Belianis." The priest replied, "This, and the second, third, and fourth parts want a little rhubarb to purge away their excess of bile: besides, we must remove all that relates to the castle of Fame, and other absurdities of greater consequence; for which let sentence of transportation be passed upon them, and, according as they show signs of amendment, they shall be treated with mercy or justice. In the mean time, neighbour, give them room in your house; but let them not be read." "With all my heart," quoth the barber; and without tiring himself any farther in turning over books of chivalry, bid the housekeeper take all the great ones and throw them into the yard. This was not spoken to the stupid or deaf, but to one who had a greater mind to be burning them than weaving the finest and largest web; and therefore, laying hold of seven or eight at once, she tossed them out at the window.

But, in taking so many together, one fell at the barber's feet, who had a mind to see what it was, and found it to be the History of the renowned knight Tirante the White. "Heaven save me!" quoth the priest, with a loud voice, "is Tirante the White there? Give him to me, neighbour; for in him I shall

have a treasure of delight, and a mine of entertainment. Here we have Don Kyrie-Eleison of Montalvan, a valorous knight, and his brother Thomas of Montalvan, with the knight Fonseca, and the combat which the valiant Tirante fought with the bull-dog, and the witticisms of the damsel Plazerdemivida, also the amours and artifices of the widow Reposada; and madam the Empress ni love with her squire Hypolito. Verily, neighbour, in its way it is the best book in the world: here the knights eat, and sleep, and die in their beds, and make their wills before their deaths; with several things which are not to be found in any other books of this kind. Notwithstanding this, I tell you, the author deserved, for writing so many foolish things seriously, to be sent to the galleys for the whole of his life: carry it home, and read it, and you will find all I say of him to be true." "I will do so," answered the barber: "but what shall we do with these small volumes that remain?" "Those," said the priest, "are, probably, not books of chivalry, but of poetry." Then opening one, he found it was the Diana of George de Montemayor, and, concluding that all the others were of the same kind, he said, "These do not deserve to be burnt like the rest; for they cannot do the mischief that those of chivalry have done; they are work of genius and fancy, and do injury to none." "O sir," said the niece, "pray order them to be burnt with the rest; for should my uncle be cured of this distemper of chivalry, he may possibly, by reading such books, take it into his head to turn shepherd, and wander through the woods and fields, singing and playing on a pipe; and, what would be still worse, turn poet, which, they say, is an incurable and contagious disease." "The damsel says true," quoth the priest, "and it will not be amiss to remove this stumbling-block out of our friend's way. And, since we begin with the Diana of Montemayor, my opinion is that it should not be burnt, but that all that part should be expunged which treats of the sage Felicia, and of the enchanted fountain, and also most of the longer poems; leaving him, in God's name, the prose, and also the honour of being the first in that kind of writing." "The next that appears," said the barber, "is the Diana, called the second, by Salmantino; and another, of the same name, whose author is Gil Polo." "The Salmantinian," answered the priest, "may accompany and increase the number of the condemned—to the yard with him: but let that of Gil Polo be preserved, as if it were written by Apollo himself. Proceed, friend, and let us despatch; for it grows late."

"This," said the barber, opening another, "is the Ten Books of the Fortune of Love, composed by Antonio de lo Frasso, a Sardinian poet." "By the holy orders I have received!" said the priest, "since Apollo was Apollo, the muses muses, and the poets poets, so humorous and so whimsical a book as this was never written; it is the best, and most extraordinary of the kind, that ever appeared in the world; and he who has not read it may be assured that he has never read anything of taste: give it me here, neighbour, for I am better pleased at finding it than if I had been presented with a cassock of Florence satin." He laid it aside, with great satisfaction, and the barber proceeded, saying: "These which follow are the Shepherd of Iberia, the Nymphs of Enares, and the Cure of Jealousy." "Then you have only to deliver them up to the secular arm of the housekeeper," said the priest, "and ask me not why, for in that case we should never have done." "The next is the Shepherd of Filida." "He is no shepherd," said the priest, "but an ingenious courtier; let him be preserved, and laid up as a precious jewel." "This bulky volume here," said the barber, "is entitled the Treasure of Divers Poems." "Had they been fewer," replied the priest, "they would have been more esteemed: it is necessary that this book should be weeded and cleared of some low things interspersed amongst its sublimities: let it be preserved, both because the author is my friend, and out of respect to other more heroic and exalted productions of his pen." "This,"

pursued the barber, "is El Cancionero of Lopez Maldonado." "The author of that book," replied the priest, "is also a great friend of mine: his verses, when sung by himself, excite much admiration; indeed, such is the sweetness of his voice in singing them, that they are perfectly enchanting. He is a little too prolix in his eclogues; but there can never be too much of what is really good: let it be preserved with the select.

"But what book is that next to it?" "The Galatea of Michael de Cervantes," said the barber. "That Cervantes has been an intimate friend of mine these many years, and I know that he is more versed in misfortunes than in poetry. There is a good vein of invention in his book, which proposes something, though nothing is concluded; we must wait for the second part, which he has promised; perhaps, on his amendment, he may obtain that entire pardon which is now denied him; in the mean time, neighbour, keep him a recluse in your chamber." "With all my heart," answered the barber: "now here comes three together: the Araucana of Don Alonso de Ercilla, the Austriada of Juan Rufo, a magistrate of Cordova, and the Monserrato of Christoval de Virges, a poet of Valencia." "These three books," said the priest, "are the best that are written in heroic verse in the Castilian tongue, and may stand in competition with the most renowned works of Italy. Let them be preserved as the best productions of the Spanish muse." The priest grew tired of looking over so many books, and therefore, without examination, proposed that all the rest should be burned; but the barber, having already opened one called the Tears of Angelica, "I should have shed tears myself," said the priest, on hearing the name, "had I ordered that book to be burnt; for its author was one of the most celebrated poets, not only of Spain, but of the whole world; his translations from Ovid are admirable."

CHAPTER VII.

Of the second sally of our good knight Don Quixote de la Mancha.

ON a sudden, while they were thus employed, Don Quixote began to call aloud, saying, "Here, here, valorous knights! Here you must exert the force of your powerful arms; for the courtiers begin to get the advantage in the tournament." All rushing out at once to the place whence this noisy exclamation proceeded, the scrutiny was suddenly interrupted; and therefore it is believed that to the fire, unseen and unheard, went the Carolea, and Leon of Spain, with the Acts of the Emperor, composed by Don Lewis de Avila, which, without doubt, must have been amongst those that were left: and, perhaps, had the priest seen them, they might not have undergone so rigorous a sentence. On entering Don Quixote's chamber, they found him already out of bed, and continuing his outcries and ravings, with his drawn sword, laying furiously about him, back-stroke and fore-stroke, and as broad awake as if he had never been asleep. They closed in with him, and by main force conveyed him again to his bed, where, after he was a little composed, he said, turning himself to the priest, "Certainly, my lord archbishop Turpin, it is a great disgrace to us, who call ourselves the twelve peers, to let the knights-courtiers carry off the palm, without more opposition, after we, the adventurers, have gained the prize on the three preceding days." "Say no more, good sir," said the priest; "it may be Heaven's will to change our fortune, and what is lost to-day may be won to-morrow; mind your health for the present; for I think you must needs be extremely fatigued, if not sorely wounded." "Wounded I am not" said

Don Quixote ; "but bruised and battered, most certainly : for that bastard, Don Roldan, has pounded me with the trunk of an oak ; and all out of mere envy, because he sees I am the sole rival of his prowess. But let me never more be called Rinaldo of Montauban, if, as soon as I can rise from this bed, he pay not dearly for it, in spite of all his enchantments. In the mean time, give me some food : for that is what I am now most in need of, and leave me to the care of avenging myself." They complied with his request, and gave him something to eat ; he then fell fast asleep again ; leaving them in astonishment at his madness.

The same night the housekeeper set fire to, and burnt, all the books that were in the yard, and in the house. Some must have perished that deserved to be treasured up in perpetual archives : but their destiny, or the indolence of the scrutineer, forbade it ; and in them was fulfilled the saying that "the just sometimes suffer for the unjust." One of the remedies which the priest and the barber prescribed at that time, for their friend's malady, was to wall up the chamber which had contained his books, hoping that, when the cause was removed, the effect might cease ; and that they should pretend that an enchanter had carried room and all away. This was speedily executed ; and, two days after, when Don Quixote left his bed, the first thing that occurred to him was to visit his books ; and, not finding the room, he went up and down looking for it ; when, coming to the former situation of the door, he felt with his hands, and stared about on all sides without speaking a word for some time ; at length he asked the housekeeper where the chamber was in which he kept his books. She, who was already well tutored what to answer, said to him : "What room, or what nothing, does your worship look for ? there is neither room, nor books, in this house ; for the devil himself has carried all away."—"It was not the devil," said the niece, "but an enchanter, who came one night upon a cloud, after the day of your departure, and, alighting from a serpent on which he rode, entered the room : what he did there, I know not, but, after some little time, out he came, flying through the roof, and left the house full of smoke ; and when we went to see what he had been doing, we saw neither books nor room ; only we very well remember, both I and mistress housekeeper here, that when the wicked old thief went away, he said with a loud voice, that from a secret enmity he bore to the owner of those books and of the room, he had done a mischief in this house which would soon be manifest : he told us also, that he was called the sage Munniaton." "Freston he meant to say," quoth Don Quixote. "I know not," answered the housekeeper, "whether his name be Freston, or Friton ; all I know is, that it ended in ton."—"It doth so," replied Don Quixote. "He is a sage enchanter, a great enemy of mine, and bears me malice, because by his skill and learning he knows, that in process of time, I shall engage in single combat with a knight whom he favours, and shall vanquish him, in spite of his protection. On this account he endeavours, as much as he can, to molest me : but let him know, from me, that he cannot withstand or avoid what is decreed by heaven."—"Who doubts of that ?" said the niece ; "but, dear uncle, what have you to do with these broils ? Would it not be better to stay quietly at home and not ramble about the world seeking for better bread than wheaten ; without considering that many go out for wool and return shorn ?"—"O niece," answered Don Quixote, "how little dost thou know of the matter ! Before they shall shear me, I will pluck and tear off the beards of all those who dare think of touching the tip of a single hair of mine." Neither of them would make any further reply ; for they saw his choler begin to rise. Fifteen days he remained at home, very tranquil, discovering no symptom of an inclination to repeat his late frolics ; during which time much pleasant conversation passed between him and his two neighbours, the priest and the barber :

he always affirming that the world stood in need of nothing so much as knights-errant, and the revival of chivalry. The priest sometimes contradicted him, and at other times acquiesced; for, had he not been thus cautious, there would have been no means left to bring him to reason.

In the mean time Don Quixote tampered with a labourer, a neighbour of his, and an honest man (if such an epithet can be given to one that is poor), but shallow-brained; in short he said so much, used so many arguments, and made so many promises, that the poor fellow resolved to sally out with him and serve him in the capacity of a squire. Among other things, Don Quixote told him that he ought to be very glad to accompany him, for such an adventure might some time or the other occur, that by one stroke an island might be won, where he might leave him governor. With this and other promises, Sancho Panza (for that was the labourer's name) left his wife and children, and engaged himself as squire to his neighbour. Don Quixote now set about raising money; and, by selling one thing, pawning another, and losing by all, he collected a tolerable sum. He fitted himself likewise with a buckler, which he borrowed of a friend, and, patching up his broken helmet in the best manner he could, he acquainted his squire Sancho of the day and hour he intended to set out, that he might provide himself with what he thought would be most needful. Above all, he charged him not to forget a wallet; which Sancho assured him he would not neglect; he said also that he thought of taking an ass with him, as he had a very good one, and he was not used to travel much on foot. With regard to the ass, Don Quixote paused a little: endeavouring to recollect whether any knight-errant had ever carried a squire mounted on ass-back: but no instance of the kind occurred to his memory. However, he consented that he should take his ass, resolving to accommodate him more honourably, the earliest opportunity, by dismounting the first discourteous knight he should meet. He provided himself also with shirts, and other things, conformably to the advice given him by the innkeeper.

All this being accomplished, Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, without taking leave, the one of his wife and children, or the other of his housekeeper and niece, one night sallied out of the village unperceived; and they travelled so hard that by break of day they believed themselves secure, even if search were made after them. Sancho Panza proceeded upon his ass, like a patriarch, with his wallet and leathern bottle, and with a vehement desire to find himself governor of the island which his master had promised him. Don Quixote happened to take the same route as on his first expedition, over the plain of Montiel, which he passed with less inconvenience than before; for it was early in the morning, and the rays of the sun, darting on them horizontally, did not annoy them. Sancho Panza now said to his master: "I beseech your worship, good sir knight-errant, not to forget your promise concerning that same island; for I shall know how to govern it, be it ever so large." To which Don Quixote answered: "Thou must know, friend Sancho Panza, that it was a custom much in use among the knights-errant of old to make their squires governors of the islands or kingdoms they conquered; and I am determined that so laudable a custom shall not be lost through my neglect; on the contrary, I resolve to out-do them in it: for they, sometimes, and perhaps most times, waited till their squires were grown old; and when they were worn out in their service, and had endured many bad days and worse nights, they conferred on them some title, such as count, or at least marquis, of some valley or province, of more or less account: but if you live, and I live, before six days have passed I may probably win such a kingdom as may have others depending on it, just fit for thee to be crowned king of one of them. And do not think this any extraordinary matter; for things fall out to knights by such unforeseen and unexpected

ways, that I may easily give thee more than I promise." "So then," answered Sancho Panza, "if I were a king, by some of those miracles your worship mentions, Joan Gutierrez, my duck, would come to be a queen, and my children *infantas*!" "Who doubts it?" answered Don Quixote. "I doubt it," replied Sancho Panza; "for I am verily persuaded that, if God were to rain down kingdoms upon the earth, none of them would sit well upon the head of Mary Gutierrez; for you must know, sir, she is not worth two farthings for a queen. The title of countess would sit better upon her, with the help of Heaven and good friends." "Recommend her to God, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "and he will do what is best for her: but do thou have a care not to debase thy mind so low as to content thyself with being less than a viceroy." "Sir, I will not," answered Sancho; "especially having so great a man for my master as your worship, who will know how to give me whatever is most fitting for me, and what I am best able to bear."

CHAPTER VIII.

Of the valorous Don Quixote's success in the dreadful and never-before-imagined adventure of the windmills; with other events worthy to be recorded.

ENGAGED in this discourse, they came in sight of thirty or forty windmills, which are in that plain; and, as soon as Don Quixote espied them, he said to his squire: "Fortune disposes our affairs better than we ourselves could have desired: look yonder, friend Sancho Panza, where thou mayest discover somewhat more than thirty monstrous giants, whom I intend to encounter and slay and with their spoils we will begin to enrich ourselves; for it is lawful war, and doing God good service to remove so wicked a generation from off the face of the earth." "What giants?" said Sancho Panza. "Those thou seest yonder," answered his master, "with their long arms; for some are wont to have them almost of the length of two leagues." "Look, sir," answered Sancho, "those which appear yonder are not giants, but windmills; and what seem to be arms are the sails, which, whirled about by the wind, make the mill-stone go." "It is very evident," answered Don Quixote, "that thou art not versed in the business of adventures: they are giants: and, if thou art afraid, get thee aside and pray, whilst I engage with them in fierce and unequal combat." So saying, he clapped spurs to his steed, notwithstanding the cries his squire sent after him, assuring him that they were certainly windmills, and not giants. But he was so fully possessed that they were giants, that he neither heard the outcries of his squire Sancho, nor yet discerned what they were, though he was very near them, but went on crying out aloud: "Fly not, ye cowards and vile caitiffs; for it is a single knight who assaults you." The wind now rising a little, the great sails began to move; upon which Don Quixote called out: "Although ye should have more arms than the giant Briareus, ye shall pay for it."

Then recommending himself devoutly to his lady Dulcinea, beseeching her to succour him in the present danger, being well covered with his buckler, and setting his lance in the rest, he rushed on as fast as Rozinante could gallop, and attacked the first mill before him; when, running his lance into the sail, the wind whirled it about with so much violence that it broke the lance to shivers, dragging horse and rider after it, and tumbling them over and over on the plain, in very evil plight. Sancho Panza hastened to his assistance, as fast as the ass could carry him; and when he came up to his master, he found him unable to stir, so violent was the blow which he and Rozinante had received in their

fall. "God save me!" quoth Sancho, "did not I warn you to have a care of what you did, for that they were nothing but windmills? And nobody could mistake them, but one that had the like in his head." "Peace, friend Sancho," answered Don Quixote: "for matters of war are, of all others, most subject to continual change. Now I verily believe, and it is most certainly the fact, that the sage Freston, who stole away my chamber and books, has metamorphosed these giants into windmills, on purpose to deprive me of the glory of vanquishing them, so great is the enmity he bears me! But his wicked arts will finally avail but little against the goodness of my sword." "God grant it!" answered Sancho Panza; then helping him to rise, he mounted him again upon his steed, which was almost disjointed.

Conversing upon the late adventure, they followed the road that led to the pass of Lapice; because there, Don Quixote said, they could not fail to meet with many and various adventures, as it was much frequented. He was, however, concerned at the loss of his lance; and, speaking of it to his squire, he said: "I remember to have read that a certain Spanish knight, called Diego Perez de Vargas, having broken his sword in fight, tore off a huge branch or limb from an oak, and performed such wonders with it that day, and dashed out the brains of so many Moors, that he was surnamed Machuca;* and, from that day forward, he and his descendants bore the names of Vargas and Machuca. I now speak of this, because from the first oak we meet, I mean to tear a limb, at least as good as that; with which I purpose and resolve to perform such feats that thou shalt deem thyself most fortunate in having been thought worthy to behold them, and to be an eye-witness of things which will scarcely be credited." "Heaven's will be done!" quoth Sancho; "I believe all just as you say, sir. But, pray set yourself more upright in your saddle: for you seem to me to ride sideling, owing, perhaps, to the bruises received by your fall." "It is certainly so," said Don Quixote; "and if I do not complain of pain, it is because knights-errant are not allowed to complain of any wound whatever, even though their entrails should issue from it." "If so, I have nothing more to say," quoth Sancho, "but I should be glad to hear your worship complain when anything ails you. As for myself, I must complain of the least pain I feel, unless this business of not complaining extend also to the squires of knights-errant." Don Quixote could not forbear smiling at the simplicity of his squire, and told him he might complain whenever and as much as he pleased, either with or without cause, having never yet read anything to the contrary in the laws of chivalry.

Sancho put him in mind that it was time to dine. His master answered that at present he had no need of food, but that he might eat whenever he thought proper. With this license, Sancho adjusted himself as well as he could upon his beast; and, taking out the contents of his wallet, he jogged on behind his master, very leisurely, eating, and ever and anon raising the bottle to his mouth with so much relish, that the best-fed victualler of Malaga might have envied him. And whilst he went on in this manner, repeating his draughts, he thought no more of the promises his master had made him; nor did he think it any toil, but rather a recreation, to go in quest of adventures, however perilous they might be. In fine, they passed that night under the shelter of some trees: and from one of them the knight tore a withered branch, to serve him in some sort as a lance, after fixing upon it the iron head of the one that had been broken. All that night Don Quixote slept not, but ruminated on his lady Dulcinea; conformably to the practice of knights-errant, who, as their histories told him, were wont to pass many successive nights in woods and deserts, without closing their eyes, indulging the sweet remembrance of their

* From *nachucar*, to bruise or break.

mistresses. Not so did Sancho spend the night ; for, his stomach being full, and not of succory-water, he made but one sleep of it ; and, had not his master roused him, neither the beams of the sun, that darted full in his face, nor the melody of the birds which, in great numbers, cheerfully saluted the approach of the new day, could have awaked him. At his uprising he applied again to his bottle, and found it much lighter than the evening before ; which grieved him to the heart, for he did not think they were in the way soon to remedy that defect. Don Quixote would not yet break his fast, resolving, as we have said, still to subsist upon savoury remembrances.

They now turned again into the road they had entered upon the day before, leading to the pass of Lapice, which they discovered about three in the afternoon. "Here, friend Sancho," said Don Quixote, upon seeing it, "we may plunge our arms up to the elbows in what are termed adventures. But attend to this caution, that even shouldst thou see me in the greatest peril in the world, thou must not lay hand to thy sword to defend me, unless thou perceivest that my assailants are vulgar and low people ; in that case thou mayest assist me : but should they be knights, it is in nowise agreeable to the laws of chivalry that thou shouldst interfere, until thou art thyself dubbed a knight." "Your worship," answered Sancho, "shall be obeyed most punctually therein, and the rather as I am naturally very peaceable, and an enemy to thrusting myself into brawls and squabbles ; but, for all that, as to what regards the defence of my own person, I shall make no great account of those same laws, since both divine and human law allows every man to defend himself against whoever would wrong him." "That I grant," answered Don Quixote ; "but with respect to giving me aid against knights, thou must refrain and keep within bounds thy natural impetuosity." "I say, I will do so," answered Sancho, "and I will observe this precept as religiously as the Lord's day."

As they were thus discoursing, there appeared on the road two monks of the order of St. Benedict, mounted upon dromedaries ; for the mules whereon they rode were not much less. They wore travelling masks, and carried umbrellas. Behind them came a coach, accompanied by four or five men on horseback and two muleteers on foot. Within the coach, as it afterwards appeared, was a Biscayan lady on her way to join her husband at Seville, who was there waiting to embark for India, where he was appointed to a very honourable post. The monks were not in her company, but were only travelling the same road. Scarcely had Don Quixote espied them, when he said to his squire : "Either I am deceived, or this will prove the most famous adventure that ever happened ; for those black figures that appear yonder must undoubtedly be enchanters, who are carrying off in that coach some princess whom they have stolen ; which wrong I am bound to use my utmost endeavours to redress." "This may prove a worse business than the windmills," said Sancho ; "pray, sir, take notice that those are Benedictine monks, and the coach must belong to some travellers. Harken to my advice, sir ; have a care what you do, and let not the devil deceive you." "I have already told thee, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "that thou knowest little concerning adventures : what I say is true, as thou wilt presently see." So saying, he advanced forward, and planted himself in the midst of the highway, by which the monks were to pass ; and when they were so near that he supposed they could hear what he said, he cried out with a loud voice : "Diabolical and monstrous race ! Either instantly release the high-born princesses whom ye are carrying away perforce in that coach, or prepare for instant death, as the just chastisement of your wicked deeds." The monks stopped their mules, and stood amazed, as much at the figure of Don Quixote as at his expressions : to which they answered : "Signor cavalier, we are neither diabolical nor monstrous, but monks of the Benedictine order,

travelling on our own business, and entirely ignorant whether any princesses are carried away in that coach by force, or not." "No fair speeches to me, for I know ye, treacherous scoundrels!" and without waiting for a reply, he clapped spurs to Rozinante, and, with his lance couched, ran at the foremost monk with such fury and resolution that, if he had not slid down from his mule, he would certainly have been thrown to the ground, and wounded too, if not killed outright. The second monk, on observing how his comrade was treated, clapped spurs to the sides of his good mule, and began to scour along the plain, lighter than the wind itself.

Sancho Panza, seeing the monk on the ground, leaped nimbly from his ass, and running up to him, began to disrobe him. While he was thus employed, the two lacqueys came up, and asked him why he was stripping their master. Sancho told them that they were his lawful perquisites, being the spoils of the battle which his lord, Don Quixote, had just won. The lacqueys, who did not understand the jest, nor what was meant by spoils or battles, seeing that Don Quixote was at a distance, speaking with those in the coach, fell upon Sancho, threw him down, and, besides leaving him not a hair in his beard, gave him a hearty kicking, and left him stretched on the ground, deprived of sense and motion. Without losing a moment, the monk now got upon his mule again, trembling, terrified, and pale as death; and was no sooner mounted than he spurred after his companion, who stood at some distance to observe the issue of this strange encounter; but, being unwilling to wait, they pursued their way, crossing themselves oftener than if the devil had been at their heels. In the mean time Don Quixote, as it hath been already mentioned, addressing the lady in the coach, "Your beauteous ladyship may now," said he, "dispose of your person as pleaseth you best; for the pride of your ravishers lies humbled in the dust, overthrown by my invincible arm; and, that you may be at no trouble to learn the name of your deliverer, know that I am called Don Quixote de la Mancha, knight-errant and adventurer, and captive to the peerless and beauteous Dulcinea del Toboso; and in requital of the benefit you have received at my hands, all I desire is, that you would return to Toboso, and, in my name, present yourselves before that lady, and tell her what I have done to obtain your liberty."

All that Don Quixote said was overheard by a certain squire who accompanied the coach, a Biscayan, who, finding he would not let it proceed, but talked of their immediately returning to Toboso, flew at Don Quixote, and taking hold of his lance, addressed him, in bad Castilian and worse Biscayan, after this manner: "Cavalier, begone! and the devil go with thee! I swear, by the power that made me, if thou dost not quit the coach, thou forfeitest thy life, as I am a Biscayan." Don Quixote understood him very well, and with great calmness answered: "If thou wert a gentleman, as thou art not, I would before now have chastised thy folly and presumption, thou pitiful slave." "I am no gentleman!" said the Biscayan; "I swear by the great God, thou liest, as I am a Christian; if thou wilt throw away thy lance, and draw thy sword, thou shalt see how soon the cat will get into the water.* Biscayan by land, gentleman by sea, gentleman for the devil, and thou liest! Now what hast thou to say?" "Thou shalt see that presently, as said *Agrages*," answered Don Quixote; then, throwing down his lance, he drew his sword, grasped his buckler, and set upon the Biscayan with a resolution to take his life. The Biscayan, seeing him come on in that manner, would fain have alighted, knowing that his mule, a wretched hackney, was not to be trusted, but he had

* "To carry the cat to the water" is a saying applied to one who is victorious in any contest; and it is taken from a game in which two cats are tied together by the tail, then carried near a pit or well (having the water between them), and the cat which first pulls the other in is declared conqueror.

taken to discover the end of this delectable history; though I am very sensible that, if Heaven and fortune had not befriended me, the world would have still been without that diversion and pleasure which, for nearly two hours, an attentive reader of it cannot fail to enjoy. Now the manner of finding it was this:—

As I was walking one day on the Exchange of Toledo, a boy offered for sale some bundles of old papers to a mercer; and as I am fond of reading, though it be only tattered papers thrown about the streets, led by this natural inclination, I took a parcel of those the boy was selling, and perceived them to be written in Arabic. But not understanding it myself, although I knew the letters, I immediately looked about for some Moorish rabbi who could read them to me; nor was it difficult to find such an interpreter; for had I sought one to explain some more ancient and better language, I should have found him there. In fine, my good fortune presented one to me, to whom I communicated my desire, and, putting the book into his hands, he opened it towards the middle, and, having read a little, began to laugh. I asked him what he smiled at, and he said that “it was at something which he found written in the margin, by way of annotation.” I desired him to say what it was; and, still laughing, he told me that there was written on the margin as follows: “This Dulcinea del Toboso, so often mentioned in his history, was said to have been the best hand at salting pork of any woman in all La Mancha.” When I heard the name of Dulcinea del Toboso, I stood amazed and confounded; for it immediately occurred to me that those bundles of paper might contain the history of Don Quixote.

With this idea, I pressed him to read the beginning, which he did, and, rendering extempore the Arabic into Castilian, said that it began thus: “The history of Don Quixote de la Mancha, written by Cid Hamete Ben Engeli, Arabian historiographer.” Much discretion was necessary to dissemble the joy I felt at hearing the title of the book; and, snatching the other part out of the mercer’s hands, I bought the whole bundle of papers of the boy for half a real; who, if he had been cunning, and had perceived how eager I was to have them, might well have promised himself, and really carried off, more than six reals, by the bargain. I retired immediately with the Morisco, through the cloister of the great church, and requested him to translate for me those papers which treated of Don Quixote, into the Castilian tongue, without omitting or adding anything: offering him in payment whatever he should demand. He was satisfied with fifty pounds of raisins and two bushels of wheat, and promised to translate them faithfully and expeditiously. But, in order to facilitate the business, and also to make sure of so valuable a prize, I took him home to my own house, where, in little more than six weeks, he translated the whole, exactly as will be found in the following pages.

In the first sheet was portrayed, in a most lively manner, Don Quixote’s combat with the Biscayan, in the attitude already described; their swords raised, the one covered with his buckler, the other with his cushion, and the Biscayan mule so correctly to the life, that you might discover it to be a hackney jade at the distance of a bowshot. The Biscayan had a label at his feet, on which was written “Don Sancho de Azpetia;” which, without doubt, must have been his name; and at the feet of Rozinante was another, on which was written “Don Quixote.” Rozinante was admirably delineated: so long and lank, so lean and feeble, with so sharp a backbone, and so like one in a galloping consumption, that you might see plainly with what judgment and propriety the name of Rozinante had been given him. Close by him stood Sancho Panza, holding his ass by the halter; at whose feet was another scroll, whereon was written “Sancho Zancas;” and not without reason, if he was really, as the painting

represented him, paunch-bellied, short of stature, and spindle-shanked ; which, doubtless, gave him the names of Panza and Zancas ; for the history calls him by each of these surnames. There were some other more minute particulars observable ; but they are all of little importance, and contribute nothing to the faithful narration of the history ; though none are to be despised, if true. But if any objection be alleged against the truth of this history, it can only be that the author was an Arabian, those of that nation being not a little addicted to lying ; though as they are so much our enemies, it may be conjectured that he rather fell short of, than exceeded the bounds of truth. And, in fact, so it seems to have done ; for when he might, and ought to, have launched out in the praises of so excellent a knight, it appears, as if he had been careful to pass over them in silence ; an evil act and worse design ; for historians ought to be precise, faithful, and unprejudiced ; and neither interest nor fear, hatred nor affection, should make them swerve from the way of truth, whose mother is history, the rival of time, the depository of great actions, witness of the past, example to the present, and monitor to the future. In this history you will certainly find the most entertaining things imaginable ; and, if wanting in anything, it must, without question, be owing to its infidel author, and not to any defect in the subject. In short, the second part, according to the translation, began in this manner :

The trenchant blades of the two valorous and enraged combatants, being brandished aloft, seemed to stand threatening heaven and earth, and the deep abyss : such was the courage and gallantry of their deportment. The first who discharged his blow was the choleric Biscayan, which fell with such force and fury that, if the edge of his sword had not turned aslant by the way, that single blow had been enough to have put an end to this cruel conflict, and to all the adventures of our knight. But good fortune preserving him for greater things, so turned his adversary's sword, that, though it alighted on the left shoulder, it did him no other hurt than to disarm that side, carrying off, by the way, a great part of his helmet, with half an ear ; all which with hideous ruin fell to the ground, leaving him in a piteous plight.

Good Heaven ! who is he that can worthily describe the rage that entered into the breast of our Manchegan, at seeing himself thus treated ! Let it suffice, that it was such that, raising himself afresh in his stirrups, and grasping his sword faster in both hands, he discharged it with such fury upon the Biscayan, directly over the cushion, and upon his head, which was unprotected, that, as if a mountain had fallen upon him, the blood began to gush out of his nostrils, his mouth, and his ears ; and he seemed as if he was just falling from his mule, which doubtless he must have done, had not he laid fast hold of his neck : but, notwithstanding that, he lost his stirrups, and then let go his hold ; while the mule, frightened at the terrible stroke, began to run about the field, and at two or three plunges laid her master flat on the ground. Don Quixote stood looking on with great calmness, and seeing him fall, he leaped from his horse with much agility, ran up to him, and clapping the point of his sword to his eyes, bid him yield, or he would cut off his head. The Biscayan was so stunned that he could not answer a word ; and it would have gone hard with him (so blinded with rage was Don Quixote) had not the ladies of the coach, who, till now, had been witnessing the combat in great dismay, approached him, and earnestly entreated that he would do them the great kindness and favour to spare the life of their squire. Don Quixote answered, with much solemnity and gravity : " Assuredly, fair ladies, I am most willing to grant you your request, but it must be upon a certain condition and compact ; which is, that this knight shall promise to repair to the town of Toboso, and present himself, from me, before the peerless Donna Dulcinea, that she may dispose of him according to her

pleasure." The terrified and disconsolate lady, without considering what Don Quixote required, or inquiring who Dulcinea was, promised him that her squire should perform whatever he commanded. "Then, on the faith of this promise," said Don Quixote, "I will do him no further hurt; though he well deserves it at my hands."

CHAPTER X.

Of the pleasant discourse which Don Quixote had with his good squire Sancho Panza.

BEFORE this time, Sancho Panza had got upon his legs, somewhat roughly handled by the servants of the monks, and stood an attentive spectator during the combat of his master, Don Quixote; beseeching God, in his heart, that he would be pleased to give him the victory, and that he might hereby win some island, of which he might make him governor, according to his promise. Now, seeing the conflict at an end, and that his master was ready to mount again upon Rozinante, he came up to hold his stirrup; but before he had mounted, fell upon his knees before him, then, taking hold of his hand, and kissing it, said to him, "Be pleased, my lord Don Quixote, to bestow upon me the government of that island which you have won in this dreadful battle; for, be it ever so big, I feel in myself ability sufficient to govern it as well as the best that ever governed island in the world." To which Don Quixote answered, "Consider, brother Sancho, that this adventure, and others of this nature, are not adventures of islands, but of cross-ways, in which nothing is to be gained but a broken head, or the loss of an ear. Have patience; for adventures will offer, whereby I may not only make thee a governor, but something yet greater." Sancho returned him abundance of thanks, and, kissing his hand again, and the skirt of his armour, he helped him to get upon Rozinante; then, mounting his ass, he followed his master, who, going off at a round pace, without taking his leave, or speaking to those in the coach, immediately entered into an adjoining wood.

Sancho followed him as fast as his beast could trot; but Rozinante made such speed that, seeing himself left behind, he was forced to call aloud to his master to stay for him. Don Quixote did so, checking Rozinante by the bridle, until his weary squire overtook him; who, as soon as he came near, said to him, "Methinks, sir, it would not be amiss to retire to some church; for, considering in what condition you have left your adversary, I should not wonder if they give notice of the fact to the holy brotherhood, who may seize us; and, in faith, if they do, before we get out of their clutches we may chance to sweat for it." "Peace," quoth Don Quixote; "for where hast thou ever seen or heard of a knight-errant having been brought before a court of justice, however numerous the homicides he may have committed?" "I know nothing of your Omecils," answered Sancho; "nor in my life ever cared about them: only this I know, that the holy brotherhood have something to say to those who fight in the fields; and as to the other matter, I shall have nothing to do with it." "Set thy heart at rest, friend," answered Don Quixote; "for I would deliver thee out of the hands of the Chaldeans, much more out of those of the holy brotherhood. But tell me, on thy life, hast thou ever seen a more valorous knight than I upon the whole face of the earth? Hast thou read in history of any one who has, or ever had, more spirit in attacking, more breath in holding out, more dexterity in wounding, or more address in overthrowing?" "The truth is," answered Sancho, "that I never read any history at all; for I can neither read nor write: but what I dare affirm is, that I have never served a bolder master than your

worship, in all the days of my life; and pray God we may not be called to an account for this boldness, where I just now said. What I beg of your worship is, that you would let your wound be dressed, for a great deal of blood comes from that ear: and I have some lint, and a little white ointment, here in my wallet." "All this would have been needless," answered Don Quixote, "had I recollected to make a vial of the balsam of Fierabras; for with one single drop of that, we might have saved both time and medicine." "What vial, and what balsam is that?" said Sancho Panza. "It is a balsam," answered Don Quixote, "the receipt of which I hold in memory; and he who possesses it need not fear death, nor apprehend that any wound will be fatal: therefore, when I shall have made it, and given it to thy care, all thou wilt have to do, when thou seest me in some battle cleft asunder (as it frequently happens), is, to take up fair and softly that part of my body which shall fall to the ground, and with the greatest nicety, before the blood is congealed, place it upon the other half that shall remain in the saddle, taking especial care to make them tally exactly. Then shalt thou give me two draughts only of the balsam aforesaid, and instantly thou wilt see me become sounder than an apple." "If this be so," said Sancho, "I renounce from henceforward the government of the promised island; and only desire, in payment of my many and good services, that your worship will give me the receipt of this extraordinary liquor; for I dare say it will anywhere fetch more than two reals an ounce; and I want no more to pass this life with credit and comfort. But I should be glad to know whether the making of it will cost much?" "For less than three reals thou mayest make nine pints," answered Don Quixote. "Sinner that I am!" exclaimed Sancho, "why does your worship delay making it?" "Peace, friend," answered Don Quixote: "for I intend to teach thee greater secrets, and to do thee greater kindnesses: but at present, let us set about the cure; for my ear pains me more than I could wish."

Sancho took some lint and ointment out of his wallet; but, when Don Quixote perceived that his helmet was broken, he was ready to run stark mad; and, laying his hand on his sword, and raising his eyes to heaven, he said: "I swear, by the Creator of all things, and by all that is contained in the four holy evangelists, to lead the life that the great marquis of Mantua led, when he vowed to revenge the death of his nephew Valdovinos; which was, not to eat bread on a tablecloth, nor again go home to his wife, and other things, which, though I do not now remember, I consider as here expressed, until I have taken entire vengeance on him who hath done me this outrage!" Sancho, hearing this, said to him, "Pray consider, Signor Don Quixote, that if the knight has performed what was enjoined upon him, namely, to go and present himself before my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, he will then have done his duty, and deserves no new punishment unless he commit a new crime." "Thou hast spoken and remarked very justly," answered Don Quixote; "and I annul the oath, so far as concerns the taking a fresh revenge; but I make it, and confirm it anew, as to leading the life I have mentioned, until I shall take by force, from some knight, another helmet, equally good. And think not, Sancho, that I am making a smoke of straw; for I well know whose example I shall follow; since precisely the same thing happened with regard to Mambrino's helmet, which cost Sacripante so dear." "I wish your worship would send such oaths to the devil," said Sancho, "for they are very hurtful to the health, and prejudicial to the conscience. Besides, pray tell me, if perchance for many days we should not light on a man armed with a helmet, what must we do then? Must the oath be kept, in spite of so many difficulties and inconveniences, such as sleeping in your clothes, and not sleeping in any inhabited place, and a thousand other penances contained in the oath of that mad old fellow the marquis of Mantua, which your worship would now revive?

Consider, that none of these roads are frequented by armed men, but carriers and carters : who, so far from wearing helmets, perhaps never so much as heard of them in all their lives." "Thou art mistaken in this," said Don Quixote ; "for before we shall have passed two hours in these cross-ways, we shall have seen more armed men than came to the siege of Albraca, to carry off Angelica the Fair." "Well, then, be it so," quoth Sancho ; "and Heaven grant us good success, and that we may speedily get this island, which costs me so dear ; no matter, then, how soon I lie." "I have already told thee, Sancho, to give thyself no concern upon that account ; for, if an island cannot be had, there is the kingdom of Denmark, or that of Sobradisa, which will fit thee like a ring to the finger. Besides, as they are upon *terra firma*, thou shouldst prefer them. But let us leave this to its own time, and see if thou hast anything for us to eat in thy wallet ; we will then go in quest of some castle, where we may lodge this night, and make the balsam that I told thee of ; for I declare that my ear pains me exceedingly." "I have here an onion and a piece of cheese ; and I know not how many crusts of bread," said Sancho ; "but they are not eatables fit for so valiant a knight as your worship." "How little dost thou understand of this matter !" answered Don Quixote. "I tell thee, Sancho, that it is honourable in knights-errant not to eat once in a month ; and, if they do taste food, it must be what first offers : and this thou wouldst have known hadst thou read as many histories as I have done ; for, though I have perused many, I never yet found in them any account of knights-errant taking food, unless it were by chance, and at certain sumptuous banquets prepared expressly for them ; the rest of their days they lived, as it were, upon smelling. And though it is to be presumed they could not subsist without eating and satisfying all other wants—as, in fact, they were men—yet, since they passed most part of their lives in wandering through forests and deserts, and without a cook, their usual diet must have consisted of rustic viands, such as those which thou hast now offered me. Therefore, friend Sancho, let not that trouble thee which gives me pleasure : nor endeavour to make a new world, or to throw knight-errantry off its hinges." "Pardon me, sir," said Sancho ; "for, as I can neither read nor write, as I told you before, I am entirely unacquainted with the rules of the knightly profession : but, henceforward, I will furnish my wallet with all sorts of dried fruits for your worship, who art a knight ; and for myself, who am none, I will supply it with poultry, and other things of more substance." "I do not say, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "that knights-errant are obliged to eat nothing but the dried fruits thou hast mentioned, but that such was their ordinary sustenance, together with certain herbs they found in the fields, which were to them well known, as they are also to me." "It is a good thing to know these same herbs," answered Sancho ; "for I am inclined to think we shall one day have occasion to make use of that knowledge."

He now brought out what provisions he had, and they ate together in a very peaceable and friendly manner. But, being desirous to seek out some place wherein to rest that night, they soon finished their poor and dry meal, and then made what haste they could to reach some village before night ; but both the sun and their hopes failed them near the huts of some goatherds. They determined, therefore, to take up their lodging with them ; but if Sancho was grieved that they could not reach a village, his master was as much rejoiced to lie in the open air, conceiving that, every time this befel him, he was performing an act which confirmed his title to chivalry.

CHAPTER XI.

Of what befel Don Quixote with the goatherds.

No one could be more kindly received than was Don Quixote by the goatherds; and Sancho having accommodated Rozinante and his ass in the best manner he was able, pursued the odour emitted by certain pieces of goat's flesh that were boiling in a kettle on a fire; and, though he would willingly, at that instant, have tried whether they were ready to be transferred from the kettle to the stomach, he forbore doing so, as the goatherds themselves took them off the fire, and, spreading some sheepskins on the ground, very speedily served up their rural mess, and, with much cordiality, invited them both to partake of it. Six of them that belonged to the fold seated themselves round the skins, having first, with rustic compliments, requested Don Quixote to seat himself upon a trough with the bottom upwards, placed on purpose for him. Don Quixote sat down, and Sancho remained standing to serve the cup, which was made of horn. His master, seeing him standing, said to him, "That thou mayest see the intrinsic worth of knight-errantry, and how speedily those who exercise any ministry whatsoever belonging to it may attain honour and estimation in the world, it is my will that thou be seated here by my side, in company with these good people, and become one and the same thing with me, who am thy master and natural lord; that thou eat from off my plate, and drink of the same cup from which I drink; for the same may be said of knight-errantry which is said of love, that it makes all things equal." "I give you a great many thanks, sir," said Sancho: "but let me tell your worship that, provided I have victuals enough, I can eat as well, or better standing, and alone, than if I were seated close by an emperor. And, farther, to tell you the truth, what I eat in a corner, without compliments and ceremonies, though it were nothing but bread and an onion, relishes better than turkeys at other men's tables, where I am forced to chew leisurely, drink little, wipe my mouth often, neither sneeze nor cough when I have a mind, nor do other things which may be done when alone and at liberty. So that, good sir, let these honours which your worship is pleased to confer upon me, as a servant, and adherent of knight-errantry (being squire to your worship), be exchanged for something of more use and profit to me: for, though I place them to account, as received in full, I renounce them from this time forward to the end of the world." "Notwithstanding this," said Don Quixote, "thou shalt sit down; for whosoever humbleth himself, God doth exalt;" and, pulling him by the arm, he forced him to sit down next him. The goatherds did not understand this jargon of squires and knights-errant, and therefore only ate, held their peace, and stared at their guests, who, with much satisfaction and appetite, swallowed down pieces as large as their fists. The service of flesh being finished, they spread upon the skins a great quantity of acorns, together with half a cheese, harder than if it had been made of mortar. The horn in the mean time stood not idle; for it went round so often, now full, now empty, like the bucket of a well, that they presently emptied one of the two wine-bags that hung in view. After Don Quixote had satisfied his hunger, he took up a handful of acorns, and, looking on them attentively, gave utterance to expressions like these:—

"Happy times, and happy ages, were those which the ancients termed the Golden Age! not because gold, so prized in this our iron age, was to be obtained, in that fortunate period, without toil; but because they who then lived were ignorant of those two words, Mine and Thine. In that blessed age,

all things were in common ; to provide their ordinary sustenance, no other labour was necessary than to raise their hands and take it from the sturdy oaks, which stood liberally inviting them to taste their sweet and relishing fruit. The limpid fountains and running streams offered them, in magnificent abundance, their delicious and transparent waters. In the clefts of rocks, and in hollow trees, the industrious and provident bees formed their commonwealths, offering to every hand, without interest, the fertile produce of their most delicious toil. The stately cork-trees, impelled by their own courtesy alone, divested themselves of their light and expanded bark, with which men began to cover their houses, supported by rough poles, only as a defence against the inclemency of the heavens. All then was peace, all amity, all concord. The heavy coulter of the crooked plough had not yet dared to force open and search into the tender bowels of our first mother, who, unconstrained, offered, from every part of her fertile and spacious bosom, whatever might feed, sustain, and delight those, her children, by whom she was then possessed. Then did the simple and beauteous young shepherdesses trip from dale to dale, and from hill to hill, their tresses sometimes plaited, sometimes loosely flowing, with no more clothing than was necessary to cover what modesty has always required to be concealed : nor were their ornaments like those now in fashion, to which a value is given by the Tyrian purple and the silk so many ways martyred ; but, adorned with green dock-leaves and ivy interwoven, perhaps they appeared as splendidly and elegantly decked as court-ladies, with all those rare and foreign inventions which idle curiosity hath taught them. Then were the amorous conceptions of the soul clothed in simple and sincere expressions, in the same way and manner they were conceived, without seeking artificial phrases to enhance their value. Nor had fraud, deceit, and malice intermixed with truth and plain-dealing. Justice maintained her proper bounds, undisturbed and unassailed by favour and interest, which now so much depreciate, molest, and persecute her. Law was not yet left to the interpretation of the judge ; for then there was neither cause nor judge. Maidens and modesty, as I said before, went about alone, without fear of danger from the unbridled freedom and lewd designs of others ; and, if they were undone, it was entirely owing to their own natural inclination and will. But now, in these detestable ages of ours, no damsel is secure, though she were hidden and inclosed in another labyrinth like that of Crete ; for even there, through some cranny, or through the air, by the zeal of cursed importunity, the amorous pestilence finds entrance, and they are there wrecked in spite of all seclusion. Therefore, as times became worse, and wickedness increased, to defend maidens, to protect widows, and to relieve orphans and persons distressed, the order of knight-errantry was instituted. Of this order am I, brother goatherds, whom I thank for the good cheer and kind reception ye have given me and my squire ; for though, by the law of nature, every one living is bound to favour knights-errant, yet as ye have received and regaled me without being aware of this obligation, it is but reasonable that I should return you my warmest acknowledgments."

Our knight made this long harangue (which might well have been spared), because the acorns they had put before him reminded him of the golden age, and led him to make that unprofitable discourse to the goatherds ; who, in astonishment, listened to him, without saying a word. Sancho also was silent, devouring the acorns, and making frequent visits to the second wine-bag, which was hanging upon a cork-tree, in order to keep the wine cool.

Don Quixote spent more time in talking than in eating, and, supper being over, one of the goatherds said, "That your worship, signor knight-errant, may the more truly say that we entertain you with a ready good-will, one of our comrades, who will soon be here, shall sing for your pleasure and

amusement. He is a very intelligent lad, and deeply enamoured ; above all, he can read and write, and play upon the rebeck as well as heart can desire." The goatherd had scarcely said this when the sound of the rebeck reached their ears, and, presently after, came the musician, who was a youth of an agreeable mien, about two-and-twenty years of age. His comrades asked him if he had supped ; and he having answered in the affirmative, one of them said, "If so, Antonio, you may let us have the pleasure of hearing you sing a little, that this gentleman, our guest, may see, that even here, among woods and mountains, there are some who are skilled in music. We have told him of your great abilities, and wish you to show them, and prove the truth of what we have said ; and therefore I entreat you to sit down, and sing the ballad of your love, which your uncle, the curate, composed for you, and which was so well liked in our village." "With all my heart," replied the youth ; and, without further entreaty, he sat down upon the trunk of an old oak, and, after tuning his rebeck, he began to sing in a most agreeable manner, as follows :—

ANTONIO.

"Yes, lovely nymph, thou art my prize
 I boast the conquest of thy heart,
 Though nor the tongue, nor speaking eyes,
 Have yet reveal'd the latent smart.

Thy wit and sense assure my fate,
 In them my love's success I see ;
 Nor can he be unfortunate
 Who dares avow his flame for thee.

Yet sometimes hast thou frown'd, alas .
 And given my hopes a cruel shock ;
 Then did thy soul seem form'd of brass,
 Thy snowy bosom of the rock.

But in the midst of thy disdain,
 Thy sharp reproaches, cold delays,
 Hope from behind, to ease my pain,
 The border of her robe displays.

Ah ! lovely maid ! in equal scale
 Weigh well thy shepherd's truth and love,
 Which ne'er, but with his breath, can fail,
 Which neither frowns nor smiles can move.

If love, as shepherds wont to say
 Be gentleness and courtesy,
 So courteous is Olalia,
 My passion will rewarded be.

And if obsequious duty paid,
 The grateful heart can never move,
 Mine sure, my fair, may well persuad
 A due return, and claim thy love.

For, to seem pleasing in thy sight,
 I dress myself with studious care,
 And, in my best apparel dight,
 My Sunday clothes on Monday wear.

And shepherds say I'm not to blame,
For cleanly dress and spruce attire
Preserve alive love's wanton flame,
And gently fan the dying fire.

To please my fair, in mazy ring
I join the dance, and sportive play :
And oft beneath thy window sing,
When first the cock proclaims the day.

With rapture on each charm I dwell,
And daily spread thy beauty's fame :
And still my tongue thy praise shall tell,
Though envy swell, or malice blame.

Teresa of the Berrocal,
When once I praised you, said in spite,
Your mistress you an angel call,
But a mere ape is your delight.

Thanks to the bugle's artful glare,
And all the graces counterfeit ;
Thanks to the false and curled hair,
Which wary Love himself might cheat.

I swore 'twas false ; and said she lied ;
At that her anger fiercely rose ;
I box'd the clown that took her side,
And how I box'd my fairest knows.

I court thee not, Olalia,
To gratify a loose desire ;
My love is chaste, without alloy
Of wanton wish, or lustful fire.

The church hath silken chords, that tie
Consenting hearts in mutual bands :
If thou, my fair, its yoke wilt try,
Thy swain its ready captive stands.

If not, by all the saints I swear
On these bleak mountains still to dwell,
Nor ever quit my toilsome care,
But for the cloister and the cell."

Here ended the goatherd's song, and Don Quixote requested him to sing something else ; but Sancho Panza was of another mind, being more disposed to sleep than to hear ballads ; he therefore said to his master, "Sir, you had better consider where you are to rest to-night ; for the labour which these honest men undergo all day will not suffer them to pass the night in singing." "I understand thee, Sancho," answered Don Quixote ; "for it is very evident that visits to the wine-bag require to be paid rather with sleep than music." "It relished well with us all, blessed be God," answered Sancho. "I do not deny it," replied Don Quixote ; "lay thyself down where thou wilt, but it is more becoming those of my profession to watch than to sleep. However, it would not be amiss, Sancho, if thou wouldst dress this ear again : for it pains me more than it ought." Sancho did as he was desired ; and one of the goatherds seeing

the wound, bade him not be concerned about it, for he would apply such a remedy as should quickly heal it; then taking some rosemary-leaves, which abounded in that place, he chewed them and mixed with them a little salt, and, laying them to the ear, bound them on very fast, assuring him that no other salve would be necessary, which indeed proved to be true.

CHAPTER XII.

What a certain goatherd related to those who were with Don Quixote.

SOON after this there arrived another young lad, laden with provisions from the village: "Comrades," said he, "do you know what is passing in the village?" "How should we know?" answered one of them. "Know then," continued the youth, "that the famous shepherd and scholar, Chrysostom, died this morning; and it is rumoured that it was for love of that devilish girl Marcela, daughter of William the rich, she who rambles about these woods and fields in the dress of a shepherdess." "For Marcela; say you?" quoth one. "For her, I say," answered the goatherd: "and the best of it is, he has ordered in his will that they should bury him in the fields, like a Moor, at the foot of the rock, by the cork-tree fountain, which, according to report, and, as they say, he himself declared was the very place where he first saw her. He ordered also other things so extravagant that the clergy say they must not be performed; nor is it fit that they should, for they seem to be heathenish. But his great friend Ambrosio, the student, who accompanied him, dressed also like a shepherd, declares that the whole of what Chrysostom enjoined shall be executed; and upon this the village is all in an uproar: but by what I can learn, they will at last do what Ambrosio and all his friends require; and to-morrow they come to inter him, with great solemnity, in the place I mentioned: and, in my opinion, it will be a sight well worth seeing; at least, I shall not fail to go, although I were certain of not returning to-morrow to the village." "We will do the same," answered the goatherds; "and let us cast lots who shall stay behind, to look after the goats." "You say well, Pedro," quoth another; "but it will be needless to make use of this expedient, for I will remain for you all; and do not attribute this to self-denial or want of curiosity in me, but to the thorn which stuck into my foot the other day, and hinders me from walking." "We thank you, nevertheless," answered Pedro.

Don Quixote requested Pedro to give him some account of the deceased man and the shepherdess. To which Pedro answered, "that all he knew was that the deceased was a wealthy gentleman, and inhabitant of a village situate among these mountains, who had studied many years at Salamanca; at the end of which time he returned home, with the character of a very learned and well-read person: particularly, it was said, he understood the science of the stars, and what the sun and moon are doing in the sky; for he told us punctually the eclipse of the sun and moon." "Friend," quoth Don Quixote, "the obscuration of these two luminaries is called an eclipse, and not a clipse." But Pedro, not regarding niceties, went on with his story, saying, "He also foretold when the year would be plentiful or starel." "Sterile, you would say, friend," quoth Don Quixote. "Sterile or starel," answered Pedro, "comes all to the same thing. And, as I was saying, his father and friends, who gave credit to his words, became very rich thereby; for they followed his advice in everything.

This year he would say, Sow barley, and not wheat ; in this, you may sow vetches, and not barley ; the next year, there will be plenty of oil ; the three following, there will not be a drop." "This science they call Astrology," said Don Quixote. "I know not how it is called," replied Pedro, "but I know that he knew all this, and more too. In short, not many months after he came from Salamanca, on a certain day he appeared dressed like a shepherd, with his crook and sheepskin jacket, having thrown aside his scholar's gown ; and with an intimate friend of his, called Ambrosio, who had been his fellow-student, and who now put on likewise the apparel of a shepherd. I forgot to tell you how the deceased Chrysostom was a great man at making verses ; insomuch that he made the carols for Christmas-eve, and the religious plays for Corpus Christi, which the boys of the village represented : and everybody said they were most excellent. When the people of the village saw the two scholars so suddenly habited like shepherds, they were amazed, and could not get at the cause that induced them to make that strange alteration in their dress. About this time the father of Chrysostom died, and he inherited a large estate, in lands and goods, flocks, herds, and money, of all which the youth remained absolute master ; and, indeed, he deserved it all, for he was a very good companion, a charitable man, and a friend to those who were good, and had a face like any blessing. Afterwards it came to be known that he changed his habit for no other purpose but that he might wander about these desert places after that shepherdess Marcela, with whom, as our lad told you, he was in love. And I will now tell you (for it is fit you should know) who this young slut is ; for, perhaps, and even without a perhaps, you may never have heard the like in all the days of your life, though you were as old as Sarna." "Sarah, you mean," replied Don Quixote, not being able to endure the goatherd's mistaking words. "Sarna will do," answered Pedro ; "and, sir, if you must at every turn be correcting my words, we shall not have done this twelvemonth." "Pardon me, friend," said Don Quixote, "and go on with your story ; for I will interrupt you no more."

"I say then, dear sir, of my soul," quoth the goatherd, "that, in our village, there was a farmer still richer than the father of Chrysostom, called William ; on whom Providence bestowed, besides great wealth, a daughter, whose mother, the most respected woman in all our country, died in giving her birth—I think I see her now, with that goodly presence, looking as if she had the sun on one side of her and the moon on the other : and, above all, she was a notable housewife, and a friend to the poor : for which I believe her soul is at this very moment in heaven. Her husband William died for grief at the death of so good a wife, leaving his daughter Marcela, young and rich, under the care of an uncle, a priest, and the curate of our village. The girl grew up with so much beauty, that it put us in mind of her mother, who had a great share, yet it was thought that the daughter would surpass her ; and so it fell out ; for when she came to be fourteen or fifteen years of age, nobody beheld her without blessing God for making her so handsome, and most men were in love with, and distracted for her. Her uncle kept her both carefully and close ; nevertheless, the fame of her extraordinary beauty so spread itself that, partly for her person, partly for her great riches, her uncle was applied to, solicited, and importuned, not only by those of our own village, but by many others, and those of the better sort, too, for several leagues round, to dispose of her in marriage. But he, who, to do him justice, is a good Christian, though he was desirous of disposing of her as soon as she was marriageable, yet would not do it without her consent. Not that he had an eye to any advantage he might make of the girl's estate by deferring her marriage ; and, in good truth, this has been told in praise of the good priest in more companies than one in our village.

For I would have you to know, sir-errant, that, in these little places, everything is talked of, and everything censured. And, take my word for it, that a clergyman, especially in country towns, must be over and above good who makes all his parishioners speak well of him."

"That is true," said Don Quixote: "but proceed, for the story is excellent; and you, honest Pedro, tell it with a good grace." "May the grace of the Lord never fail me! which is most to the purpose. And you must further know," quoth Pedro, "that, though the uncle made these proposals known to his niece, and acquainted her with the qualities of each one in particular, of the many that sought her hand, advising her also to marry and choose to her liking, her only answer was that she was not so disposed at present, and that, being so young, she did not feel herself able to bear the burden of matrimony. Her uncle, satisfied with these seemingly just excuses, ceased to importune her, and waited till she was grown a little older, when she would know how to choose a companion to her taste. For, said he—and he said well—parents ought not to settle their children against their will. But, behold! when we least thought of it, on a certain day the coy Marcela appears a shepherdess, and, without the consent of her uncle, and against the entreaties of all the neighbours, would needs go into the fields, with the other country lasses, and tend her own flock. And now that she appeared in public, and her beauty was exposed to all beholders, it is impossible to tell you how many wealthy youths, gentlemen, and farmers, have taken the shepherd's dress, and wander about these plains, making their suit to her. One of whom, as you have already been told, was the deceased; and he, it is said, rather adored than loved her. But think not that, although Marcela has given herself up to this free and unconfined way of life, and with so little, or rather no reserve, she has given the least colour of suspicion to the prejudice of her modesty and discretion: no: rather, so great and strict is the watch she keeps over her honour, that of all those who serve and solicit her, no one has boasted, or can boast with truth, that she has given him the least hope of obtaining his wishes. For, though she does not fly or shun the company and conversation of the shepherds, but treats them in a courteous and friendly manner, yet, when any one of them ventures to discover his intention, though it be as just and holy as that of marriage, she casts him from her as out of a stone-bow. And by this sort of behaviour she does more mischief in this country than if she carried the plague about with her; for her affability and beauty win the hearts of those who converse with her, and incline them to serve and love her; but her disdain and frank dealing drive them to despair; and so they know not what to say to her, and can only exclaim against her, calling her cruel and ungrateful, with such other titles as plainly denote her character; and, were you to abide here, sir, awhile, you would hear these mountains and valleys resound with the complaints of those rejected wretches that yet follow her. There is a place not far hence, where about two dozen of tall beeches grow, and not one of them is without the name of Marcela written and engraved on its smooth bark; over some of them is carved a crown, as if the lover would more clearly express that Marcela deserves and wears the crown of all human beauty. Here sighs one shepherd; there complains another: here are heard amorous sonnets, there despairing ditties. One will pass all the hours of the night seated at the foot of some rock or tree, where, without having closed his weeping eyes, wrapped up and lost in thought, the sun finds him in the morning; whilst another, giving no truce to his sighs, lies stretched on the burning sand in the midst of the most sultry noonday heat of summer, sending up his complaints to all-pitying Heaven. In the meantime, the beautiful Marcela, free and unconcerned, triumphs over them all. We who know her wait with impatience to see how all this will end, and who is to be the happy man that shall subdue so

intractable a disposition, and enjoy so incomparable a beauty. As all that I have related is certain truth, I can more readily believe what our companion told us concerning the cause of Chrysostom's death; and therefore I advise you, sir, not to fail being to-morrow at his funeral, which will be very well worth seeing: for Chrysostom has a great many friends; and it is not half a league hence to the place of interment appointed by himself."

"I will certainly be there," said Don Quixote, "and I thank you for the pleasure you have given me by the recital of so entertaining a story." "O," replied the goatherd, "I do not yet know half the adventures of Marcela's lovers; but to-morrow, perhaps, we shall meet by the way with some shepherd, who may tell us more: at present it will not be amiss for you to go and sleep under some roof, for the cold dew of the night may do harm to your wound, though the salve I have put to it is such that you need not fear any trouble from it." Sancho Panza, who, for his part, had wished this long-winded tale of the goatherd at the devil, pressed his master to lay himself down to sleep in Pedro's hut. He did so, and passed the rest of the night thinking of his lady Dulcinea, in imitation of the lovers of Marcela. Sancho took up his lodging between Rozinante and his ass, where he slept, not like a discarded lover, but like a man who had been grievously kicked.

CHAPTER XIII.

The conclusion of the story of the shepherdess Marcela, with other incidents.

MORNING scarcely had dawned through the balconies of the east, when five of the six goatherds got up and went to awake Don Quixote, whom they asked whether he continued in his resolution of going to see the famous interment of Chrysostom; for, if so, they would bear him company. Don Quixote, who desired nothing more, arose, and ordered Sancho to saddle and pannel immediately: which he did with great expedition; and with the same despatch they all set out on their journey.

They had not gone a quarter of a league, when, upon crossing a pathway, they saw six shepherds advancing towards them, clad in jackets of black sheepskin, with garlands of cypress and bitter rosemary on their heads; each of them having in his hand a thick holly club. There came also with them two gentlemen on horseback, well equipped for travelling, who were attended by three lacqueys on foot. When the two parties met, they courteously saluted each other, and finding upon inquiry that all were proceeding to the place of burial, they continued their journey together.

One of the horsemen, addressing his companion, said, "I think, Signor Vivaldo, we shall not repent having stayed to see this famous interment; for, without doubt, it will be an extraordinary sight, according to the strange accounts these shepherds have given us of the deceased shepherd and murdering shepherdess." "I think so, too," answered Vivaldo; "and so far from regretting the delay of one day, I would stay four to see it." Don Quixote asked them what they had heard of Marcela and Chrysostom? The traveller said they had met those shepherds early in the morning, and that, observing their mournful apparel, they had inquired the cause, and were informed of it by one of them, who told them of the beauty and singularity of a certain shepherdess, called Marcela, and the loves of many that wooed her; with the death of

Chrysostom, to whose burial they were going. In fine, he related all that Pedro had told Don Quixote.

This discourse ceased, and another began, by Vivaldo asking Don Quixote what might be the reason that induced him to go armed, in that manner, through a country so peaceable? To which Don Quixote answered: "The profession I follow will not allow or suffer me to go in any other manner. Revels, banquets, and repose, were invented for effeminate courtiers; but toil, disquietude, and arms alone were designed for those whom the world calls knights-errant, of which number I, though unworthy, am the least." As soon as they heard this, they all perceived his derangement, but, in order to discover the nature of his madness, Vivaldo asked him what he meant by knights-errant. "Have you not read, sir," answered Don Quixote, "the annals and histories of England, wherein are recorded the famous exploits of King Arthur, whom, in our Castilian tongue, we perpetually called King Artus? of whom there exists an ancient tradition, universally received over the whole kingdom of Great Britain, that he did not die, but that, by magic art, he was transformed into a raven; and that, in process of time, he shall reign again, and recover his kingdom and sceptre; for which reason it cannot be proved that, from that time to this, any Englishman hath killed a raven. Now, in this good king's time was instituted that renowned order of chivalry, entitled the Knights of the Round Table; and the amours related of Sir Lancelot of the Lake with the Queen Ginebra passed exactly as they are recorded; that honourable duenna Quintaniona being their mediatrix and confidante: whence originated that well-known ballad, so much admired here in Spain, 'Never was knight by ladies so well served as was Sir Lancelot when he came from Britain:' with the rest of that sweet and charming account of his amours and exploits. Now, from that time, the order of chivalry has been extending and spreading itself through many and divers parts of the world: and among those of the profession distinguished and renowned for heroic deeds was the valiant Amadis de Gaul, with all his sons and grandsons, to the fifth generation: the valorous Felixmarte of Hyrcania; and the never-enough-to-be-praised Tirante the White: nay, even almost in our own times, we have seen, heard, and conversed with, the invincible and valorous knight Don Belianis of Greece. This, gentlemen, it is to be a knight-errant; and the order of chivalry is what I have described. To this order, as I said before, I, though a sinner, have devoted myself; and the same which those knights profess, do I profess also: therefore am I travelling through these solitudes and deserts in quest of adventures, with a determined resolution to oppose my arm and my person to the most perilous that fortune may present, in aid of the weak and oppressed."

By this discourse the travellers were fully convinced of the disordered state of Don Quixote's mind; and the species of insanity with which they perceived him to be affected struck them with the same surprise that all felt upon first discovering it. Vivaldo, who was a man of discernment, and withal of a gay disposition, to enliven the remainder of their journey to the funeral mountain, resolved to give him an opportunity of pursuing his extravagant discourse. He therefore said to him, "In my opinion, sir knight-errant, you have engaged in one of the most austere professions upon earth; more rigid even than that of the Carthusian monks." "That order of monks may be as rigid," answered Don Quixote; "but that it is equally necessary to the world I am much inclined to doubt; for, to say the truth, the soldier who executes his captain's orders does no less than the captain himself, who gives him the orders. I would say that the religious order, in peace and tranquillity, implore Heaven for the good of the world; but we soldiers and knights really execute what they pray for, defending it with the strength of our arms and the edge of our swords;

not under covert, but in open field; exposed to the intolerable beams of the summer's sun, and the chilling frosts of winter. Thus we are Heaven's ministers upon earth, and the arms by which God executes his justice. And as the affairs of war, and those appertaining to it, cannot be put in execution without toil, pain, and labour, so they who profess it must, unquestionably, endure more than those who, in peace and repose, are employed in praying to Heaven to assist them, and who can do but little for themselves. I mean not to say, nor do I entertain such a thought, that the state of the knight-errant is as good as that of the religious recluse: I would only infer, from what I suffer, that it is, doubtless, more laborious, more bastinadoed, more hungry and thirsty, more wretched, more ragged, and more filthy: for there is no doubt but that the knights-errant of old suffered much in the course of their lives; if some of them were raised to empires by the valour of their arms, in good truth they paid dearly for it in blood and sweat: and, after all, had they been without the assistance of enchanters and sages, their hopes would have been frustrated and their wishes unattained."

"I am of the same opinion," replied the traveller: "but one thing, among many others which appear to me to be censurable in knights-errant, is that, when they are prepared to engage in some great and perilous adventure, to the manifest hazard of their lives, at the moment of attack they never think of commending themselves to God, as every Christian is bound to do at such a crisis, but rather commend themselves to their mistresses, and that with as much fervour and devotion as if they were really their God: a thing which, to me, savours of paganism." "Signor," answered Don Quixote, "this can by no means be otherwise; and the knight-errant who should act in any other manner would digress much from his duty: for it is a received maxim and custom in chivalry, that the knight-errant, who, on the point of engaging in some great feat of arms, has his lady before him, must turn his eyes fondly and amorously towards her, as if imploring her favour and protection in the hazardous enterprise that awaits him; and, even if nobody hear him, he must pronounce some words between his teeth, by which he commends himself to her with his whole heart: and of this we have innumerable examples in history. Nor is it thence to be inferred that they neglect commending themselves to God: for there is time and opportunity enough to do it in the course of the action." "Notwithstanding all that," replied the traveller, "I have one scruple still remaining; for I have often read that, words rising between two knights-errant, and choler beginning to kindle in them both, they turn their horses round, and, taking a large compass about the field, immediately encounter at full speed; and, in the midst of their career, commend themselves to their mistresses: what commonly happens in the encounter is, that one of them tumbles back over his horse's crupper pierced through and through by his adversary's lance; and if the other had not laid hold of his horse's mane he must have fallen to the ground;—now I cannot imagine what leisure the deceased had to commend himself to God, in the course of so expeditious a work. Better had it been if the words he spent in commending himself to his lady, in the midst of the career, had been employed as the duties of a Christian require; particularly as I imagine that all knights-errant have not ladies to commend themselves to; because they are not all in love." "That cannot be," answered Don Quixote: "I say there cannot be a knight-errant without a mistress; for it is as essential and as natural for them to be enamoured as for the sky to have stars: and, most certainly, no history exists in which a knight-errant is to be found without an amour: for, from the very circumstance of his being without, he would not be acknowledged as a legitimate knight, but a bastard who had entered the fortress of chivalry, not by the gate, but over the pales, like a thief

and robber." "Nevertheless," said the traveller, "if I am not mistaken, I remember having read that Don Galaor, brother to the valorous Amadis de Gaul, never had a particular mistress, to whom he might commend himself: notwithstanding which, he was no less esteemed, and was a very valiant and famous knight." To which our Don Quixote answered: "Signor, one swallow makes not a summer. Moreover, I know that Don Galaor was in secret very deeply enamoured, besides the general love that he entertained towards all whom he thought handsome: a propensity natural to him, and which he was unable to control. But, in short, it is well ascertained that there was one whom he had made mistress of his devotion, and to whom he often commended himself, but very secretly; for upon this quality of secrecy he especially valued himself."

"If it is essential that every knight-errant be a lover," said the traveller, "it may well be presumed that you are yourself one, being of the profession; and, if you do not pique yourself upon the same secrecy as Don Galaor, I earnestly entreat you in the name of all this good company, and in my own, to tell us the name, country, quality, and beauty of your mistress, who cannot but account herself happy that all the world should know that she is loved and served by so worthy a knight." Here Don Quixote breathed a deep sigh, and said: "I cannot positively affirm whether that sweet enemy of mine is pleased or not that the world should know I am her servant: I can only say in answer to what you so very courteously inquire of me, that her name is Dulcinea; her country Toboso, a town of La Mancha; her quality at least that of a princess, since she is my queen and sovereign lady; her beauty more than human, since in her all the impossible and chimerical attributes of beauty which the poets ascribe to their mistresses are realised: for her hair is gold, her forehead the Elysian fields, her eyebrows rainbows, her eyes suns, her cheeks roses, her lips coral, her teeth pearls, her neck alabaster, her bosom marble, her hands ivory, her whiteness snow; and her whole person without parallel."

"We would fain know," replied Vivaldo, "her lineage, race, and family." To which Don Quixote answered; "She is not of the ancient Roman Curtii, Caii, or the Scipios, nor of the modern Colonnas or Ursinis; nor of the Moncadas and Requesenes of Catalonia; neither is she of the Rebellas and Villanovas of Valentia; the Palafoxes, Nuzas, Rocabertes, Corellas, Lunas, Alagones, Urreas, Fozes, and Gurreas of Arragon; the Cerdas, Manriques, Mendozas, and Guzmans of Castile; the Alencastros, Pallas and Meneses of Portugal; but she is of those of Toboso de la Mancha; a lineage, though modern, is yet such as may give a noble beginning to the most illustrious families of future ages: and in this let no one contradict me, unless it be on the conditions that Zerbino fixed under the arms of Orlando, where it said:

That knight alone these arms shall move,
Who dares Orlando's prowess prove."

"Although mine be of the Cachopines of Laredo," replied the traveller, "I dare not compare it with that of Toboso de la Mancha; though, to say the truth, no such appellation hath till now ever reached my ears." "Is it possible you should never have heard it!" exclaimed Don Quixote. All the party had listened with great attention to this dialogue; and even the goatherds and shepherds perceived the excessive distraction of our knight. Sancho Panza alone believed all that his master said to be true, knowing who he was, and having been acquainted with him from childhood: but he had some doubts as to that part which concerned the fair Dulcinea del Toboso; never having heard of such a name, or such a princess, although he lived so near Toboso.

Thus conversing, they proceeded on, when they discerned, through a cleft between two high mountains, about twenty shepherds coming down, all clad in jerkins of black wool, and crowned with garlands, some of which, as appeared afterwards, were of yew and some of cypress. Six of them carried a bier, covered with various flowers and boughs. Upon which one of the goatherds said : "Those who come yonder are bearing the corpse of Chrysostom ; and at the foot of yonder mountain is the place where he desired to be interred." They made haste therefore to reach them ; which they did just as the bier was set down on the ground ; and four of them, with sharp pick-axes, were making the grave by the side of a hard rock. After mutual salutations, Don Quixote and his company went to take a view of the bier : upon which they saw a dead body, strewed with flowers, in the dress of a shepherd, apparently about thirty years of age ; and though dead, it was evident that his countenance had been beautiful and his figure elegant. Several books, and a great number of papers, some open and some folded, lay round him on the bier. All that were present, spectators as well as those who were opening the grave, kept a marvellous silence, until one of those who had borne the deceased said to another : "Observe carefully, Ambrosio, whether this be the place which Chrysostom mentioned, since you wish to be so exact in executing his will." "It is here," answered Ambrosio ; "for in this very place my unhappy friend often told me of his woe. Here it was, he told me, that he first beheld that mortal enemy of the human race ; here it was that he declared to her his no less honourable than ardent passion ; here it was that Marcela finally undeceived and treated him with such disdain that she put an end to the tragedy of his miserable life ; and here, in memory of so many misfortunes, he desired to be deposited in the bowels of eternal oblivion."

Then, addressing himself to Don Quixote and the travellers, he thus continued : "This body, sirs, which you are regarding with compassionate eyes, was the receptacle of a soul upon which Heaven had bestowed an infinite portion of its treasures : this is the body of Chrysostom, who was a man of rare genius, matchless courtesy, and unbounded kindness ; he was a phoenix in friendship, magnificent without ostentation, grave without arrogance, cheerful without meanness ; in short, the first in all that was good, and second to none in all that was unfortunate. He loved, and was abhorred ; he adored, and was scorned : he courted a savage ; he solicited a statue ; he pursued the wind ; he called aloud to the desert ; he was the slave of ingratitude, whose recompense was to leave him, in the middle of his career of life, a prey to death, inflicted by a certain shepherdess, whom he endeavoured to render immortal in the memories of men ; as these papers you are looking at would sufficiently demonstrate, had he not ordered me to commit them to the flames at the same time that his body was deposited in the earth." "You would then be more rigorous and cruel to them," said Vivaldo, "than their master himself ; for it is neither just nor wise to fulfil the will of him who commands what is utterly unreasonable. Augustus Cæsar deemed it wrong to consent to the execution of what the divine Mantuan commanded in his will ; therefore, Signor Ambrosio, although you commit your friend's body to the earth, do not commit his writings also to oblivion ; and if he has ordained like a man aggrieved, do not you fulfil like one without discretion : but rather preserve these papers, in order that the cruelty of Marcela may be still remembered, and serve for an example to those who shall live in times to come, that they may avoid falling down the like precipices ; for I am acquainted, as well as my companions here, with the story of this your enamoured and despairing friend ; we know also your friendship and the occasion of his death, and what he ordered on his death-bed : from which lamentable history we may conclude

how great has been the cruelty of Marcela, the love of Chrysostom, and the sincerity of your friendship; and also learn the end of those who run headlong in the path that delirious passion presents to their view. Last night we heard of Chrysostom's death, and that he was to be interred in this place: led, therefore, by curiosity and compassion, we turned out of our way, and determined to behold with our eyes what had interested us so much in the recital; and, in return for our pity, and our desire to give aid, had it been possible, we beseech you, oh wise Ambrosio—at least I request it on my own behalf—that you will not burn the papers, but allow me to take some of them." Then, without waiting for the shepherd's reply, he stretched out his hand and took some of those that were nearest to him: upon which Ambrosio said: "Out of civility, signor, I will consent to your keeping those you have taken; but if you expect that I shall forbear burning those that remain, you are deceived." Vivaldo, desirous of seeing what the papers contained, immediately opened one of them, and found that it was entitled, "The Song of Despair." Ambrosio, hearing it, said: "This is the last thing which the unhappy man wrote; and that all present may conceive, signor, to what a state of misery he was reduced, read it aloud; for you will have time enough while they are digging the grave." "That I will do with all my heart," said Vivaldo; and, as all the bystanders had the same desire, they assembled around him, and he read in an audible voice as follows:—

CHAPTER XIV.

Wherein are rehearsed the despairing verses of the deceased shepherd, with other unexpected events.

CHRYSOSTOM'S SONG.

I.

SINCE, cruel maid, you force me to proclaim
 From clime to clime the triumph of your scorn,
 Let hell itself inspire my tortur'd breast
 With mournful numbers, and untune my voice;
 Whilst the sad pieces of my broken heart
 Mix with the doleful accents of my tongue,
 At once to tell my griefs and thy exploits.
 Hear, then, and listen with attentive ear—
 Not to harmonious sounds, but echoing groans,
 Fetch'd from the bottom of my lab'ring breast,
 To case, in spite of thee, my raging smart.

II.

The lion's roar, the howl of midnight wolves,
 The scaly serpent's hiss, the raven's croak,
 The burst of fighting winds that vex the main,
 The widow'd owl and turtle's plaintive moan,
 With all the din of hell's infernal crew,
 From my grieved soul forth issue in one sound—
 Leaving my senses all confused and lost.
 For ah! no common language can express
 The cruel pains that torture my sad heart.

III.

Yet let not Echo bear the mournful sounds
 To where old Tagus rolls his yellow sands,
 Or Betis, crown'd with olives, pours his flood
 But here, 'midst rocks and precipices deep,
 Or to obscure and silent vales removed,
 On shores by human footsteps never trod,
 Where the gay sun ne'er lifts his radiant orb,
 Or with th' envenom'd face of savage beasts
 That range the howling wilderness for food,
 Will I proclaim the story of my woes—
 Poor privilege of grief!—whilst echoes hoarse
 Catch the sad tale, and spread it round the world.

IV.

Disdain gives death; suspicions, true or false,
 O'erturn the impatient mind: with surer stroke
 Fell jealousy destroys; the pangs of absence
 No lover can support; nor firmest hope
 Can dissipate the dread of cold neglect;
 Yet I, strange fate! though jealous, though disdain'd,
 Absent, and sure of cold neglect, still live.
 And 'midst the various torments I endure,
 No ray of hope e'er darted on my soul
 Nor would I hope; rather in deep despair
 Will I sit down, and, brooding o'er my griefs,
 Vow everlasting absence from her sight.

V.

Can hope and fear at once the soul possess,
 Or hope subsist with surer cause of fear?
 Shall I, to shut out frightful jealousy,
 Close my sad eyes, when ev'ry pang I feel
 Presents the hideous phantom to my view;
 What wretch so credulous but must embrace
 Distrust with open arms, when he beholds
 Disdain avow'd, suspicions realised,
 And truth itself converted to a lie?
 O, cruel tyrant of the realm of love,
 Fierce Jealousy, arm with a sword this hand,
 Or thou, Disdain, a twisted cord bestow.

VI.

Let me not blame my fate; but, dying, think
 The man most blest who loves, the soul most free
 That love has most enthrall'd. Still to my thoughts
 Let fancy paint the tyrant of my heart
 Beauteous in mind as face, and in myself
 Still let me find the source of her disdain
 Content to suffer, since imperial Love
 By lover's woes maintains his sovereign state.
 With this persuasion, and the fatal noose,
 I hasten to the doom her scorn demands,
 And, dying, offer up my breathless corse,
 Uncrown'd with garlands, to the whistling winds

VII.

O thou, whose unrelenting rigour's force
 First drove me to despair, and now to death,
 When the sad tale of my untimely fall,
 Shall reach thy ear, though it deserve a sigh,
 Veil not the heav'n of those bright eyes in grief,
 Nor drop one pitying tear, to tell the world
 At length my death has triumph'd o'er thy scorn ;
 But dress thy face in smiles, and celebrate,
 With laughter and each circumstance of joy,
 The festival of my disastrous end.
 Ah! need I bid thee smile? too well I know
 My death's thy utmost glory and thy pride.

VIII.

Come, all ye phantoms of the dark abyss :
 Bring, Tantalus, thy unextinguish'd thirst,
 And, Sisyphus, thy still returning stone ;
 Come, Tityus, with the vulture at thy heart ;
 And thou, Ixion, bring thy giddy wheel ;
 Nor let the toiling sisters stay behind.
 Pour your united griefs into this breast,
 And in low murmurs sing sad obsequies
 (If a despairing wretch such rites may claim)
 O'er my cold limbs, deny'd a winding-sheet.
 And let the triple porter of the shades,
 The sister furies, and chimeras dire,
 With notes of woe the mournful chorus join.
 Such funeral pomp alone befits the wretch
 By beauty sent untimely to the grave.

IX.

And thou, my song, sad child of my despair,
 Complain no more ; but, since my wretched fate
 Improves her happier lot who gave thee birth,
 Be all thy sorrows buried in my tomb.

Chrysostom's song was much approved by those who heard it ; but he who read it said it did not seem to agree with the account he had heard of the reserve and goodness of Marcela ; for Chrysostom complains in it of jealousy, suspicion, and absence, all to the prejudice of her credit and good name. Ambrosio, being well acquainted with the most hidden thoughts of his friend, said, in reply : "To satisfy you, signor, on this point, I must inform you that, when my unhappy friend wrote this song, he was absent from Marcela, from whom he had voluntarily banished himself, to try whether absence would have upon him its ordinary effect ; and, as an absent lover is disturbed by every shadow, so was Chrysostom tormented with causeless jealousy and suspicions, thus the truth of all which fame reports of Marcela's goodness remains unimpeached ; and, excepting that she is cruel, somewhat arrogant, and very disdainful, envy itself neither ought nor can charge her with any defect." "You are right," answered Vivaldo ; who, as he was going to read another of the papers he had saved from the fire, was interrupted by a wonderful vision (for such it seemed) that suddenly presented itself to their sight ; for, on the top of the rock under which they were digging the grave, appeared the shepherdess

herself, so beautiful that her beauty even surpassed the fame of it. Those who had never seen her until that time beheld her in silence and admiration; and those who had been accustomed to the sight of her were now surprised at her appearance. But as soon as Ambrosio had espied her, he said, with indignation, "Comest thou, O fierce basilisk of these mountains, to see whether the wounds of this wretch, whom thy cruelty has deprived of life, will bleed afresh at thy appearance? or comest thou to triumph in the cruel exploits of thy inhuman disposition—which from that eminence thou beholdest, as the merciless Nero gazed on the flames of burning Rome? or insolently to trample on this unhappy corse, as did the impious daughter on that of her father Tarquin?" Tell us quickly for what thou comest, or what thou wouldst have; for since I know that Chrysostom while living never disobeyed thee, I will take care that all those who call themselves his friends shall obey thee, although he is now no more."

"I come not, O Ambrosio, for any of those purposes you have mentioned," answered Marcela; "but to vindicate myself, and to declare how unreasonable are those who blame me for their own sufferings, or for the death of Chrysostom; and therefore I entreat you all to hear me with attention; for I need not spend much time, nor use many words to convince persons of sense. Heaven, as you say, made me handsome, and to such a degree that my beauty impels you involuntarily to love me; and, in return for this passion, you pretend that I am bound to love you. I know, by the understanding which God has given me, that whatever is beautiful is amiable; but I cannot conceive that the object beloved for its beauty is obliged to return love for love. Besides, it may happen that the lover is a deformed and ugly person; and being on that account an object of disgust, it would seem inconsistent to say because I love you for your beauty, you must love me although I am ugly. But supposing beauty to be equal, it does not follow that inclinations should be mutual; for all beauty does not inspire love: some please the sight without captivating the affections. If all beauties were to enamour and captivate, the hearts of mankind would be in a continual state of perplexity and confusion, without knowing where to fix; for beautiful objects being infinite, the sentiments they inspire must also be infinite. And I have heard say, true love cannot be divided, and must be voluntary and unconstrained. If so, why would you have me yield my heart by compulsion, urged only because you say you love me? For, pray tell me, if Heaven, instead of giving me beauty had made me unsightly, would it have been just in me to have complained that you did not love me? Besides, you must consider that the beauty I possess is not my own choice; but, such as it is, Heaven bestowed it freely, unsolicited by me; and, as the viper does not deserve blame for her sting, though she kills with it, because it is given her by nature, as little do I deserve reprehension for being handsome; for beauty, in a modest woman, is like fire or a sharp sword at a distance; neither doth the one burn, nor the other wound, those that come not too near them. Honour and virtue are ornaments of the soul, without which the body, though it be really beautiful, ought not to be thought so. Now, if modesty be one of the virtues which most adorns and beautifies both body and mind, why should she who is loved for being beautiful, part with it to gratify the desires of him who, merely for his own pleasure, endeavours to destroy it? I was born free, and, that I might live free, I chose the solitude of these fields. The trees on these mountains are my companions; the clear waters of these brooks are my mirrors; to the trees and the waters I devote my meditations and my beauty. I am fire at a distance, and a sword afar off. Those whom my person has enamoured, my words have

* It should have been Servius Tullus, who was father of Tullia, not Tarquin.—(Tit. Liv. Lib. I. c. 46.)

undeceived ; and, if love be nourished by hopes, as I gave none to Chrysostom, nor gratified those of any one else, surely it may be said that his own obstinacy, rather than my cruelty, destroyed him. If it be objected to me that his intentions were honourable, and that therefore I ought to have complied with them, I answer that when, in this very place where his grave is now digging, he made known to me his favourable sentiments, I told him that it was my resolution to live in perpetual solitude, and that the earth alone should enjoy the fruit of my seclusion and the spoils of my beauty : and if he, notwithstanding all this frankness, would obstinately persevere against hope, and sail against the wind, is it surprising that he should be overwhelmed in the gulf of his own folly ? If I had held him in suspense, I had been false ; if I had complied with him, I had acted contrary to my better purposes and resolutions. He persisted, although undeceived ; he despaired, without being hated. Consider, now, whether it be reasonable to lay the blame of his sufferings upon me. Let him who is deceived complain ; let him to whom faith is broken despair ; let him whom I shall encourage presume ; and let him vaunt whom I shall admit ; but let me not be called cruel or murderous by those whom I never promise, deceive, encourage, nor admit. Heaven has not yet ordained that I should love by destiny ; and from loving by choice I desire to be excused. Let every one of those who solicit me profit by this general declaration ; and be it understood henceforward that if any one dies for me, he dies not through jealousy or disdain ; for she who loves none can make none jealous, and sincerity ought not to pass for disdain. Let him who calls me savage and a basilisk shun me as a mischievous and evil thing ; let him who calls me ungrateful not serve me ; him who thinks me cruel not follow me ; for this savage, this basilisk, this ungrateful, this cruel thing, will never either seek, serve, or follow them. If Chrysostom's impatience and presumptuous passion killed him, why should my modest conduct and reserve be blamed ? If I preserve my purity unspotted among these trees, why should he desire me to lose it among men ? I possess, as you all know, wealth of my own, and do not covet more. My condition is free, and I am not inclined to subject myself to restraint. I neither love nor hate anybody. I neither deceive this man, nor lay snares for that. I neither cajole one, nor divert myself with another. The modest conversation of the shepherdesses of these villages, and the care of my goats, are my entertainment. My desires are bounded within these mountains, and if my thoughts extend beyond them, it is to contemplate the beauty of heaven—steps by which the soul ascends to its original abode." Here she ceased, and, without waiting for a reply, retired into the most inaccessible part of the neighbouring mountain, leaving all who were present equally surprised at her beauty and good sense.

Some of those whom her bright eyes had wounded, heedless of her express declaration, seemed inclined to follow her ; which Don Quixote perceiving, and thinking it a proper occasion to employ his chivalry in the relief of distressed damsels, he laid his hand on the hilt of his sword, and in a loud voice said, "Let no person, whatever be his rank or condition, presume to follow the beautiful Marcela, on pain of incurring my furious indignation. She has demonstrated, by clear and satisfactory arguments, how little she deserves censure on account of Chrysostom's death, and how averse she is to encourage any of her lovers ; for which reason, instead of being followed and persecuted, she ought to be honoured and esteemed by all good men in the world, for being the only woman in it whose intentions are so virtuous." Now, whether it was owing to the menaces of Don Quixote, or to the request of Ambrosio, that they would finish the last offices due to his friend, none of the shepherds departed until, the grave being made and the papers burnt, the body of Chrysostom was

interred, not without many tears from the spectators. They closed the sepulchre with a large fragment of a rock, until a tombstone was finished, which Ambrosio said it was his intention to provide, and to inscribe upon it the following epitaph:—

The body of a wretched swain,
Kill'd by a cruel maid's disdain,
In this cold bed neglected lies.
He lived, fond, hapless youth! to prove
Th' inhuman tyranny of love,
Exerted in Marcela's eyes.

Then they strewed abundance of flowers and boughs on the grave, and, after expressions of condolence to his friend Ambrosio, they took their leave of him. Vivaldo and his companion did the same; and Don Quixote bade adieu to his hosts and the travellers, who entreated him to accompany them to Seville, being a place so favourable for adventures, that in every street and turning they were to be met with in greater abundance than in any other place. Don Quixote thanked them for their information and courtesy, but said that neither his inclination nor duty would admit of his going to Seville, until he had cleared all those mountains of the robbers and assassins with which they were said to be infested. The travellers, hearing his good resolutions, would not importune him further; but, taking leave of him, pursued their journey, during which the history of Marcela and Chrysostom, as well as the phrenzy of Don Quixote, supplied them with subjects of conversation. The knight, on his part, resolved to go in quest of the shepherdess Marcela, to make her an offer of his services; but things took a different course, as will be related in the progress of this true history.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER XV.

*Wherein is related the unfortunate adventure which befel Don Quixote, in meeting with certain unmerciful Yanguesian.**

LEAVE having been taken, as the sage Cid Hamet Benengeli relates, by Don Quixote, of all those who were present at Chrysostom's funeral, he and his squire entered the same wood into which they had seen the shepherdess Marcela enter. And having ranged through it for above two hours in search of her without success, they stopped in a meadow full of fresh grass, near which ran a pleasant and refreshing brook; insomuch that it invited and compelled them to pass there the sultry hours of mid-day, which now became very oppressive. Don Quixote and Sancho alighted, and, leaving the ass and Rozinante at large to feed upon the abundant grass, they ransacked the wallet; and, without any ceremony, in friendly and social wise, master and man shared what it contained. Sancho had taken no care to fetter Rozinante, being well assured his disposition was so correct, that all the mares of the pastures of Cordova would not provoke him to any indecorum. But fortune, or the devil, who is not always asleep, so ordered it that there were grazing in the same valley a number of Galician mares, belonging to certain Yanguesian carriers, whose custom it is to pass the noon, with their drove, in places where there is grass and water; and that where Don Quixote then reposed suited their purpose. Now it so happened that Rozinante conceived a wish to pay his respects to the females, and, having them in the wind, he changed his natural and sober pace to a brisk trot, and without asking his master's leave, departed to indulge in his inclination. But they being, as it seemed, more disposed to feed than anything else, received him with their heels and their teeth in such a manner that in a little time his girths broke, and he lost his saddle. But what must have affected him more sensibly was, that the carriers, having witnessed his intrusion, set upon him with their pack-staves, and so belaboured him that they laid him along on the ground in a wretched plight.

By this time the knight and squire, having seen the drubbing of Rozinante, came up in great haste; and Don Quixote said: "By what I see, friend Sancho, these are no knights, but low people of a scoundrel race. I tell thee this, because thou art on that account justified in assisting me to take ample revenge for the outrage they have done to Rozinante before our eyes." "What the devil of revenge can we take," answered Sancho, "since they are above twenty, and we no more than two, and perhaps but one and a half?" "I am equal to a hundred!" replied Don Quixote; and, without saying more, he laid his hands on his sword, and flew at the Yanguesians; and Sancho did the same, incited by the example of his master. At the first blow, Don Quixote gave one of them a terrible wound on the shoulder, through a leathern doublet. The

* Carriers of Galicia, and inhabitants of the district of Yanguas in the Rioja.

Yanguesians, seeing themselves assaulted in this manner by two men only, seized their staves, and, surrounding them, began to dispense their blows with great vehemence and animosity; and true it is that at the second blow they brought Sancho to the ground. The same fate befel Don Quixote—his courage and dexterity availing him nothing; and, as fate would have it, he just fell at Rozinante's feet, who had not yet been able to rise. Whence we may learn how unmercifully pack-staves will bruise, when put into rustic and wrathful hands. The Yanguesians, perceiving the mischief they had done, loaded their beasts with all speed, and pursued their journey, leaving the two adventurers in evil plight.

The first who came to his senses was Sancho Panza, who, finding himself close to his master, with a feeble and plaintive voice cried, "Signor Don Quixote! ah, Signor Don Quixote!" "What wouldst thou, brother Sancho?" answered the knight, in the same feeble and lamentable tone. "I could wish, if it were possible," said Sancho Panza, "your worship would give me two draughts of that drink of Feo Blass, if you have it here at hand. Perhaps it may do as well for broken bones as it does for wounds." "Unhappy I, that we have it not!" answered Don Quixote. "But I swear to thee, Sancho Panza, on the faith of a knight-errant, that, before two days pass (if fortune decree not otherwise), I will have it in my possession, or my hands shall fail me much." "But in how many days," said the squire, "does your worship think we shall recover the use of our feet?" "For my part," answered the battered knight, Don Quixote, "I cannot ascertain the precise term: but I alone am to blame, for having laid hand on my sword against men who are not knights like myself; and, therefore, I believe the God of battles has permitted this chastisement to fall upon me, as a punishment for having transgressed the laws of chivalry. On this account, brother Sancho, it is requisite thou shouldst be forewarned of what I shall now tell thee; for it highly concerns the welfare of us both: and it is this; that, when we are insulted by low people of this kind, do not stay till I take up my sword against them, for I will by no means do it; but do thou draw thy sword, and chastise them to thy satisfaction. If any knights shall come up to their assistance, I shall then know how to defend thee, and offend them with all my might: for thou hast already had a thousand proofs how far the valour of this strong arm of mine extends;"—so arrogant was the poor gentleman become by his victory over the valiant Biscayan!

But Sancho Panza did not so entirely approve his master's instructions as to forbear saying, in reply: "Sir, I am a peaceable, tame, quiet man, and can forgive any injury whatsoever; for I have a wife and children to maintain and bring up; so that give me leave to tell your worship by way of hint, since it is not for me to command, that I will upon no account draw my sword, either against peasant or against knight; and that, from this time forward, in the presence of God, I forgive all injuries any one has done, or shall do me, or that any person is now doing, or may hereafter do me, whether he be high or low, rich or poor, gentle or simple, without excepting any state or condition whatever." Upon which his master said: "I wish I had breath to talk a little at my ease, and that the pain I feel in this rib would cease long enough for me to convince thee, Panza, of thy error. Hark ye, sinner, should the gale of fortune, now so adverse, change in our favour, filling the sails of our desires, so that we may securely and without opposition make the port of some one of those islands which I have promised thee, what would become of thee, if when I had gained it, and made thee lord thereof, thou shouldst render all ineffectual by not being a knight, nor desiring to be one, and by having neither valour nor resolution to revenge the injuries done thee, or to defend thy dominions? For thou must know that, in kingdoms and provinces newly conquered, the minds of the

natives are at no time so quiet, nor so much in the interest of their new master, but there is still ground to fear that they will endeavour to effect a change of things, and once more, as they call it, try their fortune: therefore, the new possessor ought to have understanding to know how to conduct himself, and courage to act offensively and defensively, on every occasion." "In this that hath now befallen us," answered Sancho, "I wish I had been furnished with that understanding and valour your lordship speaks of; but I swear, on the faith of a poor man, I am at this time more fit for plaisters than discourses. Try, sir, whether you are able to rise, and we will help up Rozinante, though he does not deserve it, for he was the principal cause of all this mauling. I never believed the like of Rozinante, whom I took to be chaste, and as peaceable as myself. But it is a true saying, that 'much time is necessary to know people thoroughly;' and that 'we are sure of nothing in this life.' Who could have thought that, after such swinging lashes as you gave that luckless adventurer, there should come post, as it were, in pursuit of you, this vast tempest of cudgel-strokes, which has discharged itself upon our shoulders?" "Thine, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "should, one would think, be used to such storms; but mine, that were brought up between muslins and cambrics, must, of course, be more sensible to the pain of this unfortunate encounter. And were it not that I imagine—why do I say imagine?—did I not know for certain, that all these inconveniences are inseparably annexed to the profession of arms, I would suffer myself to die here, out of pure vexation." "Since these mishaps," said the squire, "are the natural fruits and harvest of chivalry, pray tell me whether they come often, or whether they have their set times in which they happen; for, to my thinking, two such harvests would disable us from ever reaping a third, if God of his infinite mercy does not succour us."

"Learn, friend Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "that the lives of knights-errant are subject to a thousand perils and disasters: but at the same time they are no less near becoming kings and emperors; as experience hath shown us in many and divers knights, with whose histories I am perfectly acquainted. I could tell thee now, if this pain would allow me, of some, who, by the strength of their arm alone, have mounted to the exalted ranks I have mentioned; yet these very men were, before and after, involved in sundry calamities and misfortunes. The valorous Amadis de Gaul, for instance, saw himself in the power of his mortal enemy, Archelaus the enchanter, of whom it is positively affirmed that, when he had him prisoner, he tied him to a pillar in his courtyard, and gave him above two hundred lashes with his horse's bridle. There is, moreover, a private author of no small credit, who tells us that the 'knight of the sun, being caught by a trap-door, which sunk under his feet, in a certain castle, found himself at the bottom of a deep dungeon under ground, bound hand and foot; where they administered to him one of those things called a clyster, of snow-water and sand, that almost despatched him: and had he not been succoured in that great distress by a certain sage, his particular friend, it would have gone hard with the poor knight.' So that I may well submit to suffer among so many worthy persons who endured much greater affronts than those we have now experienced: for I would have thee know, Sancho, that wounds given with instruments that are accidentally in the hand are no affront; thus it is expressly written in the law of combat that, if a shoemaker strike a person with the last he has in his hand, though it be really of wood, it will not therefore be said that the person thus beaten with it was cudgelled. I say this, that thou mayest not think, though we are bruised in this scuffle, we are disgraced: for the arms those men carried, and with which they assailed us, were no other than their staves; and none of them, as I remember, had either tuck, sword, or dagger." "They gave me no leisure," answered Sancho, "to observe so

narrowly; for scarcely had I laid hand on my weapon, than my shoulders were crossed with their saplings, in such a manner that they deprived my eyes of sight and my feet of strength, laying me where I now lie: and where I am not so much concerned about whether the business of the thrashing be an affront or not, as I am at the pain of the blows, which will leave as deep an impression on my memory as on my shoulders." "Notwithstanding this, I tell thee, brother Panza," said Don Quixote, "that there is no remembrance which time does not obliterate, nor pain which death does not terminate." "But what greater misfortune can there be," replied Panza, "than that which waits for time to cure and for death to end? If this mischance of ours were of that sort which might be cured with a couple of plaisters, it would not be altogether so bad; but, for aught I see, all the plaisters of a hospital will not be sufficient to set us to rights again."

"Have done with this, and gather strength out of weakness, Sancho," said Don Quixote: "for so I purpose to do: and let us see how Rozinante does; for it seems to me that not the least part of our misfortune has fallen to the share of this poor animal." "That is not at all strange," answered Sancho, "since he also belongs to a knight-errant; but what I wonder at is that my ass should come off scot-free, where we have paid so dear." "Fortune always leaves some door open in misfortune, to admit a remedy," said Don Quixote; "this I say, because thy beast may now supply the want of Rozinante, by carrying me hence to some castle, where I may be cured of my wounds. Nor do I account it dishonourable to be so mounted; for I remember to have read that the good old Silenus, governor and tutor of the merry god of laughter, when he made his entry into the city of the hundred gates, was mounted, much to his satisfaction, on a most beautiful ass." "It is likely he rode as your worship says," answered Sancho; "but there is a main difference between riding and lying athwart, like a sack of rubbish." "The wounds received in battle," said Don Quixote, "rather give honour than take it away; therefore, friend Panza, answer me no more, but as I said before, raise me up as well as thou canst, and place me as it may best please thee upon thy ass, that we may get hence before night overtakes us in the uninhabited place." "Yet I have heard your worship say," quoth Panza, "that it is usual for knights-errant to sleep on heaths and deserts most part of the year, and therein think themselves very fortunate." "That is," said Don Quixote, "when they cannot do otherwise, or are in love: and so true is this, that there have been knights who, unknown to their mistresses, have exposed themselves for two years together upon rocks to the sun and the shade, and to the inclemencies of heaven. One of these was Amadis, when, calling himself Beltenebros, he took up his lodging on the Poor Rock—whether for eight years or eight months I know not, for I am not perfect in his history; it is sufficient that there he was, doing penance, for I know not what displeasure manifested towards him by the lady Oriana. But let us leave this, Sancho, and hasten before such another misfortune happens to thy beast as hath befallen Rozinante." "That would be the devil, indeed," quoth Sancho; and sending forth thirty alases, and sixty sighs, and a hundred and twenty curses on those who had brought him into that situation, he endeavoured to raise himself, but stopped half way, bent like a Turkish bow, being wholly unable to stand upright: notwithstanding this, he managed to saddle his ass, who had also taken advantage of that day's excessive liberty, to go a little astray. He then heaved up Rozinante, who, had he a tongue wherewithal to complain, most certainly would not have been outdone either by Sancho or his master. Sancho at length settled Don Quixote upon the ass, to whose tail he then tied Rozinante, and, taking hold of the halter of Dapple, he led them, now faster, now slower, towards the place where he thought the high-road might lie; and had scarcely

gone a short league, when fortune, that was conducting his affairs from good to better, discovered to him the road, where he also espied an inn; which, to his sorrow, and Don Quixote's joy, must needs be a castle. Sancho positively maintained it was an inn, and his master that it was a castle; and the dispute lasted so long that they arrived there before it was determined: and Sancho, without further expostulation, entered it, with his string of cattle.

CHAPTER XVI.

Of what happened to Don Quixote in the inn which he imagined to be a castle.

LOOKING at Don Quixote laid across the ass, the innkeeper inquired of Sancho what ailed him? Sancho answered him that it was nothing but a fall from the rock, by which his ribs were somewhat bruised. The innkeeper had a wife of a disposition uncommon among those of the like occupation; for she was naturally charitable, and felt for the misfortunes of her neighbours: so that she immediately prepared to relieve Don Quixote, and made her daughter, a very comely young maiden, assist in the cure of her guest. There was also a servant at the inn, an Asturian wench, broad-faced, flat-headed, with a little nose, one eye squinting, and the other not much better. It is true, the elegance of her form made amends for other defects. She was not seven hands high; and her shoulders, which burdened her a little too much, made her look down to the ground more than she would willingly have done. This agreeable lass now assisted the damsel to prepare for Don Quixote a very sorry bed in a garret, which gave evident tokens of having formerly served many years as a hay-loft. In this room lodged also a carrier, whose bed was at a little distance from that of our knight; and though it was composed of panels, and other trappings of his mules, it had much the advantage over that of Don Quixote, which consisted of four not very smooth boards, upon two unequal tressels, and a mattress no thicker than a quilt, and full of knobs, which from their hardness might have been taken for pebbles, had not the wool appeared through some fractures; with two sheets like the leather of an old target, and a rug, the threads of which you might count if you chose, without losing one of the number.

In this wretched bed was Don Quixote laid; after which the hostess and her daughter plastered him from head to foot; Maritornes (for so the Asturian wench was called) at the same time holding the light. And, as the hostess was thus employed, perceiving Don Quixote to be mauled in every part, she said that his bruises seemed the effect of hard drubbing, rather than of a fall. "Not a drubbing," said Sancho; "but the knobs and sharp points of the rock, every one of which has left its mark: and, now I think of it," added he, "pray, contrive to spare a morsel of that tow, as somebody may find it useful—indeed, I suspect that my sides would be glad of a little of it." "What, you have had a fall too, have you?" said the hostess. "No," replied Sancho, "not a fall, but a fright, on seeing my master tumble, which so affected my whole body that I feel as if I had received a thousand blows myself." "That may very well be," said the damsel; "for I have often dreamed that I was falling down from some high tower, and could never come to the ground; and, when I awoke, I have found myself as much bruised and battered as if I had really fallen." "But here is the point, mistress," answered Sancho Panza, "that I, without dreaming at all, and more awake than I am now, find myself with almost as many bruises as my master Don Quixote." "What do you say is the name of this gentleman?" quoth the Asturian. "Don Quixote de la Mancha,"

answered Sancho Panza: "he is a knight-errant, and one of the best and most valiant that has been seen for this long time in the world." "What is a knight-errant?" said the wench. "Are you such a novice as not to know that?" answered Sancho Panza. "You must know, then, that a knight-errant is a thing that, in two words, is cudgelled and made an emperor; to-day he is the most unfortunate wretch in the world: and to-morrow will have two or three crowns of kingdoms to give to his squire." "How comes it then to pass that you, being squire to this worthy gentleman," said the hostess, "have not yet, as it seems, got so much as an earldom?" "It is early days yet," answered Sancho, "for it is but a month since we set out in quest of adventures, and hitherto we have met with none that deserve the name. And sometimes we look for one thing, and find another. But the truth is, if my master Don Quixote recovers of this wound or fall, and I am not disabled thereby, I would not truck my hopes for the best title in Spain."

To all this conversation Don Quixote had listened very attentively; and now, raising himself up in the bed as well as he could, and taking the hand of his hostess, he said to her: "Believe me, beauteous lady, you may esteem yourself fortunate in having entertained me in this your castle, being such a person that, if I say little of myself, it is because, as the proverb declares, self-praise depreciates: but my squire will inform you who I am. I only say that I shall retain the service you have done me eternally engraven on my memory, and be grateful to you as long as my life shall endure. And, had it pleased the high heavens that Love had not held me so enthralled and subject to his laws, and to the eyes of that beautiful ingrate whose name I silently pronounce, those of this lovely virgin had become enslavers of my liberty."

The hostess, her daughter, and the good Maritornes, stood confounded at this harangue of our knight-errant, which they understood just as much as if he had spoken Greek, although they guessed that it all tended to compliments and offers of service; and not being accustomed to such kind of language, they gazed at him with surprise, and thought him another sort of man than those now in fashion; and, after thanking him, in their inn-like phrase, for his offers, they left him. The Asturian Maritornes doctored Sancho, who stood in no less need of plaisters than his master. The carrier and she, it appeared, had agreed to pass that night together; and she had given him her word that, when the guests were all quiet and her master and mistress asleep, she would repair to him. And it is said of this honest wench that she never made the like promise but she performed it, even though she had made it on a mountain, without any witness; for she valued herself upon her gentility, and thought it no disgrace to be employed in service at an inn; since misfortunes and unhappy accidents, as she affirmed, had brought her to that state.

Don Quixote's hard, scanty, beggarly, crazy bed, stood first in the middle of the cock-loft; and close by it Sancho had placed his own, which consisted only of a rush mat, and a rug that seemed to be rather of beaten hemp than of wool. Next to the squire stood that of the carrier, made up, as hath been said, of panels, and the whole furniture of two of his best mules: for he possessed twelve in number, sleek, fat, and stately—being one of the richest carriers of Arevalo, according to the author of this history, who makes particular mention of this carrier, for he knew him well; nay, some go so far as to say he was related to him. Besides, Cid Hamet Benengeli was a very minute and very accurate historian in all things: and this is very evident from the circumstances already related, which, though apparently mean and trivial, he would not pass over unnoticed. This may serve as an example to those grave historians who relate facts so briefly and succinctly that we have scarcely a taste of them: omitting, either through neglect, malice, or ignorance, things the most pithy

and substantial. A thousand blessings upon the author of *Tablante*, of *Ricamonte*, and on him who wrote the exploits of the count de *Tomilas*! With what punctuality do they describe everything!

I say, then, that, after the carrier had visited his mules, and given them their second course, he laid himself down upon his pannels, in expectation of his most punctual *Maritornes*. Sancho was already plaistered, and in bed; and, though he endeavoured to sleep, the pain of his ribs would not allow him; and Don Quixote, from the same cause, kept his eyes wide open as those of a hare. The whole inn was in profound silence, and contained no other light than what proceeded from a lamp which hung in the middle of the entry. This marvellous stillness, and the thoughts of our knight, which incessantly recurred to those adventures so common in the annals of chivalry, brought to his imagination one of the strangest whims that can well be conceived: for he imagined that he was now in some famous castle, and that the daughter of its lord, captivated by his fine appearance, had become enamoured of him, and had promised to steal that night privately to him, and pass some time with him. Then, taking all this chimera formed by himself for reality, he began to feel some alarm, reflecting on the dangerous trial to which his fidelity was on the point of being exposed; but resolved in his heart not to commit disloyalty against his lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*, though Queen *Ginebra* herself, with the lady *Quintaniana*, should present themselves before him.

Whilst his thoughts were occupied by these extravagances, the hour—an unlucky one to him—arrived when the gentle Asturian, mindful of her promise, entered the room, undressed and barefooted, with her hair tucked up under a fustian coif, and, with silent and cautious step, advanced towards the couch of her beloved. But scarcely had she passed the threshold of the door when Don Quixote heard her; and, sitting up in his bed, in spite of plaisters and the pain of his ribs, stretched out his arms to receive his beauteous damsel, who, crouching, and holding her breath as she went, with hands extended feeling for her lover, encountered the arms of Don Quixote, who caught first hold of her by the wrist, and drawing her towards him (she not daring to speak a word), made her sit down on the bed. On touching her only garment, though it was of canvas, it seemed to him to be of the finest and softest lawn; the glass beads that encircled her wrists, to his fancy were precious oriental pearls; her hairs, not unlike those of a horse's mane, he took for threads of the brightest gold of Arabia, whose splendour obscures that of the sun itself; and though her breath, doubtless, smelt powerfully of the last night's stale salt-fish, he fancied himself inhaling a delicious and aromatic odour. In short, his imagination painted her to him in the very form and manner of some princess described in his books, who comes thus adorned to visit the wounded knight with whom she is in love; and so great was the poor gentleman's infatuation, that neither the touch, nor the breath, nor other things the good wench had about her, could undeceive him, although enough to make any one but a carrier sick. So far from this, he imagined that he held the goddess of beauty in his arms; and, clasping her fast, in a low and amorous voice he said to her: "O! that I were in a state, beautiful and exalted lady, to return so vast a favour as this you confer upon me, by your charming presence! but fortune, never weary of persecuting the good, is pleased to lay me on this bed, so bruised and disabled that, how much soever I may be inclined to convince you of my devotion, it is impossible; to which is added another still greater impossibility—the plighted faith I have sworn to the peerless *Dulcinea del Toboso*, sole mistress of my most recondite thoughts! Had not these articles intervened, I should not have been so insensible a knight as to let slip the happy opportunity with which your great goodness has favoured me."

Maritornes was in the utmost vexation at being thus confined by Don Quixote ; and, not hearing or attending to what he said, she struggled, without speaking a word, to release herself. The good carrier, whom evil thoughts had kept awake, having heard his fair one from the first moment she entered the door, listened attentively to all that Don Quixote said ; and suspecting that the Asturian nymph had played false with him, he advanced towards Don Quixote's bed, and stood still, in order to discover the tendency of his discourse, which, however, he could not understand ; but, seeing that the wench struggled to get from him, and that Don Quixote laboured to hold her, and also not liking the jest, he lifted up his arm, and discharged so terrible a blow on the lanthorn jaws of the enamoured knight, that his mouth was bathed in blood ; and, not content with this, he mounted upon his ribs, and paced them somewhat above a trot from one end to the other. The bed, which was crazy, and its foundations none of the strongest, being unable to bear the additional weight of the carrier, came down to the ground with such a crash that the innkeeper awoke ; and, having called aloud to Maritornes without receiving an answer, he immediately conjectured it was some affair in which she was concerned. With this suspicion he arose, and, lighting a candle, went to the place where he had heard the bustle. The wench, seeing her master coming, and knowing his furious disposition, retreated in terror to Sancho Panza's bed, who was now asleep ; and there rolled herself into a ball. The innkeeper entered, calling out, "Where are you, strumpet ? for these are some of your doings." Sancho was now disturbed, and feeling such a mass upon him, fancied he had got the nightmare, and began to lay about him on every side ; and not a few of his blows reached Maritornes, who, provoked by the smart, cast aside all decorum, and made Sancho such a return in kind that she effectually roused him from sleep, in spite of his drowsiness. The squire finding himself thus treated, and without knowing by whom, raised himself up as well as he could, and grappled with Maritornes ; and there began between them the most obstinate and delightful skirmish in the world. The carrier, perceiving, by the light of the host's candle, how it fared with his mistress, quitted Don Quixote, and ran to her assistance. The landlord followed him, but with a different intention ; for it was to chastise the wench, concluding that she was the sole occasion of all this harmony. And so, as the proverb says, the cat to the rat, the rat to the rope, and the rope to the post : the carrier belaboured Sancho, Sancho the wench, the wench Sancho, and the innkeeper the wench ; all redoubling their blows without intermission : and the best of it was, the landlord's candle went out ; when, being left in the dark, they indiscriminately thrashed each other, and with so little mercy that every blow left its mark.

It happened that there lodged that night at the inn, an officer belonging to the holy brotherhood of Toledo ; who, hearing the strange noise of the scuffle, seized his wand and the tin-box which held his commission, and entered the room in the dark, calling out, "Forbear, in the name of justice ; forbear, in the name of the holy brotherhood." And the first he encountered was the battered Don Quixote, who lay senseless on his demolished bed, stretched upon his back : and, laying hold of his beard as he was groping about, he cried out repeatedly, "I charge you to aid and assist me ;" but, finding that the person whom he held was motionless, he concluded that he was dead, and that the people in the room were his murderers. Upon which he raised his voice still louder, crying, "Shut the inn door, and let none escape ; for here is a man murdered !" These words startled them all, and the conflict instantly ceased. The landlord withdrew to his chamber, the carrier to his pannels, and the wench to her straw : the unfortunate Don Quixote and Sancho alone were incapable of moving. The officer now let go the beard of Don Quixote, and,

in order to search after and secure the delinquents, he went out for a light, but could find none; for the innkeeper had purposely extinguished the lamp, when he retired to his chamber; and therefore he was obliged to have recourse to the chimney, where, after much time and trouble, he lighted another lamp

CHAPTER XVII.

Wherein are continued the innumerable disasters that befel the brave Don Quixote and his good squire Sancho Panza in the inn which he unhappily took for a castle.

DON QUIXOTE by this time had come to himself, and, in the same dolorous tone in which the day before he had called to his squire, when he lay extended in the valley of pack-staves, he now again called to him, saying, "Sancho, friend, art thou asleep? art thou asleep, friend Sancho?" "How should I sleep? woe is me!" answered Sancho, full of trouble and vexation; "for I think all the devils in hell have been with me to-night." "Well mayst thou believe so," answered Don Quixote; "for either I know nothing, or this castle is enchanted. Listen to me, Sancho,—but what I am now going to disclose thou must swear to keep secret until after my death." "Yes, I swear," answered Sancho. "I require this," said Don Quixote; "because I would not injure the reputation of any one." "I tell you I do swear," replied Sancho; "and will keep it secret until your worship's death, and Heaven grant I may discover it to-morrow." "Have I done thee so much evil, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "that thou shouldst wish for my decease so very soon?" "It is not for that," answered Sancho; "but I am an enemy to holding things long, and would not have them rot in my keeping." "Be it for what it will," said Don Quixote, "I confide in thy love and courtesy, and therefore I inform thee that this night a most extraordinary adventure has befallen me; and, to tell it briefly, thou must know that, a little while since, I was visited by the daughter of the lord of this castle, who is the most accomplished and beautiful damsel to be found over a great part of the habitable earth. How could I describe the graces of her person, the sprightliness of her wit, and the many other hidden charms which, from the respect I owe to my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, I shall pass over undescribed! All that I am permitted to say is that Heaven, jealous of the great happiness that fortune had put in my possession, or, what is more probable, this castle being enchanted, just as we were engaged in most sweet and amorous conversation, an invisible hand, affixed to the arm of some monstrous giant, gave me so violent a blow that my mouth was bathed in blood, and afterwards so bruised me that I am now in a worse state than that wherein the fury of the carriers left us yesterday, owing to the indiscretion of Rozinante. Whence I conjecture that the treasure of this damsel's beauty is guarded by some enchanted Moor, and therefore not to be approached by me." "Nor by me neither," answered Sancho; "for more than four hundred Moors have buffeted me in such a manner that the basting of the pack-staves was tarts and cheese-cakes to it. But tell me pray, sir, call you this an excellent and rare adventure, which has left us in such a pickle? Not that it was quite so bad with your worship, who had in your arms that incomparable beauty whom you speak of. As for me, what had I but the heaviest blows that I hope I shall ever feel in all my life? Woe is me, and the mother that bore me! for I am no knight.

errant, nor ever mean to be one; yet, of all our mishaps, the greater part still falls to my share." "What, hast thou likewise been beaten?" said Don Quixote. "Have not I told you so? Evil befall my lineage!" quoth Sancho. "Console thyself, friend," said Don Quixote; "for I will now make that precious balsam which will cure us in the twinkling of an eye." At this moment the officer, having lighted his lamp, entered to examine the person whom he conceived to have been murdered; and Sancho, seeing him enter in his shirt, with a nightcap on his head, a lamp in his hand, and a countenance far from well-favoured, asked his master if it was the enchanted Moor coming to finish the correction he had bestowed upon them. "It cannot be the Moor," answered Don Quixote; "for the enchanted suffer not themselves to be visible." "If they do not choose to be seen, they will be felt," said Sancho: "witness my shoulders." "Mine might speak, too," answered Don Quixote. "But this is not sufficient evidence to convince us that he whom we see is the enchanted Moor."

The officer, finding them communing in so calm a manner, stood in astonishment: although it is true that Don Quixote still lay flat on his back, unable to stir, from bruises and plasters. The officer approached him, and said, "Well, my good fellow, how are you?" "I would speak more respectfully," answered Don Quixote, "were I in your place. Is it the fashion of this country, block-head, thus to address knights-errant?" The officer not disposed to bear this language from one of so scurvy an aspect, lifted up his lamp, and dashed it, with all its contents, at the head of Don Quixote, and then made his retreat in the dark. "Surely," quoth Sancho Panza, "this must be the enchanted Moor; and he reserves the treasure for others, and for us only fusty-cuffs and lamp-shots."* "It is even so," answered Don Quixote; "and it is to no purpose to regard these affairs of enchantments, or to be out of humour or angry with them; for, being invisible, and mere phantoms, all endeavours to seek revenge would be fruitless. Rise, Sancho, if thou canst, and call the governor of this fortress, and procure me some oil, wine, salt, and rosemary, to make the healing balsam; for in truth I want it much at this time, as the wound this phantom has given me bleeds very fast."

Sancho got up with aching bones; and, as he was proceeding in the dark towards the landlord's chamber, he met the officer, who was watching the movements of his enemy, and said to him, "Sir, whoever you are, do us the favour and kindness to help us to a little rosemary, oil, salt, and wine; for they are wanted to cure one of the best knights-errant in the world, who lies there, sorely wounded by the hands of the enchanted Moor who is in this inn." The officer, hearing this, took him for a maniac; and, as the day now began to dawn, he opened the inn door, and calling the host, told him what Sancho wanted. The innkeeper furnished him with what he desired, and Sancho carried them to Don Quixote, who lay with his hands on his head, complaining of the pain caused by the lamp, which, however, had done him no other hurt than raising a couple of tolerable large tumours; what he took for blood being only moisture, occasioned by the pelting of the storm which had just blown over. In fine, he took his simples, and made a compound of them, mixing them together, and boiling them some time, until he thought the mixture had arrived at the exact point. He then asked for a vial to hold it; but, as there was no such thing in the inn, he resolved to put it in a cruse, or tin oil-flask, of which the host made him a present. This being done, he pronounced over the cruse above four-score paternosters, and as many ave-marias, salves, and credos, accompanying every word with a cross, by way of benediction; all which was performed in the presence of Sancho, the innkeeper, and the officer. As for

* In the original, *Candilazos* is a new-coined word.

the carrier, he had gone soberly about the business of tending his mules. Having completed the operation, Don Quixote resolved to make trial immediately of the virtue of that precious balsam; and therefore drank about a pint and a half of what remained in the pot wherein it was boiled, after the cruse was filled; and scarcely had he swallowed the potion when it was rejected and followed by so violent a retching that nothing was left on his stomach. To the pain and exertion of the vomit, a copious perspiration succeeding, he desired to be covered up warm, and left alone. They did so, and he continued asleep above three hours, when he awoke and found himself greatly relieved in his body, and his battered and bruised members so much restored that he considered himself as perfectly recovered, and was thoroughly persuaded that he was in possession of the true balsam of Fierabras; and consequently, with such a remedy, he might thenceforward encounter, without fear, all dangers, battles, and conflicts, however hazardous.

Sancho Panza, who likewise took his master's amendment for a miracle, desired he would give him what remained in the pot, which was no small quantity. This request being granted, he took it in both hands, and, with good faith and better will, swallowed down very little less than his master had done. Now the case was, that poor Sancho's stomach was not so delicate as that of his master; and, therefore, before he could reject it, he endured such pangs and loathings, with such cold sweats and faintings, that he verily thought his last hour was come; and finding himself so afflicted and tormented, he cursed the balsam, and the thief that had given it him. Don Quixote, seeing him in that condition, said: "I believe, Sancho, that all this mischief hath befallen thee because thou art not dubbed a knight: for I am of opinion this liquor can do good only to those who are of that order." "If your worship knew that," replied Sancho,—"evil betide me and all my generation! why did you suffer me to drink it?" By this time the beverage commenced its operation, and the poor squire was relieved so many ways, and with so much precipitation, that the rush mat upon which he laid was never after fit for use. He sweated and sweated again, with such faintings and shivering-fits, that not only himself, but all present thought he was expiring. This hurricane lasted near two hours; and left him, not sound like his master, but so exhausted and shattered that he was unable to stand. Don Quixote, feeling, as we said before, quite renovated, was moved to take his departure immediately in quest of adventures, thinking that by every moment's delay he was depriving the world of his aid and protection; and more especially as he felt secure and confident in the virtues of his balsam. Thus stimulated, he saddled Rozinante with his own hands, and panelled the ass of his squire, whom he also helped to dress, and afterwards to mount. He then mounted himself, and, having observed a pike in a corner of the inn-yard, he took possession of it to serve him for a lance. All the people in the inn, above twenty in number, stood gazing at him; and, among the rest, the host's daughter, while he on his part removed not his eyes from her, and ever and anon sent forth a sigh which seemed torn from the bottom of his bowels: all believing it to proceed from pain in his ribs, at least those who the night before had seen how he was plastered.

Being now both mounted, and at the door of the inn, he called to the host, and, in a grave and solemn tone of voice, said to him:—"Many and great are the favours, signor governor, which in this your castle I have received, and I am bound to be grateful to you all the days of my life. If I can make you some compensation, by taking vengeance on any proud miscreant who hath insulted you, know that the duty of my profession is no other than to strengthen the weak, to revenge the injured, and to chastise the perfidious. Consider, and if your memory recalls anything of this nature to recommend to me, you need

only declare it ; for I promise you, by the order of knighthood I have received, to procure you satisfaction and amends to your heart's desire !" The host answered with the same gravity : " Sir knight, I have no need of your worship's avenging any wrong for me ; I know how to take the proper revenge, when any injury is done me : all I desire of your worship is to pay me for what you have had in the inn, as well for the straw and barley for your two beasts, as for your supper and lodging." " What ! is this an inn ?" exclaimed Don Quixote. " Aye, and a very creditable one," answered the host. " Hitherto, then, I have been in an error," answered Don Quixote ; " for in truth I took it for a castle ; but since it is indeed no castle, but an inn, all that you have now to do is to excuse the payment ; for I cannot act contrary to the law of knights-errant, of whom I certainly know (having hitherto read nothing to the contrary) that they never paid for lodging, or anything else, in the inns where they reposed ; because every accommodation is legally and justly due to them in return for the insufferable hardships they endure while in quest of adventures, by night and by day, in winter and in summer, on foot and on horseback, with thirst and with hunger, with heat and with cold ; subject to all the inclemencies of heaven, and to all the inconveniences upon earth." " I see little to my purpose in all this," answered the host : " pay me what is my due, and let me have none of your stories and knight-errantries ; all I want is to get my own." " Thou art a blockhead, and a pitiful innkeeper," answered Don Quixote ; so clapping spurs to Rozinante, and brandishing his lance, he sallied out of the inn without opposition, and never turning to see whether his squire followed him, was soon a good way off.

The host, seeing him go without paying, ran to seize Sancho Panza, who said that, since his master would not pay, neither would he pay ; for, being squire to a knight-errant, the same rule and reason held as good for him as for his master. The innkeeper, irritated on hearing this, threatened, if he did not pay him, he should repent his obstinacy. Sancho swore by the order of chivalry, which his master had received, that he would not pay a single farthing, though it should cost him his life ; for the laudable and ancient usage of knights-errant should not be lost for him, nor should the squires of future knights have cause to reproach him for not maintaining so just a right.

Poor Sancho's ill-luck would have it that among the people in the inn there were four cloth-workers of Segovia, three needle-makers from the fountain of Cordova, and two neighbours from the market-place of Seville : all merry, good-humoured, frolicsome fellows ; who, instigated and moved, as it appeared, by the self-same spirit, came up to Sancho, and having dismounted him, one of them produced a blanket from the landlord's bed, into which he was immediately thrown ; but, perceiving that the ceiling was too low, they determined to execute their purpose in the yard, which was bounded upwards only by the sky. Thither Sancho was carried ; and, being placed in the middle of the blanket, they began to toss him aloft, and divert themselves with him, as with a dog at Shrovetide. The cries which the poor blanketed squire sent forth were so many and so loud, that they reached his master's ears ; who, stopping to listen attentively, believed that some new adventure was at hand, until he plainly recognised the voice of the squire : then turning the reins, he galloped back to the inn-door, and finding it closed, he rode round in search of some other entrance ; but had no sooner reached the yard-wall, which was not very high, when he perceived the wicked sport they were making with his squire. He saw him ascend and descend through the air with so much grace and agility that, if his indignation would have suffered him, he certainly would have laughed outright. He made an effort to get from his horse upon the pales : but was so maimed and bruised that he was unable to alight ; and therefore, remaining on

horseback, he proceeded to vent his rage, by uttering so many reproaches and invectives against those who were tossing Sancho, that it is impossible to commit them to writing. But they suspended neither their laughter nor their labour; nor did the flying Sancho cease to pour forth lamentations, mingled now with threats, now with entreaties; yet all were of no avail, and they desisted at last only from pure fatigue. They then brought him his ass, and, wrapping him in his cloak, mounted him thereon. The compassionate Maritornes, seeing him so exhausted, bethought of helping him to a jug of water, and that it might be the cooler, she fetched it from the well. Sancho took it, and as he was lifting it to his mouth, stopped on hearing the voice of his master, who called to him, aloud, saying: "Son Sancho, drink not water; do not drink it, son; it will kill thee: behold here the most holy balsam (showing him the cruse of liquor), two drops of which will infallibly restore thee." At these words, Sancho, turning his eyes askance, said in a louder voice: "Perhaps you have forgot, sir, that I am no knight, or you would have me vomit up what remains of my inside, after last night's work. Keep your liquor, in the devil's name, and let me alone." He then instantly began to drink; but at the first sip, finding it was water, he could proceed no farther, and besought Maritornes to bring him some wine: which she did willingly, and paid for it with her own money; for it is indeed said of her that, although in that station, she had some faint traces of a Christian. When Sancho had ceased drinking, he clapped heels to his ass; and, the inn-gate being thrown wide open, out he went, satisfied that he had paid nothing, and carried his point, though at the expense of his usual pledge, namely, his back. The landlord, it is true, retained his wallets in payment of what was due to him; but Sancho never missed them in the hurry of his departure. The innkeeper would have fastened the door well after him as soon as he saw him out; but that the blanketeers would not let him, being persons of that sort that, though Don Quixote had really been one of the Knights of the Round Table, they would not have cared two farthings for him.

CHAPTER XVIII

The discourse which Sancho Panza held with his master Don Quixote; with other adventures worth relating.

SANCHO came up to his master so faint and dispirited, that he was not able to urge his ass forward. Don Quixote, perceiving him in that condition, said: "Honest Sancho, that castle, or inn, I am now convinced, is enchanted; for they who so cruelly sported with thee, what could they be but phantoms and inhabitants of another world? And I am confirmed in this, from having found that, when I stood at the pales of the yard, beholding the acts of your sad tragedy, I could not possibly get over them, nor even alight from Rozinante: so that they must certainly have held me enchanted: for I swear to thee, by the faith of what I am, that, if I could have got over, or alighted, I would have avenged thee in such a manner as would have made those poltroons and assassins remember the jest as long as they lived, even though I would have thereby transgressed the laws of chivalry; for, as I have often told thee, they do not allow a knight to lay hand on his sword against any one who is not so, unless it be in defence of his own life and person, and in cases of urgent and extreme necessity." "And I too," quoth Sancho, "would have revenged myself if I had been able, knight or no knight, but I could not; though, in my opinion, they who diverted themselves at my expense were no hobgoblins, but

men of flesh and bones, as we are ; and each of them, as I heard while they were tossing me, had his proper name : one was called Pedro Martinez, another Tenorio Hernandez ; and the landlord's name is John Palomeque, the left-handed : so that, sir, as to your not being able to leap over the pales, nor to alight from your horse, the fault lay not in enchantment, but in something else. And what I gather clearly from all this is, that these adventures we are in quest of will in the long run bring us into so many misadventures that we shall not know which is our right foot. So that, in my poor opinion, the better and surer way would be to return to our village, now that it is reaping-time, and look after our business ; nor go rambling from Ceca to Mecca, and out of the frying-pan into the fire."

"How little dost thou know, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "of what appertains to chivalry ! Peace, and have patience, for the day will come when thine eyes shall witness how honourable a thing it is to follow this profession : for tell me what greater satisfaction can the world afford, or what pleasure can be compared with that of winning a battle, and triumphing over an adversary ? Undoubtedly none." "It may be so," answered Sancho, "though I do not know it. I only know that, since we have been knights-errant, or since you have been one, sir (for I have no right to reckon myself of that honourable number), we have never won any battle, except that of the Biscainer ; and even there your worship came off with half an ear and half a helmet ; and from that day to this we have had nothing but drubbings upon drubbings, cuffs upon cuffs, with my blanket-tossing into the bargain, and that by persons enchanted, on whom I cannot revenge myself, and thereby know what that pleasure of overcoming an enemy is which your worship talks of." "That is what troubles me, and ought to trouble thee, also, Sancho," answered Don Quixote ; "but henceforward I will endeavour to have ready at hand a sword made with such art that no kind of enchantment can touch him that wears it ; and perhaps fortune may put me in possession of that of Amadis, when he called himself 'Knight of the burning sword,' which was one of the best weapons that ever was worn by knight : for, beside the virtue aforesaid, it cut like a razor ; and no armour, however strong or enchanted, could withstand it." "Such is my luck," quoth Sancho, "that though this were so, and your worship should find such a sword, it would be of service only to those who are dubbed knights,—like the balsam : as for the poor squires, they may sing sorrow." "Fear not, Sancho," said Don Quixote ; "Heaven will deal more kindly by thee."

The knight and his squire went on conferring thus together, when Don Quixote perceived in the road on which they were travelling a great and thick cloud of dust coming towards them ; upon which he turned to Sancho, and said, "This is the day, O Sancho, that shall manifest the good that fortune hath in store for me. This is the day, I say, on which shall be proved, as at all times, the valour of my arm ; and on which I shall perform exploits that will be recorded and written in the book of fame, and there remain to all succeeding ages. Seest thou that cloud of dust, Sancho ? It is raised by a prodigious army of divers and innumerable nations, who are on the march this way." "If so, there must be two armies," said Sancho ; "for here, on this side, arises just such another cloud of dust." Don Quixote turned, and seeing that it really was so, he rejoiced exceedingly, taking it for granted they were two armies coming to engage in the midst of that spacious plain, for at all hours and moments his imagination was full of the battles, enchantments, adventures, extravagancies, amours, and challenges detailed in his favourite books ; and in every thought, word, and action he reverted to them. Now the cloud of dust he saw was raised by two great flocks of sheep going the same road from different parts, and, as the dust concealed them until they came near,

and Don Quixote affirmed so positively that they were armies, Sancho began to believe it, and said, "Sir, what then must we do?" "What?" replied Don Quixote—"favour and assist the weaker side! Thou must know, Sancho, that the army which marches towards us in front is led and commanded by the great emperor Alifanfaron, lord of the great island of Taprobana: this other, which marches behind us, is that of his enemy, the king of the Garamantes, Pentapolin of the naked arm—for he always enters into battle with his right arm bare." "But why do these two princes bear one another so much ill-will?" demanded Sancho. "They hate one another," answered Don Quixote, "because this Alifanfaron is a furious pagan, in love with the daughter of Pentapolin, who is a most beautiful and superlatively graceful lady, and also a Christian; but her father will not give her in marriage to the pagan king, unless he will first renounce the religion of his false prophet Mahomet, and turn Christian." "By my beard," said Sancho, "Pentapolin is in the right; and I am resolved to assist him to the utmost of my power." "Therein thou wilt do thy duty, Sancho," said Don Quixote: "for in order to engage in such contests it is not necessary to be dubbed a knight." "I easily comprehend that," answered Sancho. "But where shall we dispose of this ass, that we may be sure to find him when the fray is over? for I believe it was never yet the fashion to go to battle on a beast of this kind." "Thou art in the right," said Don Quixote; "and thou mayest let him take his chance, whether he be lost or not: for we shall have such choice of horses after the victory, that Rozinante himself will run a risk of being exchanged. But listen with attention whilst I give thee an account of the principal knights in the two approaching armies; and, that thou mayest observe them the better, let us retire to that rising ground, whence both armies may be distinctly seen." They did so, and placed themselves for that purpose on a hillock, from which the two flocks which Don Quixote mistook for armies might easily have been discerned, had not their view been obstructed by the clouds of dust. Seeing, however, in his imagination what did not exist, he began with a loud voice to say: "The knight thou seest yonder with the gilded armour, who bears on his shield a lion, crowned, couchant at a damsel's feet, is the valorous Laurcalco, lord of the silver bridge. The other, with the armour flowered with gold, who bears three crowns argent, in a field azure, is the formidable Micocolembro, grand duke of Quiracia. The third, with gigantic limbs, who marches on his right, is the undaunted Brandabarbaran of Boliche, lord of the three Arabias. He is armed with a serpent's skin, and bears instead of a shield, a gate, which fame says is one of those belonging to the temple which Sampson pulled down when with his death he avenged himself upon his enemies. But turn thine eyes on this other side, and there thou wilt see, in front of this other army, the ever victorious and never vanquished Timonel de Carcajona, prince of the New Biscay, who comes clad in armour quartered azure, vert, argent, and or; bearing in his shield a cat or, in a field gules, with a scroll inscribed *MIAU*, being the beginning of his mistress's name; who, it is reported, is the peerless Miaulina, daughter of Alphenniquen, duke of Algarve. That other, who burdens and oppresses the back of yon powerful steed, whose armour is as white as snow, and his shield also white, without any device, he is a new knight, by birth a Frenchman, called Peter Papin, lord of the baronies of Utrique. The other whom thou seest, with his armed heels pricking the flanks of that fleet pie-bald courser, and his armour of pure azure, is the mighty duke of Nerbia, Espartafilardo of the wood, whose device is an asparagus-bed, with this motto in Castilian, '*Rastrea mi suerte*,' 'Thus drags my fortune.'"

In this manner he went on naming sundry knights of each squadron, as his fancy dictated, and giving to each their arms, colours, devices, and mottoes

extempore ; and, without pausing, he continued thus :—"That squadron in the front is formed and composed of people of different nations. Here stand those who drink the sweet waters of the famous Xanthus ; the mountaineers, who tread the Massilian fields ; those who sift the pure and fine gold-dust of Arabia Felix ; those who dwell along the famous and refreshing banks of the clear Thermodon ; those who drain, by divers and sundry ways, the golden veins of Pactolus ; the Numidians, unfaithful in their promises ; the Persians, famous for bows and arrows ; the Parthians and Medes, who fight flying ; the Arabians, perpetually changing their habitations ; the Scythians, as cruel as fair ; the broad-lipped Ethiopians ; and an infinity of other nations, whose countenances I see and know, although I cannot recollect their names. In that other squadron come those who drink the crystal streams of olive-bearing Betis ; those who brighten and polish their faces with the liquor of the ever rich and golden Tagus ; those who enjoy the beneficial waters of the divine Genil ; those who tread the Tartesian fields, abounding in pasture ; those who recreate themselves in the Elysian meads of Xereza ; the rich Manchegans, crowned with yellow ears of corn ; those clad in iron, the antique remains of the Gothic race ; those who bathe themselves in Pisuerga, famous for the gentleness of its current ; those who feed their flocks on the spacious pastures of the winding Guadiana, celebrated for its hidden source ; those who shiver on the cold brow of the woody Pyreneus, and the snowy tops of lofty Appeninus ; in a word, all that Europe contains and includes."

Good heaven, how many provinces did he name ! how many nations did he enumerate ! giving to each, with wonderful readiness, its peculiar attributes. Sancho Panza stood confounded at his discourse, without speaking a word ; and now and then he turned his head about, to see whether he could discover the knights and giants his master named. But seeing none, he said : "Sir, the devil a man, or giant, or knight, of all you have named, can I see anywhere ; perhaps all may be enchantment, like last night's goblins." "How sayest thou, Sancho ?" answered Don Quixote. "Hearest thou not the neighing of the steeds, the sound of the trumpets, and the rattling of the drums ?" "I hear nothing," answered Sancho, "but the bleating of sheep and lambs : " and so it was ; for now the two flocks were come very near them. "Thy fears, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "prevent thee from hearing or seeing aright ; for one effect of fear is to disturb the senses, and make things not to appear what they really are : and if thou art so much afraid, retire and leave me alone ; for with my single arm I shall insure victory to that side which I favour with my assistance : " then clapping spurs to Rozinante, and setting his lance in rest, he darted down the hillock like lightning. Sancho cried out to him, "Hold, Signor Don Quixote, come back ! As God shall save me, they are lambs and sheep you are going to encounter ! Pray come back. Woe to the father that begot me ! What madness is this ? Look ; there is neither giant nor knight, nor cats, nor arms, nor shields quartered nor entire, nor true azures nor be-devilled ; sinner that I am ! what are you doing ? " Notwithstanding all this, Don Quixote turned not again, but still went on, crying aloud, "Ho ! knights, you that follow and fight under the banner of the valiant Emperor Pentapolin of the naked arm, follow me all, and you shall see with how much ease I revenge him on his enemy Alifanfaron of Taprobana." With these words, he rushed into the midst of the squadron of sheep, and began to attack them with his lance as courageously and intrepidly as if in good earnest he was engaging his mortal enemies. The shepherds and herdsmen who came with the flocks called out to him to desist : but, seeing it was to no purpose, they unbuckled their slings, and began to salute his ears with a shower of stones. Don Quixote cared not for the stones ; but, galloping about on all sides, cried out, "Where art thou,

proud Alifanfaron? Present thyself before me: I am a single knight, desirous to prove thy valour hand to hand, and to punish thee with the loss of life, for the wrong thou dost to the valiant Pentapolin Garamanta." At that instant a large stone struck him with such violence on the side, that it buried a couple of ribs in his body; insomuch that he believed himself either slain or sorely wounded; and therefore, remembering his balsam, he pulled out the cruse, and applying it to his mouth, began to swallow some of the liquor; but before he could take what he thought sufficient, another of those almonds hit him full on the hand, and dashed the cruse to pieces: carrying off three or four of his teeth by the way, and grievously bruising two of his fingers. Such was the first blow, and such the second, that the poor knight fell from his horse to the ground. The shepherds ran to him, and verily believed they had killed him: whereupon in all haste they collected their flock, took up their dead, which were about seven, and marched off without farther inquiry.

All this while Sancho stood upon the hillock, beholding his master's extravagances; tearing his beard, and cursing the unfortunate hour and moment that ever he knew him. But seeing him fallen to the ground, and the shepherds gone off, he descended from the hillock, and, running to him, found him in a very ill plight, though not quite bereaved of sense: and said to him, "Did I not beg you, Signor Don Quixote, to come back; for those you went to attack were a flock of sheep, and not an army of men?" "How easily," replied Don Quixote, "can that thief of an enchanter, my enemy, transform things or make them invisible! Thou must know, Sancho, that it is a very easy matter for such men to give things what semblance they please; and this malignant persecutor of mine, envious of the glory that he saw I should acquire in this battle, has transformed the hostile squadrons into flocks of sheep. However, do one thing, Sancho, for my sake, to undeceive thyself and see the truth of what I tell thee: mount thy ass, and follow them fairly and softly, and thou wilt find that, when they are got a little farther off, they will return to their first form, and, ceasing to be sheep, will become men, proper and tall as I described them at first. But do not go now; for I want thy assistance; and come and see how many of my teeth are deficient; for it seems to me that I have not one left in my head." Sancho came so close to him that he almost thrust his eyes into his mouth; and being precisely at the time that the balsam began to work in Don Quixote's stomach, the contents thereof were at that instant discharged with as much violence as if shot out of a demi-culverin, directly upon the beard of the compassionate squire. "Blessed Virgin!" quoth Sancho, "what has befallen me? This poor sinner must be mortally wounded, since he vomits blood at the mouth." But, reflecting a little, he found by the colour, savour, and smell, that it was not blood, but the balsam which he had seen him drink; and so great was the loathing he then felt, that his stomach turned, and he vomited up his very entrails upon his master, so that they were both in a precious pickle. Sancho ran to his ass, to take something out of his wallets to cleanse himself, and cure his master; but not finding them, he was very near running distracted. He cursed himself again, and resolved in his mind to leave his master, and return home, although he should lose his wages for the time past, and his hopes of the promised island.

Don Quixote now raised himself up, and, placing his left hand on his mouth, to prevent the remainder of his teeth from falling out, with the other he laid hold on Rozinante's bridle, who had not stirred from his master's side, such was his fidelity; and went towards his squire, who stood leaning with his breast upon the ass, and his cheek reclining upon his hand, in the posture of a man overwhelmed with thought. Don Quixote seeing him thus, and to all appearance so melancholy, said to him: "Know, Sancho, that one man is no more

than another, only inasmuch as he does more than another. All these storms that we have encountered are signs that the weather will soon clear up, and things will go smoothly; for it is impossible that either evil or good should be durable; and hence it follows that, the evil having lasted long, the good cannot be far off. So do not afflict thyself for the mischances that befall me, since thou hast no share in them." "How no share in them?" answered Sancho: "peradventure he they tossed in a blanket yesterday was not my father's son; and the wallets I have lost to-day, with all my moveables, belong to somebody else?" "What, are the wallets lost?" quoth Don Quixote. "Yes, they are," answered Sancho. "Then we have nothing to eat to-day," replied Don Quixote. "It would be so," answered Sancho, "if those fields did not produce those herbs which your worship says you know, and with which unlucky knights-errant like your worship are used to supply such wants." "Nevertheless," said Don Quixote, "at this time I would rather have a slice of bread and a couple of heads of salt pilchards than all the herbs described by Dioscorides, though commented upon by Doctor Laguna* himself. But, good Sancho, get upon thy ass, and follow me; for God, who provides for all, will not desert us; more especially, being engaged, as we are, in His service: since He neglects neither the gnats of the air, the worms of the earth, nor the spawn of the waters; and so merciful is He, that He maketh His sun to shine upon the good and the bad, and causeth the rain to fall upon the just and unjust." "Your worship," said Sancho, "would make a better preacher than a knight-errant." "Sancho," said Don Quixote, "the knowledge of knights-errant must be universal; there have been knights-errant, in times past, who would make sermons or harangues on the king's highway, as successfully as if they had taken their degrees in the University of Paris: whence it may be inferred that the lance never blunted the pen, nor the pen the lance." "Well! be it as your worship says," answered Sancho; "but let us begone hence, and endeavour to get a lodging to-night: and pray heaven it be where there are neither blankets nor blanket-heavers, nor hobgoblins nor enchanted Moors: for if there be, the devil take both the flock and the fold."

"Pray to God, my son," said Don Quixote, "and lead me whither thou wilt; for this time I leave our lodging to thy choice; but reach hither thy hand and feel how many teeth are wanting on the right side of my upper jaw; for there I feel the pain." Sancho put his finger into his mouth, and feeling about, said: "How many teeth had your worship on this side?"—"Four," answered Don Quixote, "besides the eye-tooth, all perfect and sound." "Think well what you say, sir," answered Sancho. "I say four, if not five," answered Don Quixote; "for in my whole life I never had a tooth drawn, nor have I lost one by rheum nor decay." "Well, then," said Sancho, "on this lower side your worship has but two teeth and a half; and in the upper, neither half nor whole: all is as smooth and even as the palm of my hand." "Unfortunate that I am!" said Don Quixote, hearing these sad tidings from his squire: "I had rather they had torn off an arm, provided it were not the sword-arm; for thou must know, Sancho, that a mouth without teeth is like a mill without a stone; and that a diamond is not so precious as a tooth. But to all this we who profess the strict order of chivalry are liable. Mount, friend Sancho, and lead on; for I will follow thee at what pace thou wilt." Sancho did so, and proceeded in a direction in which he thought it probable they might find a lodging, without going out of the high-road, which in that part was much frequented. As they slowly pursued their way, for the pain of Don Quixote's jaws gave him no ease, nor inclination to make haste, Sancho, wishing to amuse and divert him, began to converse; and said among other things what will be found in the following chapter.

* Andres de Laguna, born at Segovia, and Physician to Pope Julio III.

CHAPTER XIX.

Of the sage Discourse that passed between Sancho and his master, and the succeeding adventure of the dead body; with other famous occurrences.

"It is my opinion, sir, that all the misfortunes which have befallen us of late are doubtless in punishment of the sin committed by your worship against your own order of knighthood, in neglecting to perform the oath you took, not to eat bread on a tablecloth, nor solace yourself with the queen, with all the rest that you swore, until you had taken away the helmet of Malandrino—or how do you call the Moor, for I do not well remember?" "Sancho, thou art in the right," said Don Quixote: "but, to confess the truth, it had wholly escaped my memory; and rely upon it, the affair of the blanket happened to thee as a punishment for not having reminded me sooner: but I will make compensation; for in the order of chivalry there are ways of compounding for everything." "Why, did I swear anything?" said Sancho. "That thou hast not sworn avails thee nothing," replied Don Quixote; "it is enough that I know thou art not free from the guilt of an accessory; and, at all events, it will not be amiss to provide ourselves a remedy." "If that be the case," said Sancho, "take care, sir, you do not forget this, too, as you did the oath: perhaps the goblins may again take a fancy to divert themselves with me, or with your worship, if they find you so obstinate."

While they were thus discoursing, night overtook them, and they were still in the high-road, without having found any place of reception; and the worst of it was they were famished with hunger: for with their wallets they had lost their whole larder of provisions, and to complete their misfortunes an adventure now befel them which appeared indeed to be truly an adventure. The night came on rather dark; notwithstanding which they proceeded: as Sancho hoped that, being on the king's highway, they might very probably find an inn within a league or two. Thus situated, the night dark, the squire hungry, and the master well disposed to eat, they saw, advancing towards them, on the same road, a great number of lights, resembling so many moving stars. Sancho stood aghast at the sight of them, nor was Don Quixote unmoved. The one checked his ass and the other his horse, and both stood looking before them with eager attention. They perceived that the lights were advancing towards them, and that as they approached nearer they appeared larger. Sancho trembled like quicksilver at the sight, and Don Quixote's hair bristled upon his head: but, somewhat recovering himself, he exclaimed: "Sancho, this must be a most perilous adventure, wherein it will be necessary for me to exert my whole might and valour." "Woe is me!" answered Sancho; "should this prove to be an adventure of goblins, as to me it seems to be, where shall I find ribs to endure?" "Whatsoever phantoms they may be," said Don Quixote, "I will not suffer them to touch a thread of thy garment: for if they sported with thee before, it was because I could not get over the wall: but we are now upon even ground, where I can brandish my sword at pleasure." "But, if they should enchant and benumb you, as they did then," quoth Sancho, "what matters it whether we are in the open field or not?" "Notwithstanding that," replied Don Quixote, "I beseech thee, Sancho, to be of good courage; for experience shall give thee sufficient proof of mine." "I will, if it please God," answered Sancho; and, retiring a little on one side of the road, and again endeavouring to discover what those walking lights might be, they soon after perceived a great many persons clothed in white. This dreadful spectacle completely annihilated the courage

of Sancho, whose teeth began to chatter, as if seized with a quartan ague; and his trembling and chattering increased as more of it appeared in view: for now they discovered about twenty persons in white robes, all on horseback, with lighted torches in their hands; behind them came a litter covered with black, which was followed by six persons in deep mourning; the mules on which they were mounted being covered likewise with black down to their heels; for that they were mules, and not horses, was evident by the slowness of their pace. Those robed in white were muttering to themselves in a low and plaintive tone.

This strange vision, at such an hour, and in a place so uninhabited might well strike terror into Sancho's heart, and even into that of his master; and so it would have done had he been any other than Don Quixote. As for Sancho, his whole stock of courage was now exhausted. But it was otherwise with his master, whose lively imagination instantly suggested to him that this must be truly a chivalrous adventure. He conceived that the litter was a bier, whereon was carried some knight sorely wounded, or slain, whose revenge was reserved for him alone; he, therefore, without delay couched his spear, seated himself firm in his saddle, and with grace and spirit advanced into the middle of the road by which the procession must pass; and, when they were near, he raised his voice, and said: "Ho! knights, whoever ye are, halt, and give me an account to whom ye belong; whence ye come, whither ye are going, and what it is ye carry upon that bier; for in all appearance either ye have done some injury to others, or others to you; and it is expedient and necessary that I be informed of it, either to chastise ye for the evil ye have done, or to revenge ye of wrongs sustained." "We are in haste, answered one in the procession; "the inn is a great way off; and we cannot stay to give so long an account as you require:" then, spurring his mule, he passed forward. Don Quixote, highly resenting this answer, laid hold of his bridle, and said: "Stand, and with more civility give me the account I demand; otherwise I challenge ye all to battle." The mule was timid, and started so much, upon his touching the bridle, that, rising on her hind legs, she threw her rider over the crupper to the ground. A lacquey that came on foot, seeing the man in white fall, began to revile Don Quixote, whose choler being now raised, he couched his spear, and, immediately attacking one of the mourners, laid him on the ground grievously wounded; then turning about to the rest, it was worth seeing with what agility he attacked and defeated them; and it seemed as if wings at that instant had sprung on Rozinante—so lightly and swiftly he moved! All the white-robed people, being timorous and unarmed, soon quitted the skirmish, and ran over the plain with their lighted torches, looking like so many masqueraders on a carnival or festival night. The mourners were so wrapped up and muffled in their long robes, that they could make no exertion: so that Don Quixote, with entire safety, assailed them all, and, sorely against their will, obliged them to quit the field; for they thought him no man, but the devil from hell broke loose upon them to seize the dead body they were conveying in the litter.

All this Sancho beheld with admiration at his master's intrepidity, and said to himself: "This master of mine is certainly as valiant and magnanimous as he pretends to be." A burning torch lay upon the ground, near the first whom the mule had overthrown, by the light of which Don Quixote espied him, and going up to him, placed the point of his spear to his throat, commanding him to surrender, on pain of death. To which the fallen man answered: "I am surrendered enough already, since I cannot stir; for one of my legs is broken. I beseech you, sir, if you are a Christian gentleman, do not kill me: you would commit a great sacrilege; for I am a licentiate, and have taken the lesser orders." "Who the devil, then," said Don Quixote, "brought you hither,

being an ecclesiastic?" "Who, sir?" replied the fallen man; "my evil fortune." "A worse fate now threatens you," said Don Quixote, "unless you reply satisfactorily to all my first questions." "Your worship shall soon be satisfied," answered the licentiate; "and therefore you must know, sir, that though I told you before I was a licentiate, I am in fact only a bachelor of arts, and my name is Alonzo Lopez. I am a native of Alcovendas, and came from the city of Baeza, with eleven more ecclesiastics, the same who fled with the torches; we were attending the corpse in that litter to the city of Segovia. It is that of a gentleman who died in Baeza, where he was deposited till now that, as I said before, we are carrying his bones to their place of burial in Segovia, where he was born." "And who killed him?" demanded Don Quixote. "God," replied the bachelor, "by means of a pestilential fever." "Then," said Don Quixote, "our Lord hath saved me the labour of revenging his death, in case he had been slain by any other hand. But, since he fell by the hand of Heaven, there is nothing expected from us but patience and a silent shrug: for just the same must I have done had it been His pleasure to pronounce the fatal sentence upon me. It is proper that your reverence should know that I am a knight of La Mancha, Don Quixote by name: and that it is my office and profession to go over the world, righting wrongs and redressing grievances." "I do not understand your way of righting wrongs," said the bachelor: "for from right you have set me wrong, having broken my leg, which will never be right again whilst I live; and the grievance you have redressed for me is to leave me so aggrieved that I shall never be otherwise; and to me it was a most unlucky adventure to meet you, who are seeking adventures." "All things," answered Don Quixote, "do not fall out the same way: the mischief, master bachelor Alonzo Lopez, was occasioned by your coming, as you did, by night, arrayed in those surplices, with lighted torches, chanting, and clad in doleful weeds, so that you really resembled something evil and of the other world. I was therefore bound to perform my duty, by attacking you: which I certainly should have done although you had really been, as I imagined, devils from hell." "Since my fate ordained it so," said the bachelor, "I beseech you, Signor Knight-errant, who have done me such arrant mischief, to help me to get from under this mule, for my leg is held fast between the stirrup and the saddle." "I might have continued talking until to-morrow," said Don Quixote; "why did you delay acquainting me with your embarrassment?" He then called out to Sancho Panza to assist: but he did not choose to obey, being employed in ransacking a sumpter-mule, which those pious men had brought with them, well stored with eatables. Sancho made a bag of his cloak, and having crammed into it as much as it would hold, he loaded his beast; after which he attended to his master's call, and helped to disengage the bachelor from the oppression of his mule; and, having mounted him and given him the torch, Don Quixote bade him follow the track of his companions, and beg their pardon, in his name, for the injury which he could not avoid doing them; Sancho likewise said, "If perchance those gentlemen would know who is the champion that routed them, it is the famous Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise called 'the knight of the sorrowful figure.'"

The bachelor being gone, Don Quixote asked Sancho what induced him to call him "the knight of the sorrowful figure," at that time more than at any other. "I will tell you," answered Sancho: "it is because I have been viewing you by the light of the torch, which that unfortunate man carried; and, in truth, your worship at present very nearly makes the most woeful figure I have ever seen; which must be owing, I suppose, either to the fatigue of this combat, or the want of your teeth." "It is owing to neither," replied Don Quixote; "but the sage, who has the charge of writing the history of my achievements,

has deemed it proper for me to assume an appellation, like the knights of old; one of whom called himself 'the knight of the burning sword;' another 'of the unicorn;' this 'of the damsels;' that 'of the phoenix;' another 'the knight of the griffin;' and another 'the knight of death;' and by those names and ensigns they were known over the whole surface of the earth. And therefore I say that the sage I just now mentioned has put it into thy thoughts and into thy mouth to call me 'the knight of the sorrowful figure,' as I purpose to call myself from this day forward; and that this name may fit me the better, I determine, when an opportunity offers, to have a most sorrowful figure painted on my shield." "You need not spend time and money in getting this figure made," said Sancho; "your worship need only show your own, and, without any other image or shield, they will immediately call you 'him of the sorrowful figure;' and be assured I tell you the truth; for I promise you, sir (mind, I speak in jest), that hunger and the loss of your grinders makes you look so ruefully, that, as I said before, the sorrowful picture may very well be spared."

Don Quixote smiled at Sancho's pleasantry; nevertheless, he resolved to call himself by that name, and to have his shield or buckler painted accordingly, and he said: "I conceive, Sancho, that I am liable to excommunication for having laid violent hands on holy things, '*Juxta illud, Siquis suadente diabolo,*' &c.; although I know I did not lay my hands, but my spear upon them. Besides, I did not know that I was engaging with priests, or things belonging to the Church, which I reverence and adore, like a good Catholic and faithful Christian as I am, but with phantoms and spectres of the other world. And even were it otherwise, I perfectly remember what befel the Cyd Ruy Diaz, when he broke the chair of that king's ambassador in the presence of his holiness the Pope, for which he was excommunicated; yet honest Roderigo de Vivar passed that day for an honourable and courageous knight."

The bachelor having departed, as hath been said, Don Quixote wished to examine whether the corpse in the hearse consisted only of bones or not; but Sancho would not consent, saying, "Sir, your worship has finished this perilous adventure at less expense than any I have seen; and though these folks are conquered and defeated, they may chance to reflect that they were beaten by one man, and, being ashamed thereof, may recover themselves, and return in quest of us, and then we may have enough to do. The ass is properly furnished; the mountain is near; hunger presses, and we have nothing to do but decently to march off; and, as the saying is, '*To the grave with the dead, and the living to the bread;*'" and, driving on his ass before him, he entreated his master to follow; who, thinking Sancho in the right, followed without replying. They had not gone far between two hills, when they found themselves in a retired and spacious valley, where they alighted. Sancho disburdened his beast; and, extended on the green grass, with hunger for sauce, they despatched their breakfast, dinner, afternoon's luncheon, and supper, all at once: regaling their palates with more than one cold mess, which the ecclesiastics who attended the deceased (such gentlemen seldom failing in a provident attention to themselves) had brought with them on the sumpter-mule. But there was another misfortune, which Sancho accounted the worst of all; namely, they had no wine, nor even water, to drink; and were, moreover, parched with thirst. Sancho, however, perceiving the meadow they were in to be covered with green and fresh grass, said—what will be related in the following chapter

CHAPTER XX.

Of the unparalleled adventure achieved by the renowned Don Quixote with less hazard than any was ever achieved by the most famous knight in the world.

"IT is impossible, sir, but there must be some fountain or brook near, to make these herbs so fresh, and therefore, if we go a little farther on, we may meet with something to quench the terrible thirst that afflicts us, and which is more painful than hunger itself." Don Quixote approved the counsel, and, taking Rozinante by the bridle, and Sancho his ass by the halter (after he had placed upon him the relics of the supper), they began to march forward through the meadow, feeling their way; for the night was so dark, they could see nothing. But they had not gone two hundred paces when a great noise of water reached their ears, like that of some mighty cascade pouring down from a vast and steep rock. The sound rejoiced them exceedingly, and, stopping to listen whence it came, they heard on a sudden another dreadful noise, which abated the pleasure occasioned by that of the water; especially in Sancho, who was naturally faint-hearted. I say they heard a dreadful din of irons or rattling chains, accompanied with mighty strokes repeated in regular time and measure; which, together with the furious noise of the water, would have struck terror into any other heart but that of Don Quixote. The night, as we have before said, was dark; and they chanced to enter a grove of tall trees, whose leaves, agitated by the breeze, caused a kind of rustling noise, not loud, though fearful; so that the solitude, the situation, the darkness, and the sound of rushing water, with the agitated leaves, all concurred to produce surprise and horror, especially when they found that neither the blows ceased, nor the wind slept, nor the morning approached; and in addition to all this was their total ignorance of the place where they were in. But Don Quixote, supported by his intrepid heart, leaped upon Rozinante, and bracing on his buckler, brandished his spear, and said: "Friend Sancho, know that, by the will of Heaven, I was born in this age of iron to revive in it that of gold, or, as it is usually termed, 'the golden age.' I am he for whom dangers, great exploits, valorous achievements, are reserved: I am he, I say again, who am destined to revive the order of the Round Table; that of the twelve peers of France, and the nine worthies; and to obliterate the memory of the Platirs, the Tablantes, Olivantes, and Tirantes, 'knights of the sun,' and the Belianises, with the whole tribe of the famous knights-errant of times past; performing, in this age, such stupendous deeds and feats of arms as are sufficient to obscure the brightest ever achieved by them. Trusty and loyal squire, observe the darkness of this night, its strange silence, the confused sound of these trees, the fearful noise of that water which we came hither in search of, and which, one would think, precipitates itself headlong from the high mountains of the moon; that incessant striking and clashing which wound our ears: all these together, and even each separately, are sufficient to infuse terror, fear, and amazement into the breast of Mars himself; how much more into that of one unaccustomed to such adventures! Yet all I have described serves but to rouse and awaken my courage, and my heart already bounds within my breast with eager desire to encounter this adventure, however difficult it may appear. Therefore tighten Rozinante's girth, and God be with thee! Stay for me here three days, and no more: if I return not in that time, thou mayest go back to our village; and thence, to oblige me, repair to Toboso, and inform my incomparable lady Dulcinea that her enthralled knight died in attempting things that might have made him worthy to be styled hers."

When Sancho heard these words of his master, he dissolved into tears, and said, "Sir, I cannot think why your worship should encounter this fearful adventure. It is now night, and nobody sees us. We may easily turn aside, and get out of danger, though we should not drink these three days; and, being unseen, we cannot be taxed with cowardice. Besides, I have heard the curate of our village, whom your worship knows very well, say in the pulpit that 'he who seeketh danger perisheth therein:' so that it is not good to tempt God by undertaking so extravagant an exploit, whence there is no escaping but by a miracle. Let it suffice that Heaven saved you from being tossed in a blanket, as I was, and brought you off victorious, safe, and sound, from among so many enemies as accompanied the dead man. / And if all this be not sufficient to soften your stony heart, let this assurance move you, that, scarcely shall your worship be departed hence, when I, for very fear, shall give up my soul to whosoever shall be pleased to take it. I left my country, and forsook my wife and children, to follow and serve your worship, believing I should be the better and not the worse for it: but, as covetousness burst the bag, so hath it rent my hopes; for when they were most alive, and I was just expecting to obtain that cursed and unlucky island, which you have so often promised me, I find myself, in lieu thereof, ready to be abandoned by your worship in a place remote from everything human. For Heaven's sake, dear sir, do not be so cruel to me: and if your worship will not wholly give up this enterprise, at least defer it till daybreak, which, by what I learned when a shepherd, cannot be above three hours; for the muzzle of the north-bear* is at the top of the head, and makes midnight in the line of the left arm." "How canst thou, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "see where this line is made, or where this muzzle or top of the head may be, since the night is so dark, that not a star appears in the whole sky?" "True," said Sancho; "but fear has many eyes, and sees things beneath the earth, much more above the sky; besides, it is reasonable to suppose that it does not want much of daybreak." "Want what it may," answered Don Quixote, "it shall never be said of me, now nor at any time, that tears or entreaties could dissuade me from performing the duty of a knight! therefore I pray thee, Sancho, be silent; for God, who has inspired me with courage to attempt this unparalleled and fearful adventure, will not fail to watch over my safety, and comfort thee in thy sadness. All thou hast to do is to girt Rozinante well, and remain here: for I will quickly return alive or dead."

Sancho, now seeing his master's final resolution, and how little his tears, prayers, and counsel availed, determined to have recourse to stratagem, and compel him, if possible, to wait until day; therefore, while he was tightening the horse's girths, softly and unperceived with his halter he tied Rozinante's hinder feet together, so that when Don Quixote would fain have departed, the horse could move only by jumps. Sancho, perceiving the success of his contrivance, said: "Ah, sir! behold how Heaven, moved by my tears and prayers, has ordained that Rozinante should be unable to stir; and if you will obstinately persist to spur him, you will but provoke fortune, and, as they say, 'kick against the pricks.'" This made Don Quixote quite desperate, and the more he spurred his horse, the less he could move him; he therefore thought it best to be quiet, and wait until day appeared, or until Rozinante could proceed, never suspecting the artifice of Sancho, whom he thus addressed: "Since so it is, Sancho, that Rozinante cannot move, I consent to wait until the dawn smiles, although I weep in the interval." "You need not weep," answered Sancho, "for I will entertain you until day by telling you stories, if you had not rather alight and compose yourself to sleep a little upon the green grass, as knights-

* Literally, "the mouth of the hunting horn, or cornet." So the "Ursa Minor" is called from a fancied configuration of the stars of that constellation.

errant are wont to do, so that you may be less weary when the day and hour comes for engaging in that terrible adventure you wait for." "To whom dost thou talk of alighting or sleeping?" said Don Quixote: "am I one of those knights who take repose in time of danger? Sleep thou, who wert born to sleep, or do what thou wilt: I shall act as becomes my profession." "Pray, good sir, be not angry," answered Sancho, "I did not mean to offend you:" and, coming close to him, he laid hold of the saddle before and behind, and thus stood embracing his master's left thigh, without daring to stir from him a finger's breadth, so much was he afraid of the blows which still continued to sound in regular succession. Don Quixote bade him tell some story for his entertainment, as he had promised: Sancho replied that he would, if his dread of the noise would permit him: "I will endeavour," said he, "in spite of it, to tell a story, which, if I can hit upon it, and it slips not through my fingers, is the best of all stories; and I beg your worship to be attentive, for now I begin:—

"What hath been, hath been: the good that shall befall be for us all, and evil to him that evil seeks. And pray, sir, take notice that the beginning which the ancients gave to their tales was not just what they pleased, but rather some sentence of Cato Zonzorinus the Roman, who says, 'And evil be to him that evil seeks;' which fits the present purpose like a ring to your finger, signifying that your worship should be quiet, and not go about searching after evil, but rather that we turn aside into some other road; for we are under no obligation to continue in this, where we are overtaken by so many fears." "Proceed with thy tale, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "and leave to my care the road we are to follow." "I say, then," continued Sancho, "that in a village in Estramadura, there was a shepherd—I mean a goatherd; which shepherd, or goatherd, as my story says, was called Lope Ruiz; and this Lope Ruiz was in love with a shepherdess called Torralva; which shepherdess called Torralva was daughter to a rich herdsman, and this rich herdsman—" "If this be thy manner of telling a story, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "repeating everything thou hast to say, thou wilt not have done these two days: tell it concisely, and like a man of sense, or else say no more." "I tell it in the same manner that they tell all stories in my country," answered Sancho; "and I cannot tell it otherwise, nor ought your worship to require me to make new customs." "Tell it as thou wilt, then," said Don Quixote; "since it is the will of fate that I must hear thee, go on."

"And so, sir," continued Sancho, "as I said before, this shepherd was in love with the shepherdess Torralva, who was a jolly, strapping wench, somewhat scornful, and somewhat masculine: for she had certain small whiskers; and methinks I see her now." "What, didst thou know her?" said Don Quixote. "I did not know her," answered Sancho; "but he who told me this story said it was so certain and true, that I might, when I told it to another, affirm and swear that I had seen it all. And so, in process of time, the devil, who sleeps not, and troubles all things, brought it about, that the love which the shepherd bore to the shepherdess, turned into mortal hatred; and the cause, according to evil tongues, was a certain quantity of little jealousies she gave him, so as to exceed all bounds: and so much did he hate her thenceforward, that, to shun the sight of her, he chose to absent himself from that country, and go where his eyes should never more behold her. Torralva, who found herself disdained by Lope, then began to love him better than ever she had loved him before." "It is a disposition natural in women," said Don Quixote, "to slight those who love them, and love those who hate them:—go on, Sancho."

"It fell out," proceeded Sancho, "that the shepherd put his design into execution; and, collecting together his goats, went over the plains of Estrama-

dura, in order to pass over the kingdom of Portugal. Upon which, Torralva went after him, and followed him at a distance, on foot and bare-legged, with a pilgrim's staff in her hand, and a wallet about her neck, in which she carried, as is reported, a piece of looking-glass, the remains of a comb, and a kind or small gallipot of paint for the face. But whatever she carried (for I shall not now set myself to vouch what it was), I only tell you that, as they say, the shepherd came with his flock to pass the river Guadiana, which at that time was swollen, and had almost overflowed its banks; and on the side he came to there was neither boat nor anybody to ferry him or his flock over to the other side, which grieved him mightily; for he saw that Torralva was at his heels, and would give him much disturbance by her entreaties and tears. He therefore looked about him until he espied a fisherman with a boat near him, but so small that it could hold only one person and one goat; however, he spoke to him, and agreed to carry over himself and his three hundred goats. The fisherman got into the boat, and carried over a goat; he returned, and carried over another; he came back again, and again carried over another. Pray, sir, keep an account of the goats that the fisherman is carrying over; for if you lose count of a single goat, the story ends, and it will be impossible to tell a word more of it. I go on then and say that the landing-place on the opposite side was covered with mud, and slippery, and the fisherman was a great while coming and going. However, he returned for another goat, and another, and another." "Suppose them all carried over," said Don Quixote, "and do not be going and coming in this manner; or thou wilt not have finished carrying them over in a twelvemonth." "How many have passed already?" said Sancho. "How the devil should I know?" answered Don Quixote. "See there now! did I not tell thee to keep an exact account? Before Heaven, there is an end of the story; I can go no farther." "How can this be?" answered Don Quixote. "Is it so essential to the story to know the exact number of goats that passed over, that, if one error be made, the story can proceed no farther?" "No, sir, by no means," answered Sancho; "for when I desired your worship to tell me how many goats had passed, and you answered you did not know, at that very instant all that I had to say fled out of my memory; and in faith it was very edifying and satisfactory." "So then," said Don Quixote, "the story is at an end?" "As sure as my mother is," quoth Sancho. "Verily," answered Don Quixote, "thou hast told one of the rarest tales, fables, or histories, imaginable; and thy mode of relating and concluding it is such as never was, nor ever will be, equalled; although I expected no less from thy good sense: however, I do not wonder at it, for this incessant din may have disturbed thy understanding." "All that may be," answered Sancho, "but, as to my story, I know there's no more to be told; for it ends just where the error begins in the account of carrying over the goats."* "Let it end where it will, in God's name," said Don Quixote, "and let us see whether Rozinante can stir himself." And he clapped spurs to him, and again the animal jumped, and then stood stock still: so effectually was he fettered.

In this position they passed the night; and when Sancho perceived the dawn of morning, with much caution he unbound Rozinante, who, on being set at liberty, though naturally not over mettlesome, seemed to feel himself alive, and began to paw the ground; but as for curvetting (begging his pardon) he knew nothing about it. Don Quixote, perceiving that Rozinante began to be active, took it for a good omen, and a signal that he should forthwith attempt the tremendous adventure. The dawn now making the surrounding objects visible,

* This tale was not the invention of Cervantes; for, though altered and improved by him, the idea is taken from the "*Cento Novelle Antiche*," which are given at the end of the "*Cento Novelle Scelte*," published at Venice, in the year 1571.

Don Quixote perceived he was beneath some tall chestnut-trees, which afforded a gloomy shade: but the cause of that striking, which yet continued, he was unable to discover: therefore, without further delay, he made Rozinante feel the spur, and again taking leave of Sancho, commanded him to wait there three days at the farthest, as he had said before, and that if he returned not by that time, he might conclude that it was God's will that he should end his days in that perilous adventure. He again also repeated the embassy and message he was to carry to his lady Dulcinea; and as to what concerned the reward of his service, he told him that he need be under no concern, since, before his departure from his village, he had made his will, wherein he would find himself satisfied regarding his wages, in proportion to the time he had served; but, if God should bring him off safe and sound from the impending danger, he might reckon himself infallibly secure of the promised island. Sancho wept afresh at hearing again the moving expressions of his good master, and resolved not to leave him to the last moment and termination of this affair. The author of this history concludes, from the tears and this honourable resolution of Sancho Panza, that he must have been well born, and at least an old Castilian. His master was somewhat moved by it; not that he betrayed any weakness; on the contrary, dissembling as well as he could, he advanced towards the place whence the noise of the water and of the strokes seemed to proceed. Sancho followed him on foot, leading his ass—that constant companion of his fortunes, good or bad. And having proceeded some distance among those shady chestnut-trees, they came to a little green meadow, bounded by some steep rocks, down which a mighty torrent precipitated itself. At the foot of these rocks were several wretched huts, that seemed more like ruins than habitable dwellings; and it was from them, they now discovered, that the fearful din proceeded. Rozinante was startled at the noise, but Don Quixote, after quieting him, went slowly on towards the huts, recommending himself devoutly to his lady, and beseeching her to favour him in so terrific an enterprise; and by the way he also besought God not to forget him. Sancho kept close to his side, stretching out his neck, and looking between Rozinante's legs, to see if he could discover the cause of his terrors. In this manner they advanced about a hundred yards farther, when, on doubling a point, the true and undoubted cause of that horrible noise which had held them all night in such suspense, appeared plain and exposed to view. It was (kind reader, take it not in dudgeon!) six fulling-hammers, whose alternate strokes produced that hideous sound. Don Quixote, on beholding them, was struck dumb, and was in the utmost confusion. Sancho looked at him, and saw he hung down his head upon his breast, with manifest indications of being abashed. Don Quixote looked also at Sancho, and seeing his cheeks swollen, and his mouth full of laughter, betraying evident signs of being ready to explode, notwithstanding his vexation, he could not forbear laughing himself at the sight of his squire, who, thus encouraged by his master, broke forth in so violent a manner that he was forced to apply both hands to his sides, to secure himself from bursting. Four times he ceased, and four times the fit returned, with the same impetuosity as at first. Upon which, Don Quixote now wished him at the devil, especially when he heard him say, ironically: "Thou must know, friend Sancho, that I was born, by the will of Heaven, in this our age of iron, to revive in it the golden, or that of gold. I am he for whom are reserved dangers, great exploits, and valorous achievements!" And so he went on, repeating many of the expressions which Don Quixote used upon first hearing those dreadful sounds. Don Quixote, perceiving that Sancho made a jest of him, was so enraged that he lifted up his lance, and discharged two such blows on him that, had he received them on his head, instead of his shoulders, the knight would have acquitted himself of the payment of his wages, unless it were to his heirs.

Sancho, finding he paid so dearly for his jokes, and fearing lest his master should proceed farther, with much humility said: "Pray, sir, be pacified; as heaven is my hope, I did but jest." "Though thou mayest jest, I do not," answered Don Quixote. "Come hither, merry sir, what thinkest thou? Suppose these mill-hammers had really been some perilous adventure, have I not given proof of the courage requisite to undertake and achieve it? Am I obliged, being a knight as I am, to distinguish sounds, and know which are, or are not, those of a fulling-mill, more especially if (which is indeed the truth), I had never seen any fulling-mills in my life, as thou hast—a pitiful rustic as thou art, who wert born and bred amongst them; but let these six fulling-hammers be transformed into six giants, and let them beard me one by one or all together, and if I do not set them all on their heads, then make what jest thou wilt of me." "It is enough, good sir," replied Sancho; "I confess I have been a little too jocose: but pray tell me, now that there is peace between us, as God shall bring you out of all the adventures that shall happen to you safe and sound, as he has brought you out of this, was it not a thing to be laughed at, and worth telling, what a fearful taking we were in last night—I mean, that I was in—for I know your worship is a stranger to fear?" "I do not deny," answered Don Quixote, "that what has befallen us may be risible, but it is not proper to be repeated; for all persons have not the sense to see things in the right point of view." "But," answered Sancho, "your worship knew how to point your lance aright when you pointed it at my head, and hit me on the shoulders; thanks be to Heaven and to my own agility in slipping aside. But let that pass: it will out in the bucking: for I have heard say, 'he loves thee well who makes thee weep;' and, besides, your people of condition, when they have given a servant a hard word, presently give him some old hose, though what is usually given after a beating, I cannot tell, unless it be that your knights-errant, after *basinados*, bestow islands, or kingdoms on *terra firma*." "The die may so run," quoth Don Quixote, "that all thou hast said may come to pass: excuse what is done, since thou art considerate; for know that first impulses are not under man's control; and, that thou mayest abstain from talking too much with me henceforth, I apprise thee of one thing, that in all the books of chivalry I ever read, numerous as they are, I recollect no example of a squire who conversed so much with his master as thou dost with thine. And really I account it a great fault both in thee and in myself: in thee, because thou payest me so little respect; in me, that I do not make myself respected more. There was Gandalin, squire to Amadis de Gaul, earl of the Firm Island, of whom we read that he always spoke to his master cap in hand, his head inclined and body bent, in the Turkish fashion. What shall we say of Gasabel, squire to Don Galaor, who was so silent that, to illustrate the excellence of his marvellous taciturnity, his name is mentioned but once in all that great and faithful history? From what I have said, thou mayest infer, Sancho, that there ought to be a difference between master and man, between lord and lacquey, and between knight and squire; so that, from this day forward, we must be treated with more respect; for, howsoever thou mayest excite my anger, 'it will go ill with the pitcher.' The favours and benefits I promised thee will come in due time; and if they do not come, the wages, at least, thou wilt not lose." "Your worship says very well," quoth Sancho; "but I would fain know (if perchance the time of the favours should not come, and it should be necessary to have recourse to the article of the wages) how much might the squire of a knight-errant get in those times? and whether they agreed by the month or by the day, like labourers?" "I do not believe," answered Don Quixote, "that those squires were retained at stated wages, but they relied on courtesy; and if I have appointed thee any, in the will I left sealed at home, it was in case of accidents; for I know not yet how chivalry may succeed in

these calamitous times, and I would not have my soul suffer in the other world for trifles; for I would have thee know, Sancho, that there is no state more perilous than that of adventurers." "It is so, in truth," said Sancho, "since the noise of the hammers of a fulling-mill were sufficient to disturb and discompose the heart of so valorous a knight as your worship. But you may depend upon it that henceforward I shall not open my lips to make merry with your worship's concerns, but shall honour you as my master and natural lord." "By so doing," replied Don Quixote, "thy days shall be long in the land; for next to our parents we are bound to respect our masters."

CHAPTER XXI.

Which treats of the grand adventure and rich prize of Mambrino's helmet, with other things which befel our invincible knight.

ABOUT this time it began to rain a little, and Sancho proposed entering the fulling-mill; but Don Quixote had conceived such an abhorrence of them for the late jest, that he would by no means go in: turning, therefore, to the right hand, they struck into another road, like that they had travelled through the day before. Soon after, Don Quixote discovered a man on horseback, who had on his head something which glittered as if it had been of gold; and scarcely had he seen it when, turning to Sancho, he said, "I am of opinion, Sancho, there is no proverb but what is true, because they are all sentences drawn from experience itself, the mother of all the sciences; especially that which says, 'Where one door is shut another is opened.' I say this because, if fortune last night shut the door against what we sought, deceiving us with the fulling-mills, it now opens wide another, for a better and more certain adventure; in which, if I am deceived, the fault will be mine, without imputing it to my ignorance of fulling-mills, or to the darkness of night. This I say because, if I mistake not, there comes one towards us who carries on his head Mambrino's helmet, concerning which thou mayest remember I swore the oath." "Take care, sir, what you say, and more what you do," said Sancho; "for I would not wish for other fulling-mills, to finish the milling and mashing our senses." "The devil take thee!" replied Don Quixote: "what has a helmet to do with fulling-mills?" "I know not," answered Sancho; "but in faith, if I might talk as much as I used to do, perhaps I could give such reasons that your worship would see you are mistaken in what you say." "How can I be mistaken in what I say, scrupulous traitor?" said Don Quixote. "Tell me, seest thou not yon knight coming towards us on a dapple-grey steed, with a helmet of gold on his head?" "What I see and perceive," answered Sancho, "is only a man on a grey ass like mine, with something on his head that glitters." "Why, that is Mambrino's helmet," said Don Quixote; "retire, and leave me alone to deal with him, and thou shalt see how, in order to save time, I shall conclude this adventure without speaking a word, and the helmet I have so much desired remain my own." "I shall take care to get out of the way," replied Sancho; "but Heaven grant, I say again, it may not prove another fulling-mill adventure." "I have already told thee, Sancho, not to mention those fulling-mills, nor even think of them," said Don Quixote: "if thou dost—I say no more, but I vow to mill thy soul for thee!" Sancho held his peace, fearing lest his master should perform his vow, which had struck him all of a heap.

Now the truth of the matter, concerning the helmet, the steed, anything knight which Don Quixote saw, was this. There were two villages ^{dice of} neighbourhood, one of them so small that it had neither shop nor barber, ^{ld be} the other adjoining to it had both; therefore the barber of the larger serv^{me} also the less, wherein one customer now wanted to be let blood, and another to be shaved; to perform which, the barber was now on his way, carrying with him his brass basin; and it so happened that while upon the road it began to rain, and to save his hat, which was a new one, he clapped the basin on his head, which being lately scoured was seen glittering at the distance of half a league; and he rode on a grey ass, as Sancho had affirmed. Thus Don Quixote took the barber for a knight, his ass for a dapple-grey steed, and his basin for a golden helmet; for whatever he saw was quickly adapted to his knightly extravagances: and when the poor knight drew near, without staying to reason the case with him, he advanced at Rozinante's best speed, and couched his lance, intending to run him through and through: but, when close upon him, without checking the fury of his career, he cried out, "Defend thyself, caitiff! or instantly surrender what is justly my due." The barber, so unexpectedly seeing this phantom advancing upon him, had no other way to avoid the thrust of the lance than to slip down from the ass: and no sooner had he touched the ground than, leaping up nimbler than a roebuck, he scampered over the plain with such speed that the wind could not overtake him. The basin he left on the ground; with which Don Quixote was satisfied, observing that the pagan had acted discreetly, and in imitation of the beaver, which, when closely pursued by the hunters, tears off with his teeth that which it knows by instinct to be the object of pursuit. He ordered Sancho to take up the helmet; who, holding it in his hand, said, "Before Heaven, the basin is a special one, and is well worth a piece of eight, if it is worth a farthing." He then gave it to his master, who immediately placed it upon his head, turning it round in search of the vizzor; but not finding it, he said, "Doubtless the pagan for whom this famous helmet was originally forged must have had a prodigious head—the worst of it is that one half is wanting." When Sancho heard the basin called a helmet, he could not forbear laughing; which, however, he instantly checked on recollecting his master's late choler. "What dost thou laugh at, Sancho?" said Don Quixote. "I am laughing," answered he, "to think what a huge head the pagan had who owned that helmet, which is for all the world just like a barber's basin." "Knowest thou, Sancho, what I conceive to be the case? This famous piece, this enchanted helmet, by some strange accident must have fallen into the possession of one who, ignorant of its true value as a helmet, and seeing it to be of the purest gold, hath inconsiderately melted down the one-half for lucre's sake, and of the other half made this, which, as thou sayest, doth indeed look like a barber's basin: but to me, who know what it really is, its transformation is of no importance, for I will have it so repaired in the first town where there is a smith, that it shall not be surpassed nor even equalled by that which the god of smiths himself made and forged for the god of battles. In the mean time I will wear it as I best can, for something is better than nothing; and it will be sufficient to defend me from stones." "It will so," said Sancho, "if they do not throw them with slings, as they did in the battle of the two armies, when they crossed your worship's chaps, and broke the cruse of that most blessed liquor which made me vomit up my inside." "The loss of that balsam gives me no concern," said Don Quixote; "for knowest thou, Sancho, I have the recipe by heart." "So have I, too," answered Sancho; "but if ever I make or try it again while I live, may I be fixed and rooted to this place. Besides, I do not intend to put myself in the way of requiring it; for I mean to keep myself, with all my five senses, from being wounded, or from wounding

these caly. As to being tossed again in a blanket, I say nothing ; for it is for triſt to prevent ſuch miſhaps ; and if they do come, there is nothing to be perile but wink, hold one's breath, and ſubmit to go whither fortune and the thanket ſhall pleaſe." "Thou art no good Chriſtian, Sancho," ſaid Don Quixote ; " ſince thou doſt not forget an injury once done thee : but know it is inherent in generous and noble minds to diſregard trifles. What leg of thine is lamed, or what rib or head broken, that thou canſt not forget that jeſt ?—for, properly conſidered, it was a mere jeſt and paſtime ; otherwiſe, I ſhould long ago have returned thither, and done more miſchief in revenging thy quarrel than the Greeks did for the rape of Helen, who, had ſhe lived in theſe times, or my Dulcinea in thoſe, would never have been ſo famous for beauty as ſhe is !" and here he heaved a ſigh, and ſent it to the clouds. "Let it paſs, then, for a jeſt," ſaid Sancho, " ſince it is not likely to be revenged in earneſt : but I know of what kind the jeſts and the earneſts were ; and I know alſo they will no more ſlip out of my memory than off my ſhoulders. But, ſetting this aſide, tell me, ſir, what ſhall we do with this dapple-grey ſteed which looks ſo much like a grey aſs, and which that caitiff whom your worſhip overthrew has left behind here, to ſhift for itſelf ? for, by his ſcouring off ſo haſtily, he does not think of ever returning for him ; and, by my beard, the beaſt is a ſpecial one." "It is not my cuſtom," ſaid Don Quixote, "to plunder thoſe whom I overcome, nor is it the uſage of chivalry to take from the vanquiſhed their horſes, and leave them on foot, unleſs the victor had loſt his own in the conflict ; in ſuch a caſe it is lawful to take that of the enemy, as fairly won in battle. Therefore, Sancho, leave this horſe, or aſs, or whatever thou wilt have it to be ; for when we are gone, his owner will return for him." "God knows whether it were beſt for me to take him," replied Sancho, "or at leaſt to exchange him for mine, which, methinks, is not ſo good. Verily, the laws of chivalry are very ſtrict if they do not even allow the ſwooping of one aſs for another ; but I would fain know whether I might exchange furniture, if I were ſo inclined." "I am not very clear as to that point," answered Don Quixote ; "and, being a doubtful caſe, until better information can be had, I think thou mayeſt make the exchange, if thou art in extreme want of them." "So extreme," replied Sancho, "that I could not want them more if they were for my own proper perſon." Thus authorized, he proceeded to an exchange of capariſons, and made his own beaſt three parts in four the better for his new furniture. This done, they brokefaſted on the remains of the plunder from the ſumptermule, and drank of the water belonging to the fulling-mills, but without turning their faces towards them—ſuch was the abhorrence in which they were held, becauſe of the effect they had produced. Being thus reſreſhed and comforted, both in body and mind, they mounted ; and, without determining upon what road to follow, according to the cuſtom of knights-errant, they went on as Roſinante's will directed, which was a guide to his maſter and alſo to Dapple, who always followed, in love and good-fellowſhip, wherever he led the way. They ſoon, however, turned into the great road, which they followed at a venture, without forming any plan.

As they were thus ſauntering on, Sancho ſaid to his maſter : "Sir, will your worſhip be pleaſed to indulge me the liberty of a word or two ; for ſince you impoſed on me that harſh command of ſilence, ſundry things have been rotting in my breaſt, and I have one juſt now at my tongue's end that I would not for anything ſhould miſcarry." "Speak, then," ſaid Don Quixote, "and be brief in thy diſcourſe ; for what is prolix cannot be pleaſing." "I ſay then, ſir," answered Sancho, "that for ſome days paſt I have been conſidering how little is gained by wandering about in queſt of thoſe adventures your worſhip is ſeeking through theſe deſerts and croſsways, where, though you ſhould over-

come and achieve the most perilous, there is nobody to see or know anything of them ; so that they must remain in perpetual oblivion, to the prejudice of your worship's intention and their deserts. And therefore I think it would be more advisable for us, with submission to your better judgment, to serve some emperor or other great prince engaged in war, in whose service your worship may display your valour, great strength, and superior understanding : which being perceived by the lord we serve, he must of course reward each of us according to his merit : nor can you there fail of meeting with somebody to put your worship's exploits in writing, as a perpetual memorial—I say nothing of my own, because they must not exceed the squirely limits ; though, I dare say, if it be the custom in chivalry to pen the deeds of squires, mine will not be forgotten."

"Thou sayest not amiss, Sancho," answered Don Quixote : "but, previous to this, it is necessary for a knight-errant to wander about the world seeking adventures by way of probation ; where, by his achievements, he may acquire such fame and renown that, when he comes to the court of some great monarch, he shall be already known by his works ; and scarcely shall the boys see him enter the gates of the city, when they all follow and surround him, crying aloud, This is the 'knight of the sun,' or of 'the serpent,' or of any other device under which he may have achieved great exploits. 'This is he,' they will say, 'who overthrew the huge giant Brocabruno, of mighty force, in single combat ; he who disenchanted the great Mameluke of Persia from the long enchantment which held him confined almost nine hundred years :' and thus from mouth to mouth they shall go on blazoning his deeds. At length, attracted by the bustle made by the inhabitants, young and old, the king of that country shall appear at the windows of his royal palace ; and, as soon as he espies the knight, whom he will recognise by his armour or by the device on his shield, he will of course say : 'Ho, there ! Go forth, my knights, all that are at court, to receive the flower of chivalry, who is approaching.' At which command they all shall go forth, and the king himself, descending half-way down the great staircase, shall receive him with a close embrace, saluting and kissing him ; then, taking him by the hand, he shall conduct him to the apartment of the queen, where the knight shall find her with the infanta her daughter, who is so beautiful and accomplished a damsel that her equal cannot easily be found in any part of the known world ! It immediately follows that she casts her eyes on the knight, and he his eyes upon hers, each appearing to the other something rather divine than human ; and, without knowing how, or which way, they remain entangled in the inextricable net of love, and are in great perplexity of mind, not knowing how to converse and discover their amorous anguish to each other. He will then, no doubt, be conducted to some quarter of the palace richly furnished, where, having taken off his armour, they will clothe him in a rich scarlet mantle ; and if he looked well in armour he must look still better in ermine. Night being arrived, he shall sup with the king, queen, and infanta ; when he shall never take his eyes off the princess, viewing her by stealth, and she will do the same by him, with equal caution ; for, as I said before, she is a very discreet damsel. The tables being removed, there shall enter unexpectedly at the hall door a little ill-favoured dwarf, followed by a beautiful matron between two giants, with the proposal of a certain adventure, so contrived by a most ancient sage that he who shall accomplish it shall be esteemed the best knight in the world. The king shall immediately command all who are present to prove their skill, and none shall be able to accomplish it but the stranger knight, to the great advantage of his fame ; at which the infanta will be delighted, and esteem herself happy in having placed her thoughts on so exalted an object. Fortunately it happens

that this king, or prince, or whatever he be, is carrying on a bloody war with another monarch as powerful as himself ; and the stranger knight, after having been a few days at court, requests his majesty's permission to serve him in that war. The king shall readily grant his request, and the knight shall most courteously kiss his royal hands for the favour done him. On that night he shall take leave of his lady the infanta at the iron rails of a garden adjoining to her apartment, through which he has already conversed with her several times, by the mediation of a female confidante in whom the infanta greatly trusted. He sighs, she swoons ; the damsel runs for cold water, and is very uneasy at the approach of the morning light, and would by no means her lady should be discovered, for the sake of her lady's honour. The infanta at length comes to herself, and gives her snowy hands to the knight through the rails, who kisses them a thousand and a thousand times over, bedewing them with his tears. They concert together how to communicate to each other their good or ill fortune, and the princess entreats him to be absent as short a time as possible ; which he promises with many oaths : again he kisses her hands, and they part with so much emotion that he is nearly deprived of life. Thence he repairs to his chamber, throws himself on his bed, and cannot sleep for grief at the separation. He rises early in the morning, and goes to take leave of the king, queen, and infanta. Having taken his leave of the two former, he is told the princess is indisposed and cannot admit of a visit. The knight thinks it is for grief at his departure ; his heart is pierced, and he is very near giving manifest indications of his passion. The damsel confidante is present and observes what passes ; she informs her lady, who receives the account with tears, and tells her that her chief concern is that she knows not the name nor country of her knight, and whether he be of royal descent or not : the damsel assures her he is, since so much courtesy, politeness, and valour, as her knight is endowed with cannot exist but in a royal and exalted subject. The afflicted princess is then comforted, and endeavours to compose herself, that she may not give her parents cause of suspicion ; and two days after she again appears in public. The knight is now gone to the war ; he fights, and vanquishes the king's enemy ; takes many cities ; wins several battles ; returns to court ; sees his lady at the usual place of interview ; and it is agreed that he shall demand her in marriage of her father, in recompense of his services. The king does not consent to give her to him, not knowing who he is ; notwithstanding which, either by carrying her off, or by some other means, the infanta becomes his spouse : and her father afterwards finds it to be a piece of the greatest good fortune, having ascertained that the knight is son to a valorous king, of I know not what kingdom, nor is it, perhaps, to be found in the map. The father dies ; the infanta inherits ; and, in two words, the knight becomes a king. Then immediately follows the rewarding of his squire, and all those who assisted in his elevation to so exalted a state. He marries his squire to one of the infanta's maids of honour, who is doubtless the very confidante of his amour, and daughter to one of the chief dukes."

"This is what I would be at, and a clear stage," quoth Sancho ; "this I stick to, for every tittle of this must happen precisely to your worship, being called 'the knight of the sorrowful figure.'" "Doubt it not, Sancho," replied Don Quixote : "for, by those very means and those very steps which I have recounted, knights-errant do rise, and have risen, to be knights and emperors. All that remains to be done is to look out and find what king of the Christians or of the pagans is at war, and has a beautiful daughter—but there is time enough to think of this ; for, as I told thee, we must procure renown elsewhere before we repair to court. Besides, there is yet another difficulty ; for, if a king were found who is at war and has a handsome daughter, and I had

acquired incredible fame throughout the whole universe, I do not see how it can be made appear that I am of the lineage of kings, or even second cousin to an emperor : for the king will not give me his daughter to wife until he is first very well assured that I am such, however my renowned actions might deserve it. Through this defect, therefore, I am afraid I shall lose that which my arm has richly deserved. It is true, indeed, I am a gentleman of an ancient family, possessed of property and a title to the Revenge of the five hundred Sueldos ; * and perhaps the sage who writes my history may throw such light upon my kindred and genealogy that I may be found the fifth or sixth in descent from a king. For thou must know, Sancho, that there are two kinds of lineages in the world. Some there are who derive their pedigree from princes and monarchs, whom time has gradually reduced until they have ended in a point, like a pyramid : others have had a low origin, and have risen by degrees, until they have become great lords. So that the difference is, that some have been what they now are not, and others are now what they were not before ; and who knows but I may be one of the former, and that, upon examination, my origin may be found to have been great and glorious ; with which the king, my future father-in-law, ought to be satisfied ; and, if he should not be satisfied, the infanta is to be so in love with me that, in spite of her father, she is to receive me for her lord and husband, even though she knew me to be the son of a water-carrier ; and, in case she should not, then is the time to take her away by force, and convey her whither I please ; there to remain until time or death put a period to the displeasure of her parents."

"Here," said Sancho, "comes in properly what some naughty people say, 'Never stand begging for that which you have the power to take : ' though this other is nearer to the purpose : 'A leap from a hedge is better than the prayer of a bishop.' I say this, because if my lord the king, your worship's father-in-law, should not vouchsafe to yield unto you my lady the infanta, there is no more to be done, as your worship says, but to steal and carry her off. But the mischief is, that while peace is making, and before you can enjoy the kingdom quietly, the poor squire may go whistle for his reward ; unless the go-between damsel, who is to be his wife, goes off with the infanta, and he shares his misfortune with her, until it shall please Heaven to ordain otherwise ; for I believe his master may immediately give her to him for his lawful spouse." "On that thou mayest rely," said Don Quixote. "Since it is so," answered Sancho, "we have only to commend ourselves to God, and let things take their course." "Heaven grant it," answered Don Quixote, "as I desire and thou needest, and let him be wretched who thinks himself so." "Let him, in God's name," said Sancho ; "for I am an old Christian, and that is enough to qualify me to be an earl." "Ay, and more than enough," said Don Quixote : "and even if thou wert not so, it would be immaterial ; for I, being a king, can easily bestow nobility on thee, without either purchase or service on thy part ; and, in creating thee an earl, thou art a gentleman, of course. And, say what they will, in good faith, they must style thee 'your lordship,' however unwillingly." "Do you think," quoth Sancho, "I should not know how to give authority to the indignity ?" "Dignity, you should say, and not indignity," said his master. "So let it be," answered Sancho Panza. "I say, I should do well enough with it ; for I assure you I was once beadle of a company, and the beadle's gown became me so well, that I had a presence fit to be warden of the same company : what then will it be when I am arrayed in a duke's robe, all shining with gold and

* "The Spaniards of old paid a tribute of five hundred sueldos, or pieces of coin, to the Moors, until they were delivered from this imposition by the gallantry of the gentlemen, or people of rank : from which exploit a Castilian of family used to express the nobility and worth of his extraction by saying he was 'of the revenge of the sueldos.'"—*Smollett*.

pearls, like a foreign count? I am of opinion folks will come a hundred leagues to see me." "Thou wilt make a goodly appearance, indeed," said Don Quixote; "but it will be necessary to trim thy beard a little oftener; for it is so rough and matted that, if thou shavest not every other day at least, what thou art will be seen at the distance of a bow-shot." "Why," said Sancho, "it is but taking a barber into the house, and giving him a salary: and, if there be occasion, I will make him follow me like a gentleman of the horse to a grandee." "How camest thou to know," demanded Don Quixote, "that grandees have their gentlemen of the horse to follow them?" "I will tell you," said Sancho: "some years ago I was near the court for a month, and I often saw a very little gentleman riding about, who, they said, was a very great lord; and behind him I noticed a man on horseback, turzing about as he turned, so that one would have thought he had been his tail. I asked why that man did not ride by the side of the other, but kept always behind him? They answered me that it was his gentleman of the horse, and that it was the custom for noblemen to be followed by them; and from that day to this I have never forgotten it." "Thou art in the right," said Don Quixote, "and in the same manner thou mayest carry about thy barber; for all customs do not arise together, nor were they invented at once; and thou mayest be the first earl who carried about his barber after him: and indeed it is a higher trust to dress the beard than to saddle a horse." "Leave the business of the barber to me," said Sancho: "and let it be your worship's care to become a king, and to make me an earl." "So it shall be," answered Don Quixote; and raising his eyes, he saw—what will be told in the following chapter.

CHAPTER XXII.

How Don Quixote set at liberty several unfortunate persons, who, much against their will, were being conveyed where they had no wish to go.

CID HAMET BEN ENGELI, the Arabian and Manchegan author, relates in this most grave, lofty, accurate, delightful, and ingenious history, that after the conversation which passed between the famous Don Quixote de la Mancha and Sancho Panza his squire, given at the end of the foregoing chapter, Don Quixote raised his eyes, and saw approaching in the same road about a dozen men on foot, strung like beads, by the necks, in a great iron chain, and all handcuffed. There came also with them two men on horseback, and two on foot; those on horseback were armed with firelocks, and those on foot with pikes and swords. As soon as Sancho Panza saw them, he said: "This is a chain of galley-slaves, persons forced by the king to serve in the galleys." "How! forced, do you say?" quoth Don Quixote: "is it possible the king should force anybody?" "I said not so," answered Sancho; "but that they were persons who for their crimes are condemned by law to the galleys, where they are forced to serve the king." "In truth, then," replied Don Quixote, "these people are conveyed by force, and not voluntarily?" "So it is," said Sancho. "Then," said his master, "here the execution of my office begins, which is to defeat violence, and to succour and relieve the wretched." "Consider, sir," quoth Sancho, "that justice—which is the king himself—does no violence to such persons: he only punishes them for their crimes."

By this time the chain of galley-slaves had reached them, and Don Quixote in most courteous terms desired the guard to be pleased to inform him of the cause or causes for which they conducted those persons in that manner. One

of the guards on horseback answered that they were slaves belonging to his majesty, and on their way to the galleys ; which was all he had to say, nor was there anything more to know. "Nevertheless," replied Don Quixote, "I should be glad to be informed, by each of them individually, of the cause of his misfortune." To this he added such courteous expressions, entreating the information he desired, that the other horseman said : "Though we have here the record and certificate of each of these worthies, this is no time to produce and read them. Draw near, sir, and make your inquiry of themselves ; they may inform you, if they please ; and no doubt they will, for they are such as take a pleasure in acting and relating rogueries." With this leave, which Don Quixote would have taken, had it not been given, he went up to them, and demanded of the first for what offence he marched in such evil plight ? He answered that it was for being in love. "For that alone ?" replied Don Quixote ; "if people are sent to the galleys for being in love, I might long since have been rowing in them myself." "It was not such love as your worship imagines," said the galley-slave. "Mine was a strong affection for a basket of fine linen, which I embraced so closely, that, if justice had not taken it from me by force, I should not have parted with it by my own good-will even to this present day. I was taken in the fact, so there was no opportunity for the torture : the process was short ; they accommodated my shoulders with a hundred lashes, and as a further kindness, have sent me for three years to the Gurapas, and there is an end of it." "What are the Gurapas ?" quoth Don Quixote. "The Gurapas are galleys," answered the convict, who was a young man about twenty-four years of age, born, as he said, at Piedrahita. Don Quixote put the same question to the second, who returned no answer, he was so melancholy and dejected ; but the first answered for him, and said : "This gentleman goes for being a canary-bird—I mean, for being a musician and a singer." "How so ?" replied Don Quixote ; "are men sent to the galleys for being musicians and singers ?" "Yes sir," replied the slave ; "for there is nothing worse than to sing in an agony." "Nay," said Don Quixote, "I have heard say, 'Who sings in grief, procures relief.'" "This is the very reverse," said the slave ; "for here, he who sings once, weeps all his life after." "I do not understand that," said Don Quixote. One of the guards said to him : "Signor cavalier, to sing in an agony means, in the cant of these rogues, to confess upon the rack. This offender was put to the torture, and confessed his crime, which was that of being a Quatrero, that is, a stealer of cattle ; and because he confessed, he is sentenced for six years to the galleys, besides two hundred lashes he has already received on the shoulders. He is always pensive and sad, because all the other rogues abuse, vilify, flout, and despise him for confessing, and not having had the courage to say No ; for, say they, No does not contain more letters than Aye ; and think it lucky, when it so happens that a man's life or death depends upon his own tongue, and not upon proofs and witnesses ; and, for my part, I think they are in the right." "And so I think," answered Don Quixote : who, passing on to the third, interrogated him as he had done the others. He answered very readily, and with much indifference, "I am also going to their ladyships the Gurapas for five years, merely for want of ten ducats." "I will give twenty with all my heart," said Don Quixote, "to redeem you from this misery." "That," said the convict, "is like having money at sea, where, though dying with hunger, nothing can be bought with it. I say this, because if I had been possessed in time of those twenty ducats you now offer me, I would have so greased the clerk's pen and sharpened my advocate's wit, that I would have been this day upon the market-place of Zocodover, in Toledo ; and not upon this road, coupled and dragged like a hound : but God is great ; patience and—that is enough."

Don Quixote passed on to the fourth, who was a man of venerable aspect, with a white beard reaching below his breast; who, being asked the cause of his coming, began to weep, and answered not a word; but the fifth lent him a tongue, and said, "This honest gentleman goes for four years to the galleys, after having appeared in the usual procession, pompously apparelled and mounted."* "That is, I suppose," said Sancho, "put to public shame?" "Right," replied the slave; "and the offence for which he suffered this punishment was his having been a broker of the ear, yea, and even of the whole body. In fact, I mean to say that this gentleman goes for pimping, and exercising the trade of a conjuror." "Had it been merely for pimping," said Don Quixote, "he had deserved not to row, but to be commander of the galleys; for the office of pimp is no light concern, but an avocation requiring discretion, and very necessary in a well-regulated commonwealth. None but such as are well-born ought to exercise it; in truth, it should have its inspectors and comptrollers, as there are of other offices, limited to a certain appointed number, like exchange-brokers; by which means many evils would be prevented, which now happen because this office is performed only by foolish and ignorant persons; such as silly waiting-women, pages, and buffoons, without age or experience, who, in the greatest exigency, and when there is occasion for the utmost address, suffer the morsel to freeze between the fingers and the mouth, and scarce know which is their right hand. I could go on, and assign the reasons why it would be expedient to make a proper choice in filling an office of such importance to the state; but this is not the place for it. I may, one day or other, lay this matter before those who can provide a remedy. At present I only say that the concern I felt at seeing those grey hairs and that venerable countenance in so much distress for pimping, is entirely removed by his additional character of a wizard; though I well know there are no sorceries in the world which can effect and force the will, as some foolish people imagine; for our will is free, and no herb nor charm can compel it: though some silly women and crafty knaves are wont, by certain mixtures and poisons, to turn the brain, under the pretence that they have power to excite love; but, as I said before, it is impossible to force the will." "Very true," said the old man; "and, indeed, sir, as to being a wizard I am not guilty; as for being a pimp, I cannot deny it: but I never thought there was any harm in it, for all my intention was that the world should divert themselves, and live in peace and quiet without quarrels or troubles. But, alas! these good motives could not save me from going whence I have no hope of returning, burdened as I am with years, and so troubled with an affliction which leaves me not a moment's repose." Here he began to weep as before; and Sancho was so moved with compassion, that he drew from his bosom a real, and gave it to him in charity.

Don Quixote went on, and demanded of another what his offence was, who answered, not with less, but much more, alacrity than the former: "I am going for making a little too free with two she cousins-german of mine, and with two other cousins-german not mine. In short, I carried the jest so far with them all that the result of it was the increasing of kindred so intricately that no casuist can make it out. The whole was proved upon me, and I had neither friends nor money; my windpipe was in the utmost danger; I was sentenced to the galleys for six years. I submit—it is the punishment of my fault. I am young; life may last, and time brings everything about. If your worship has anything about you to relieve us poor wretches, God will repay you in heaven, and we

* Such malefactors as in England were formerly set in the pillory, in Spain were carried about in a particular habit, mounted on an ass, with their face to the tail; the crier going before and proclaiming their crime.

will make it the business of our prayers to beseech Him that your worship's life and health may be as long and prosperous as your goodly presence deserves." This convict was in the habit of a student; and one of the guards said he was a great speaker and a very pretty scholar.

Behind all these came a man about thirty years of age, of a goodly aspect, only that his eyes looked at each other. He was bound somewhat differently from the rest, for he had a chain to his leg, so long that it was fastened round his middle, and two collars about his neck, one of which was fastened to the chain, and the other, called a keep-friend, or friend's foot, had two straight irons which came down from it to his waist, at the ends of which were fixed two manacles, wherein his hands were secured with a huge padlock; insomuch that he could neither lift his hands to his mouth, nor bend down his head to his hands. Don Quixote asked why this man was fettered so much more than the rest. The guard answered, because he alone had committed more crimes than all the rest together; and that he was so bold and desperate a villain that, although shackled in that manner, they were not secure of him, but were still afraid he would make his escape. "What kind of villanies has he committed," said Don Quixote, "that have deserved no greater punishment than being sent to the galleys?" "He goes for ten years," said the guard, "which is a kind of civil death. You need only to be told that this honest gentleman is the famous Gines de Passamonte, *alias* Ginesillo de Parapilla." "Fair and softly, signor commissary," interrupted the slave: "let us not now be spinning out names and surnames. Gines is my name, and not Ginesillo; and Passamonte is the name of my family, and not Parapilla, as you say. Let every one turn himself round, and look at home, and he will find enough to do." "Speak with less insolence, sir thief-above-measure," replied the commissary, "unless you would oblige me to silence you to your sorrow." "You may see," answered the slave, "that man goeth as God pleaseth: but somebody may learn one day whether my name is Ginesillo de Parapilla, or no." "Are you not so called, lying rascal?" said the guard. "Yes," answered Gines; "but I will make them cease calling me so, or I will flay them where I care not at present to say. Signor cavalier," continued he, "if you have anything to give us, let us have it now, and Heaven be with you, for you tire us with inquiring so much after other men's lives. If you would know mine, I am Gines de Passamonte, whose life is written by these very fingers." "He says true," said the commissary; "for he himself has written his own history as well as heart could wish, and has left the book in prison pawned for two hundred reals." "Ay, and I intend to redeem it," said Gines, "if it lay for two hundred ducats." "What! is it so good?" said Don Quixote. "So good," answered Gines, "that woe be to Lazarillo de Tormes, and to all that have written or shall write in that way. What I can affirm is that it relates truths, and truths so ingenious and entertaining that no fictions can equal them." "What is the title of your book?" demanded Don Quixote. "The Life of Gines de Passamonte," replied Gines himself. "And is it finished?" quoth Don Quixote. "How can it be finished," answered he, "since my life is not yet finished? What is written relates everything from my cradle to the moment of being sent this last time to the galleys." "Then you have been there before?" said Don Quixote. "Four years, the other time," replied Gines, "to serve God and the king; and I know already the relish of the biscuit and lash: nor does it grieve me much to go to them again, since I shall there have an opportunity of finishing my book; for I have a great many things to say, and in the galleys of Spain there is leisure enough; though I shall not want much for what I have to write, because I have it by heart." "You seem to be an ingenious fellow," said Don Quixote. "And an unfortunate one," answered Gines: "but misfortunes always perse-

cute genius." "Persecute villany," said the commissary. "I have already desired you, Signor Commissary," answered Passamonte, "to go fair and softly; for your superiors did not give you that staff to misuse us poor wretches here, but to conduct us whither his Majesty commands. Now by the life of — I say no more; but the spots which were contracted in the inn may perhaps one day come out in the bucking; and let every one hold his tongue, live well, and speak better. Now let us march on, for we have had enough of this."

The commissary lifted up his staff to strike Passamonte, in return for his threats; but Don Quixote interposed, and desired that he would not ill-treat him, since it was but fair that he who had his hands so tied up should have his tongue a little at liberty. Then turning about to the whole string, he said: "From all you have told me, dearest brethren! I clearly gather that, although it be only the punishment of your crimes, you do not much relish what you are to suffer, and that you go to it with ill-will, and much against your inclination; and that, probably, the pusillanimity of him who was put to the torture, this man's want of money, and the other's want of friends, and, in short, the biassed sentence of the judge, may have been the cause of your not meeting with that justice to which you have a right. Now this being the case, as I am strongly persuaded it is, my mind prompts and even compels me to manifest in you the purpose for which Heaven cast me into the world, and ordained me to profess the order of chivalry, which I do profess, and the vow I thereby made to succour the needy, and those oppressed by the powerful. Conscious, however, that it is the part of prudence not to do by force that which may be done by fair means, I will entreat these gentlemen, your guard and the commissary, that they will be pleased to loose and let you go in peace, since there are people enough to serve the king from better motives; for it seems to me a hard case to make slaves of those whom God and nature made free. Besides, gentlemen guards," added Don Quixote, "these poor men have committed no offence against you: let every one answer for his sins in the other world: there is a God in heaven who fails not to chastise the wicked, and to reward the good; neither doth it become honourable men to be the executioners of others, when they have no interest in the matter. I request this of you in a calm and gentle manner, that I may have cause to thank you for your compliance; but, if you do it not willingly, this lance and this sword, with the vigour of my arm, shall compel you to it." "This is pleasant fooling," answered the commissary. "An admirable conceit he has hit upon at last! He would have us let the king's prisoners go—as if we had authority to set them free, or he to command us to do it! Go on your way, signor, and adjust the basin on your noddle, and do not go feeling about for three legs to a cat." "You are a cat, and a rat, and a rascal to boot!" answered Don Quixote: and thereupon, with a word and a blow, he attacked him so suddenly, that, before he could stand upon his defence, he threw him to the ground, much wounded with a thrust of the lance; and it happened, luckily for Don Quixote, that this was one of the two who carried firelocks. The rest of the guards were astonished and confounded at the unexpected encounter; but, recovering themselves, he on horseback drew his sword, and those on foot took their javelins, and advanced upon Don Quixote, who waited for them with much calmness; and doubtless it had gone ill with him if the galley-slaves had not seized the opportunity now offered to them of recovering their liberty, by breaking the chain by which they were linked together. The confusion was such that the guards, now endeavouring to prevent the slaves from getting loose, and now engaging with Don Quixote, did nothing to any purpose. Sancho, for his part, assisted in releasing Gines de Passamonte, who was the first that leaped free and unfettered upon the plain;

and, attacking the fallen commissary, he took away his sword and his gun, which, by levelling first at one and then at another, without discharging it, he cleared the field of all the guard, who fled no less from Passamonte's gun than from the shower of stones which the slaves, now at liberty, poured upon them.

Sancho was much grieved at what had happened, from an apprehension that the fugitives would give notice of the fact to the holy brotherhood, who, upon ring of bell, would sally out in quest of the delinquents. These fears he communicated to his master, and begged of him to be gone immediately, and take shelter among the trees and rocks of the neighbouring mountain. "It is well," said Don Quixote; "but I know what is the first expedient to be done." Then, having called all the slaves together, who were in disorder, after having stripped the commissary to his buff, they gathered around him to know his pleasure; when he thus addressed them: "To be grateful for benefits received is natural to persons well born; and one of the sins which most offendeth God is ingratitude. This I say, gentlemen, because you already know, by manifest experience, the benefit you have received at my hands; in return for which, it is my desire that, bearing with you this chain, which I have taken from your necks, you immediately go to the city of Toboso, and there present yourselves before the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, and tell her that her knight of the sorrowful figure sends you to present his service to her; and recount to her every circumstance of this memorable adventure, to the point of restoring you to your wished-for liberty: this done, you may go wherever good fortune may lead you."

Gines de Passamonte answered for them all, and said: "What your worship commands us, noble sir, and our deliverer, is of all impossibilities the most impossible to be complied with: for we dare not be seen together on the road, but must go separate, each man by himself, and endeavour to hide ourselves in the very bowels of the earth from the holy brotherhood, who will doubtless be out in quest of us. What your worship may and ought to do is to change this service and duty to the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso into a certain number of Ave Marias and Credos, which we will say for your worship's success; and this is what we may do, by day or by night, flying or reposing, in peace or in war; but to think that we will now return to our chains, and put ourselves on our way to Toboso, is to imagine it already night, whereas it is not yet ten o'clock in the morning: and to expect this from us is to expect pears from an elm-tree." "I vow, then!" quoth Don Quixote, in a rage, "Don son of a strumpet, Don Ginesillo de Parapilla, or whatever you call yourself, that you alone shall go with your tail between your legs, and the whole chain upon your back!" Passamonte, who was not over passive, seeing himself thus treated, and being aware that Don Quixote, from what he had just done, was not in his right senses, gave a signal to his comrades, upon which they all retired a few paces, and then began to rain such a shower of stones upon Don Quixote, that he could not contrive to cover himself with his buckler; and poor Rozinante cared no more for the spur than if he had been made of brass. Sancho got behind his ass, and thereby sheltered himself from the hailstorm that poured upon them both. Don Quixote could not screen himself sufficiently to avoid I know not how many stones that came against him with such force that they brought him to the ground; when the student instantly fell upon him, and, taking the basin from off his head, gave him three or four blows with it over the shoulders, and then struck it as often against the ground, whereby he almost broke it to pieces; they stripped him of a jacket he wore over his armour, and would have taken his trousers too, if the greaves had not hindered them. They took Sancho's cloak, leaving him stripped; and after dividing the spoils of the battle, they made the best of their way off, each taking a different course: more solicitous to escape the holy

brotherhood, than to drag their chain to Toboso, and present themselves before the Lady Dulcinea.

The ass and Rozinante, Sancho and Don Quixote, remained by themselves : the ass hanging his head, and pensive, and now and then shaking his ears, thinking that the storm of stones was not yet over, and still whizzing about his head ; Rozinante having been brought to the ground, lay stretched by his master's side ; Sancho stripped, and troubled with apprehensions of the holy brotherhood ; and Don Quixote much chagrined at being so maltreated by those on whom he had conferred so great a benefit.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Of what befel the renowned Don Quixote in the Sierra Morena, being one of the most uncommon adventures related in this faithful history.*

DON QUIXOTE finding himself thus ill-requited, said to his squire :—“ Sancho, I have always heard it said that to do good to the vulgar is to throw water into the sea. Had I believed what you said to me, I might have prevented this trouble ; but it is done—I must have patience, and henceforth take warning.” “ Your worship will as much take warning,” answered Sancho, “ as I am a Turk : but since you say that, if you had believed me, the mischief would have been prevented, believe me now, and you will avoid what is still worse ; for, let me tell you, there is no putting off the holy brotherhood with chivalries ; they do not care two farthings for all the knights-errant in the world ; and I fancy already that I hear their arrows whizzing about my ears.” “ Thou art naturally a coward, Sancho,” said Don Quixote : “ but, that thou mayest not say that I am obstinate, and that I never do what thou advisest, I will for once take thy counsel, and retire from that fury of which thou art so much in fear ; but upon this one condition—that, neither living nor dying, thou shalt ever say that I retired and withdrew myself from this peril out of fear, but that I did it out of mere compliance with thy entreaties. If thou sayest otherwise, it is a lie ; and, from this time to that, and from that time to this, I tell thee thou liest, and wilt lie, every time thou shalt either say or think it. Reply not, for the bare thought of withdrawing and retreating from any danger, and especially from this, which seems to carry some appearance of danger with it, inclines me to remain here and expect alone not that holy brotherhood only, of whom thou speakest, but the brothers of the twelve tribes of Israel, and the seven Maccabees, and Castor and Pollux, and even all the brothers and brotherhoods in the world.” “ Sir,” answered Sancho, “ retreating is not running away, nor is staying wisdom when the danger overbalances the hope ; and it is the part of wise men to secure themselves to-day for to-morrow, and not to venture all upon one throw. And know that, although I am but a clown and a peasant, I yet have some smattering of what is called good conduct ; therefore repent not of having taken my advice, but get upon Rozinante if you can, if not I will assist you, and follow me ; for my noddle tells me that for the present we have more need of heels than hands.” Don Quixote mounted without replying a word more ; and, Sancho leading the way upon his ass, they entered on one side of the Sierra Morena, which was near ; and it was Sancho's intention to pass through it, and get out at Viso or

* A mountain or rather chain of mountains, dividing the kingdom of Castile from the province of Andalusia.

Almodovar del Campo, and there hide themselves for some days among those craggy rocks in case the holy brotherhood should come in search of them. He was encouraged to this, by finding that the provisions carried by his ass had escaped safe from the skirmish with the galley-slaves, which he looked upon as a miracle, considering what the slaves took away, and how narrowly they searched.

That night they got into the heart of the Sierra Morena, where Sancho thought it would be well to pass the remainder of the night, if not some days; or at least as long as their provisions lasted. Accordingly there they took up their lodging, under the shelter of rocks overgrown with cork-trees. But destiny, which, according to the opinion of those who have not the light of the true faith, guides and disposes all things its own way, so ordered it that Gines de Passamonte, the famous cheat and robber (whom the valour and phrenzy of Don Quixote had delivered from the chain), being justly afraid of the holy brotherhood, took it into his head to hide himself among those very mountains; and in the very place where, by the same impulse, Don Quixote and Sancho Panza had taken refuge; arriving just in time to distinguish who they were, although they had fallen asleep. Now, as the wicked are always ungrateful, and necessity urges desperate measures, and present convenience overbalances every consideration of the future, Gines, who had neither gratitude nor good-nature, resolved to steal Sancho Panza's ass; not caring for Rozinante, as a thing neither pawnable nor saleable. Sancho Panza slept; the varlet stole his ass; and before dawn of day was too far off to be recovered.

Aurora issued forth, giving joy to the earth, but grief to Sancho Panza, who, when he missed his Dapple, began to utter the most doleful lamentations, insomuch that Don Quixote awakened at his cries, and heard him say:—"O child of my bowels, born in my house, the joy of my children, the entertainment of my wife, the envy of my neighbours, the relief of my burdens, lastly, the half of my maintenance!—for with the six and twenty maravedis which I have earned every day by thy means, have I half supported my family!" Don Quixote, on learning the cause of these lamentations, comforted Sancho in the best manner he could, and desired him to have patience, promising to give him a bill of exchange for three asses out of five which he had left at home. Sancho, comforted by this promise, wiped away his tears, moderated his sighs, and thanked his master for the kindness he showed him.

Don Quixote's heart gladdened upon entering among the mountains, being the kind of situation he thought likely to furnish those adventures he was in quest of. They recalled to his memory the marvellous events which had befallen knights-errant in such solitudes and deserts. He went on meditating on these things, and his mind was so absorbed in them that he thought of nothing else. Nor had Sancho any other concern, now that he thought himself out of danger, than to appease his hunger with what remained of the clerical spoils; and thus sitting sideways, as women do, upon his beast,* he jogged after his master, appeasing his hunger while emptying the bag: and while so employed he would not have given two maravedis for the rarest adventure that could have happened.

While thus engaged, he raised his eyes, and observed that his master, who had stopped, was endeavouring with the point of his lance to raise something

* It appears that Cervantes added subsequently in this chapter, and after he had already written the two following ones, the theft of Sancho's ass by Gines de Passamonte. In the first edition of *Don Quixote* he continued, after the relation of the theft, to speak of the ass as though it had not ceased to be in Sancho's possession, and said in this place:—"Sancho followed his master, sitting sideways on his ass." In the second edition, he corrected this inadvertence, but incompletely, and allowed it to remain in several places. The Spaniards have religiously preserved his text, even to the contradictions made by his partial correction.

that lay upon the ground : upon which he hastened to assist him, if necessary, and came up to him just as he had turned over with his lance a saddle-cushion and a portmanteau fastened to it, half, or rather quite, rotten and torn, but so heavy that Sancho was forced to alight in order to take it up. His master ordered him to examine it. Sancho very readily obeyed, and although the portmanteau was secured with its chain and padlock, he could see through the chasms what it contained ; which was, four fine Holland shirts, and other linen, no less curious than clean ; and, in a handkerchief, he found a quantity of gold crowns, which he no sooner spied than he exclaimed : "Blessed be Heaven, which has presented us with one profitable adventure !" And, searching further, he found a little pocket-book, richly bound ; which Don Quixote desired to have, bidding him take the money and keep it for himself. Sancho kissed his hands for the favour ; and taking the linen out of the portmanteau, he put it in the provender-bag. All this was perceived by Don Quixote, who said : "I am of opinion, Sancho (nor can it possibly be otherwise), that some traveller must have lost his way in these mountains, and fallen into the hands of robbers, who have killed him, and brought him to this remote part to bury him." "It cannot be so," answered Sancho ; "for had they been robbers, they would not have left this money here." "Thou art in the right," said Don Quixote, "and I cannot conjecture what it should be : but stay, let us see whether this pocket-book has anything written in it that may lead to a discovery." He opened it, and the first thing he found was a rough copy of verses, and, being legible, he read aloud, that Sancho might hear it, the following sonnet :—

Know'st thou, O love, the pangs that I sustain,
Or, cruel, dost thou view those pangs unmov'd ?
Or has some hidden cause its influence proved,
By all this sad variety of pain ?

Love is a god, then surely he must know,
And knowing, pity wretchedness like mine ;
From other hands proceeds the fatal blow—
Is then the deed, unpitying Chloe, thine ?

Ah, no ! a form so exquisitely fair
A soul so merciless can ne'er enclose.
From Heaven's high will my fate resistless flows,
And I, submissive, must its vengeance bear.
Nought but a miracle my life can save,
And snatch its destined victim from the grave.

"From these verses," quoth Sancho, "nothing can be collected, unless from the clue there given you can come at the whole bottom." "What clue is here ?" said Don Quixote. "I thought," said Sancho, "your worship made a clue." "No, I said Chloe," answered Don Quixote ; "and doubtless that is the name of the lady of whom the author of this sonnet complains ; and, in faith, either he is a tolerable poet, or I know but little of the art." "So then," said Sancho, "your worship understands making verses too !" "Yes, and better than thou thinkest," answered Don Quixote ; "and so thou shalt see, when thou bearest a letter to my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, written in verses from beginning to end ; for know, Sancho, that all or most of the knights-errant of times past were great poets and great musicians ; these two accomplishments, or rather graces, being annexed to lovers-errant. True it is that the couplets of former knights have more of passion than elegance in them." "Pray, sir, read on farther," said Sancho : "perhaps you may find something to satisfy us." Don Quixote

turned over the leaf, and said : " This is in prose, and seems to be a letter." " A letter of business, sir?" demanded Sancho. " By the beginning, it seems rather to be one of love," answered Don Quixote. " Then pray, sir, read it aloud," said Sancho ; " for I mightily relish these love-matters." " With all my heart," said Don Quixote ; and reading aloud, as Sancho desired, he found it to this effect :

" Thy broken faith, and my certain misery, drives me to a place whence thou wilt sooner hear the news of my death than the cause of my complaint. Thou hast renounced me, O ungrateful maid, for one of larger possessions, but not of more worth than myself. If virtue were a treasure now in esteem, I should have no reason to envy the good fortune of others, nor to bewail my own wretchedness. What thy beauty excited, thy conduct has erased : by the former I thought thee an angel, by the latter I know thou art a woman. Peace be to thee, fair cause of my disquiet ! and may Heaven grant that the perfidy of thy consort remain for ever unknown to thee, that thou mayest not repent of what thou hast done, and afford me that revenge which I do not desire."

The letter being read, Don Quixote said : " We can gather little more from this than from the verses. It is evident, however, that the writer of them is some slighted lover." Then, turning over other parts of the book, he found other verses and letters, some of which were legible, and some not ; but the purport was the same in all—their sole contents being reproaches, lamentations, suspicions, desires, dislikings, favours and slights, interspersed with rapturous praises and mournful complaints. While Don Quixote was examining the book, Sancho examined the portmanteau, without leaving a corner either in that or in the saddle-cushion which he did not examine, scrutinise, and look into, nor seam which he did not rip, nor lock of wool which he did not pick—that nothing might be lost from want of diligence, or through carelessness—such was the cupidity excited in him by the discovery of this golden treasure, consisting of more than a hundred crowns ! And, although he could find no more, he thought himself abundantly rewarded by those already in his possession for the tossings in the blanket, the vomitings of the balsam, the benedictions of the pack-staves, the cuffs of the carrier, the loss of the wallet, and the theft of his cloak ; together with all the hunger, thirst, and fatigue he had suffered in his good master's service.

The knight of the sorrowful figure was extremely desirous to know who was the owner of the portmanteau ; for he concluded, from the sonnet and the letter, by the money in gold, and by the fineness of the linen, that it must doubtless belong to some lover of condition, whom the disdain and ill-treatment of his mistress had reduced to despair ; but, as no information could be expected in that rugged and uninhabitable place, he had only to proceed forward, taking whatever road Rozinante pleased (who invariably gave preference to that which he found the most passable), and still thinking that amongst the rocks he should certainly meet with some strange adventure.

As he went onwards impressed with this idea, he espied, on the top of a rising ground not far from him, a man springing from rock to rock with extraordinary agility. He seemed to be almost naked, his beard black and bushy, his hair long and tangled, his legs and feet bare ; he had on breeches of sad-coloured velvet, but so ragged as scarcely to cover him : all which particulars, though he passed swiftly by, were observed by the knight. He endeavoured, but in vain, to follow him ; for it was not given to Rozinante's feebleness to make way over those craggy places, especially as he was naturally slow-footed and phlegmatic. Don Quixote immediately conceived that this must be the owner of the saddle-cushion and portmanteau, and resolved therefore to go in

search of him, even though it should prove a twelvemonth's labour, in that wild region. He immediately commanded Sancho to cut short over one side of the mountain, while he skirted the other; as they might possibly by this expedition find the man who had so suddenly vanished from their sight. "I cannot do it," answered Sancho; "for the moment I offer to stir from your worship fear is upon me, assailing me with a thousand kind of terrors and apparitions; and let this serve to advertise you that henceforward I depart not a finger's breadth from your presence." "Be it so," said he of the sorrowful figure; "and I am well pleased that thou shouldst rely upon my courage, which shall never fail thee, though the very soul in thy body should desert thee. Follow me, therefore, step by step, or as thou canst, and make lanterns of thine eyes; we will go round this craggy hill, and perhaps we may encounter the man we saw, who, doubtless, is the owner of what we have found." To which Sancho replied: "It would be much more prudent not to look after him: for if we should find him, and he, perchance, proves to be the owner of the money, it is plain I must restore it: and, therefore, it would be better, without this unnecessary diligence, to preserve it faithfully, until, by some way less curious and officious, its true owner shall be found; by which time, perhaps, I may have spent it, and then I am free by law." "Therein thou art mistaken, Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "for, since we have a vehement suspicion of who is the right owner, it is our duty to seek him, and to return it; otherwise that suspicion makes us no less guilty than if he really were so. Do not then repine, friend Sancho, at this search, considering how much I shall be relieved by finding him." Then he pricked Rozinante on, and Sancho followed; when, having gone round part of the mountain, they found a dead mule lying in a brook, saddled and bridled, and half-devoured by dogs and crows; which confirmed them in the opinion that he who fled from them was owner both of the mule and the bundle.

While they stood looking at the mule, they heard a whistle like that of a shepherd tending his flock; and presently, on their left appeared a number of goats, and behind them, higher up on the mountain, an old man, being the goatherd that kept them. Don Quixote called to him aloud, and beckoned him to come down to them. He as loudly answered, inquiring what had brought them to that desolate place, seldom or never trodden unless by the feet of goats, wolves, or other beasts that frequented those mountains? Sancho promised, in reply, that if he would come down, they would satisfy him in everything. The goatherd descended, and coming to the place where Don Quixote stood, he said: "I suppose, gentlemen, you are looking at the dead mule? In truth, it has now lain there these six months. Pray tell me, have you met with his master hereabouts?" "We have met with nothing," answered Don Quixote, "but a saddle-cushion and a small portmanteau, which we found not far hence." "I found it, too," answered the goatherd, "but would by no means take it up, nor come near it, for fear of some mischief, and of being charged with theft: for the devil is subtle, and lays stumbling-blocks in our way, over which we fall without knowing how." "So say I," answered Sancho; "for I also found it, and would not go within a stone's throw of it: there I left it, and there it may lie for me: for I will not have a dog with a bell." "Tell me, honest man," said Don Quixote, "do you know who is the owner of these goods?" "What I know," said the goatherd, "is that six months ago, more or less, there came to a shepherd's hut, about three leagues from this place, a genteel and comely youth, mounted on the very mule which lies dead there, and with the same saddle-cushion and portmanteau that you say you found and touched not. He inquired of us which part of these mountains was the most rude and unfrequented. We told him it was here where we now are; and so it is truly, for if you were to go on about half a league farther, perhaps you would never find

the way out: and I wonder how you could get even hither, since there is no road nor path to lead you to it. The youth then, I say, hearing our answer, turned about his mule and made towards the part we pointed out, leaving us all pleased with his goodly appearance, and wondering at his question and the haste he made to reach the mountain. From that time we saw him not again until some days after, when he issued out upon one of our shepherds, and, without saying a word, struck him and immediately fell upon our sumpter-ass, which he plundered of our bread and cheese, and then fled again to the rocks with wonderful swiftness. Some of us goatherds after this sought for him nearly two days through the most intricate part of these mountains, and at last found him lying in the hollow of a large cork-tree. He came out to us with much gentleness, his garments torn, and his face so disfigured and scorched by the sun, that we should scarcely have known him, but that his clothes, ragged as they were, convinced us he was the person we were in search after. He saluted us courteously, and in few but civil words bade us not be surprised to see him in that condition, which was necessary in order to perform a certain penance enjoined him for his manifold sins. We entreated him to tell us who he was, but could get no more from him. We also desired him to inform us where he might be found: because when he stood in need of food, without which he could not subsist, we would willingly bring some to him; and, if this did not please him, we begged that at least he would come and ask for it, and not take it away from the shepherds by force. He thanked us for our offers, begged pardon for his past violence, and promised thenceforth to ask it for God's sake, without molesting anybody. As to the place of his abode, he said he had no other than that which chance presented him wherever the night overtook him; and he ended his discourse with so many tears, that we who heard him must have been very stones not to have wept with him, considering what he was when we first saw him, and what he now appeared: for, as I before said, he was a very comely and graceful youth, and by his courteous behaviour showed himself to be well-born; which was evident even to country-people like us. Suddenly he was silent, and, fixing his eyes on the ground, he remained in that posture for a long time, whilst we stood still in suspense, waiting to see what would be the end of his trance: for by his motionless position, and the furious look of his eyes, frowning and biting his lips, we judged that his mad fit was coming on; and indeed our suspicions were quickly confirmed, for he suddenly darted forward, and fell with great fury upon one that stood next him, whom he bit and struck with so much violence that, if we had not released him, he would have taken away his life. In the midst of his rage he frequently called out, 'Ah, traitor Fernando! now shalt thou pay for the wrong thou hast done me; these hands shall tear out that heart, the dark dwelling of deceit and villany!' and to these added other expressions, all pointed at the same Fernando, and charging him with falsehood and treachery. We disengaged our companions from him at last, with no small difficulty; upon which he suddenly left us, and plunged into a thicket so entangled with bushes and briars that it was impossible to follow him. By this we guessed that his madness returned by fits, and that some person whose name is Fernando must have done him some injury of so grievous a nature as to reduce him to the wretched condition in which he appeared. And in that we have since been confirmed, as he has frequently come out into the road, sometimes begging food of the shepherds, and at other times taking it from them by force: for when the mad fit is upon him, though the shepherds offer it freely, he will not take it without coming to blows; but, when he is in his senses, he asks it with courtesy and receives it with thanks, and even with tears. In truth, gentlemen, I must tell you," continued the goatherd, "that yesterday I and four young men, two of them my servants and

two my friends, resolved to go in search of him, and, having found him, either by persuasion or force carry him to the town of Almodovar, which is eight leagues off, there to get him cured, if his distemper be curable; or at least to learn who he is, and whether he has any relations to whom we may give notice of his misfortune. This, gentlemen, is all I can tell you, in answer to your inquiry; by which you may understand that the owner of the goods you found is the same wretched person who passed you so quickly;”—for Don Quixote had told him that he had seen a man leaping about the rocks.

Don Quixote was surprised at what he heard from the goatherd; and, being now still more desirous of knowing who the unfortunate madman was, he renewed his determination to search every part of the mountain, leaving neither corner nor cave unexplored until he should find him. But fortune managed better for him than he expected; for at that very instant the same youth appeared descending towards them, and muttering to himself something which was not intelligible. The rags he wore were such as have been described: but, as he drew near, Don Quixote perceived that his buff doublet, though torn to pieces, still retained the perfume of amber, whence he concluded that he could not possibly be of low condition. When the young man came up to them, he saluted them in a harsh and untuned voice, but with a civil air. Don Quixote politely returned the salute, and alighting from Rozinante, with graceful demeanour and address, advanced to embrace him, and held him a considerable time clasped within his arms, as if they had been long acquainted. The other, whom we may truly call the tattered knight of the woeful, as Don Quixote was of the sorrowful, figure, having suffered himself to be embraced, drew back a little, and, laying his hands on Don Quixote's shoulder, stood contemplating him, as if to ascertain whether he knew him; and perhaps no less surprised at the aspect, demeanour, and habiliments of the knight than was Don Quixote at the sight of him. In short, the first who broke silence after this prelude was the “ragged knight;” and what he said shall be told in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A continuation of the adventure in the Sierra Morena.

THE history informs us that great was the attention wherewith Don Quixote listened to the “tattered knight” of the mountain, who thus addressed himself to the knight: “Assuredly, signor, whoever you are, for I do not know you, I am obliged to you for the courtesy you have manifested towards me; and I wish it were in my power to serve you with more than my goodwill, which is all that my fate allows me to offer in return for your civility.” “So great is my desire to do you service,” answered Don Quixote, “that I had determined not to quit these mountains until I found you and learned from yourself whether your affliction, which is evident by the strange life you lead, may admit of any remedy, and, if so, make every possible exertion to procure it; and, should your misfortune be of such a kind that every avenue to consolation is closed, I intended to join in your moans and lamentations—for sympathy is ever an alleviation to misery; and if you should think my intention merits any acknowledgment, I beseech you, sir, by the infinite courtesy I see you possess; I conjure you also by whatever in this life you have loved, or do love most, to tell me who you are, and what has brought you hither, to live and die like a brute beast, amidst these solitudes: an abode, if I may judge from your person and attire, so unsuitable

to you. And I swear," added Don Quixote, "by the order of knighthood I have received, though unworthy and a sinner, and by the profession of a knight-errant, if you gratify me in this, to serve you with all the energy which it is my duty to exert, either in remedying your misfortune if it admit of remedy, or in assisting you to bewail it, as I have already promised." The "knight of the mountain," hearing him of "the sorrowful figure" talk thus, could only gaze upon him, viewing him from head to foot; and, after surveying him again and again, he said to him: "If you have anything to give me to eat, for Heaven's sake let me have it; and when I have eaten I will do all you desire, in return for the good wishes you have expressed towards me."

Sancho immediately took from his wallet, and the goatherd from his script, some provisions, wherewith the wretched wanderer satisfied his hunger: eating what they gave him like a distracted person, so ravenously that he made no interval between one mouthful and another, for he rather devoured than ate; and during his repast neither he nor the by-standers spoke a word. When he had finished, he made signs to them to follow him, which they did; and having conducted them a short distance to a little green plot, he there laid himself down, and the rest did the same. When the "tattered knight" had composed himself, he said: "If you desire, gentlemen, that I should tell you, in few words, the immensity of my misfortunes, you must promise not to interrupt, by questions or otherwise, the thread of my doleful history; for in the instant you do so, my narrative will break off." These words brought to Don Quixote's memory the tale related by his squire, which, because he had not reckoned the number of goats that had passed the river, remained unfinished. "I give this caution," said the ragged mountaineer, "because I would pass briefly over the account of my misfortunes; for recalling them to my remembrance only adds to my woe; and the less I am questioned the sooner shall I have finished my story: yet will I not omit any material circumstance, as it is my wish entirely to satisfy you." Don Quixote, in the name of all the rest, promised not to interrupt him, and upon this assurance he began in the following manner:—

"My name is Cardenio; the place of my birth, one of the best cities of Andalusia; my family noble; my parents wealthy; my wretchedness so great, that it must have been deplored by my parents, and felt by my relations, although not to be alleviated by all their wealth: for riches are of little avail in many of the calamities to which mankind are liable. In that city there existed a heaven, wherein love had placed all the joy I could desire; such is the beauty of Lucinda, a damsel as well-born and as rich as myself, though more fortunate, and less constant than my honourable intentions deserved. This Lucinda I loved and adored from my childhood; and she on her part loved me with that innocent affection proper to her age. Our parents were not unacquainted with our attachment, nor was it displeasing to them—foreseeing that it could only end in a union sanctioned, as it were, by the equality of our birth and circumstances. Our love increased with our years, insomuch as Lucinda's father thought it prudent to restrain my wonted freedom of access to his house: thus imitating the parents of the unfortunate Thisbe, so celebrated by the poets. This restraint served only to increase the ardour of our affection; for, though it was in their power to impose silence on our tongues, they could not do the same on our pens, which reveal the secrets of the soul more effectually than even the speech, for the presence of a beloved object often so bewilders and confounds its faculties that the tongue cannot perform its office. O heavens, how many billet-doux did I write to her! What charming, what modest, answers did I receive! How many sonnets did I pen! How many love-verses indite, in which my soul unfolded all its passion, described its ardour, cherished its remembrances, and indulged its fancy! At length my patience being exhausted, and my soul

languishing to see her, I resolved at once to put into execution what seemed to me the most likely means to obtain my desired and deserved reward; that was, to demand her of her father for my lawful wife; which I immediately did. In reply, he thanked me for the desire I expressed to honour him by an alliance with his family; but that, as my father was living, it belonged more properly to him to make this demand; for without his entire concurrence the act would appear secret, and unworthy of his Lucinda. I returned him thanks for the kindness of his reception; his scruples I thought were reasonable, and I made sure of my father's ready acquiescence. I went therefore directly to him, and upon entering his apartment found him with a letter open in his hand, which he gave me before I spoke a word, saying, 'By this letter, you will see, Cardenio, the inclination Duke Ricardo has to do you service.' Duke Ricardo, gentlemen, as you cannot but know, is a grandee of Spain, whose estate lies in the best part of Andalusia. I read the letter, which was so extremely kind, that I thought, even myself, it would be wrong in my father not to comply with its request, which was that I should be sent immediately to the duke, who was desirous of placing me, not as a man servant, but as a companion to his eldest son; which honour should be accompanied by such preferment as should correspond with the estimation in which he held me. I was nevertheless much perplexed by the letter, and quite confounded when I heard my father say: 'Two days hence, Cardenio, you shall depart, in compliance with the duke's desire; and give thanks to God for opening you a way to that fortune I know you deserve;' to which he added other paternal admonitions.

"The time fixed for my departure came. I conversed the night before with Lucinda, and told her all that had passed; and also entreated her father to wait a few days, and not to dispose of her until I knew what Duke Ricardo's pleasure was with me. He promised me all I desired, and she confirmed it with a thousand vows and a thousand faintings. I arrived, in short, at the residence of Duke Ricardo, who received and treated me with so much kindness that envy soon became active, by possessing his old servants with an opinion that every favour the duke conferred upon me was prejudicial to their interest. But the person most pleased at my arrival was a second son of the duke, called Fernando, a sprightly young gentleman, of a gallant, liberal, and amorous disposition; who in a short time contracted so intimate a friendship with me, that it became the subject of general conversation; and though I was treated with much favour by his elder brother, it was not equal to the kindness and affection of Don Fernando.

"Now, as unbounded confidence is always the effect of such intimacy, and my friendship for Don Fernando being most sincere, he revealed to me all his thoughts, and particularly an amour which gave him some disquiet. He loved a country girl, the daughter of one of his father's vassals. Her parents were rich, and she herself was so beautiful, discreet, and modest, that no one could determine in which of these qualities she most excelled. Don Fernando's passion for this lovely maiden was so excessive that, in order to overcome the difficulties opposed by her virtue, he resolved to promise her marriage; knowing that she was to be conquered by no other means. Prompted by friendship, I employed the best arguments I could suggest, to divert him from such a purpose; but, finding it was all in vain, I resolved to acquaint his father the duke with the affair. Don Fernando, being artful and shrewd, suspected and feared no less; knowing that I could not, as a faithful servant, conceal from my lord and master a concern so prejudicial to his honour; and therefore, to amuse and deceive me, he said, that he knew no better remedy for effacing the remembrance of the beauty that had so captivated him than to absent himself for some months: this, he said, might be effected by our going together to my father's house, under

pretence, as he would tell the duke, of purchasing horses in our town, which is remarkable for producing the best in the world. No sooner had he made this proposal than, prompted by my own love, I expressed my approbation of it, as the best that possibly could be devised; and should have done so, even had it been less plausible, since it afforded me so good an opportunity of seeing my dear Lucinda. Thus influenced, I seconded his design, and desired him to put it in execution without delay; since absence, I assured him, would certainly have its effect in spite of the strongest inclination. At the very time he made this proposal to me he had already, as appeared afterwards, possessed the maiden under the title of a husband, and only waited for a convenient season to divulge it with safety to himself, being afraid of what the duke his father might do, when he should hear of his folly. Now, as love in young men is, for the most part, nothing but appetite, and pleasure its ultimate end, it expires with the attainment of its object; and what seems to be love vanishes, because it has nothing of the durable nature of true affection. In short, Don Fernando having obtained his desire, his fondness abated; and that absence which he proposed as a remedy for his passion, he only chose to avoid what was now no longer agreeable to him. The duke consented to his proposal, and ordered me to bear him company. We reached our city, and my father received him according to his quality. I immediately visited Lucinda: my passion revived (though, in truth, it had been neither dead nor asleep), and, unfortunately for me, I revealed it to Don Fernando; thinking that, by the laws of friendship, nothing should be concealed from him. I expatiated so much on the beauty, grace, and discretion of Lucinda, that my praises excited in him a desire of seeing a damsel endowed with such accomplishments. Unhappily, I consented to gratify him, and showed her to him one night by the light of a taper at a window where we were accustomed to converse together. He beheld her, and every beauty he had hitherto seen was cast in oblivion. He was struck dumb; he lost all sense: he was entranced—in short, he became deeply enamoured, as will appear by the sequel of my unfortunate story. And, the more to inflame his passion, which he concealed from me, he saw by chance a letter which she had written to me, expressing a wish that I would again urge her father's consent to our marriage, in terms so sensible, so modest, and so full of tenderness, that when he had read it he declared to me that he thought in Lucinda alone were united all the beauty, good sense, and excellent qualities which were dispersed and divided among the rest of her sex. True it is, I confess, that although I knew what just cause Don Fernando had to admire Lucinda, I was grieved to hear commendations from his mouth. From that time I began to fear and suspect him; for he was every moment talking of Lucinda, and would begin the subject himself, however abruptly, which awakened in me I know not what jealousy; and though I feared no change in the goodness and fidelity of Lucinda, yet I could not but dread the very thing against which they seemed to secure me. He also constantly importuned me to show him the letters I wrote to Lucinda, as well as her answers, pretending to be extremely delighted with both.

"Now it happened that Lucinda, having desired me to lend her a book of chivalry, of which she was very fond, entitled *Amadis de Gaul*——" Scarcely had Don Quixote heard him mention a book of chivalry, than he said: "Had you told me, sir, at the beginning of your history, that the Lady Lucinda was fond of reading books of chivalry, no more would have been necessary to convince me of the sublimity of her understanding; for it could never have been so excellent as you have described it had she wanted a relish for such savoury reading; so that, with respect to me, it is needless to waste more words in displaying her beauty, worth, and understanding, since, from only knowing her taste, I pronounce her to be the most beautiful and the most ingenious

woman in the world. And I wish, sir, that, together with Amadis de Gaul, you had sent her the good Don Rugel of Greece; for I know that the Lady Lucinda will be highly delighted with Daraida and Garaya, and the wit of the shepherd Darinel; also with those admirable verses of his *Bucolics* which he sung and repeated with so much grace, wit, and freedom. But this fault may be amended, and reparation made, as soon as ever you will be pleased, sir, to come with me to our town, where I can furnish you with more than three hundred books that are the delight of my soul, and the entertainment of my life. Yet it now occurs to me I have not one of them left—thanks to the malice of wicked and envious enchanters! Pardon me, sir, for having broken my promise by this interruption; but when I hear of matters appertaining to knights-errant and chivalry, I can as well forbear talking of them as the beams of the sun can cease to give heat, or those of the moon to moisten. Pray, therefore, excuse me, and proceed; for that is of most importance to us at present."

While Don Quixote was saying all this, Cardenio hung down his head upon his breast, apparently in profound thought; and although Don Quixote twice desired him to continue his story, he neither lifted up his head nor answered a word. But after some time he raised it, and said: "I cannot get it out of my mind, nor can any one persuade me—indeed he must be a blockhead who understands or believes otherwise—but that Master Elisabat, that wicked rogue, lay with Queen Madasima." "It is false, I swear," answered Don Quixote, in great wrath; "it is extreme malice, or rather villany, to say so. Queen Madasima was a very noble lady, and it is not to be presumed that so high a princess should associate with a quack; and whoever asserts that she did, lies like a very rascal: and I will make him know it, on foot or on horseback, armed or unarmed, by night or by day, or how he pleases." Cardenio sat looking at him very attentively, and, the mad fit being now upon him, he was in no condition to prosecute his story, neither would Don Quixote have heard him, so much was he irritated by what he had heard of Madasima; and strange it was to see him take her part with as much earnestness as if she had been his true and natural mistress—such was the effect of those cursed books!

Cardenio, being now mad, and hearing himself called liar and villain, with other opprobrious names, did not like the jest; and, catching at a stone that lay close by him, he threw it with such violence at Don Quixote's breast that it threw him on his back. Sancho Panza, seeing his master treated in this manner, attacked the madman with his clenched fist; and the ragged knight received him in such sort, that with one blow he laid him at his feet, and then trampled him to his heart's content. The goatherd, who endeavoured to defend him, fared little better; and when the madman had sufficiently vented his fury upon them all, he left them, and quietly retired to his rocky haunts among the mountains. Sancho got up in a rage to find himself so roughly handled, and so undeservedly withal, and was proceeding to take revenge on the goatherd, telling him the fault was his, for not having given them warning that this man was subject to these mad fits; for had they known it they might have been upon their guard. The goatherd answered that he had given them notice of it, and that, if they had not attended to it, the fault was not his. Sancho Panza replied, the goatherd rejoined; and the replies and rejoinders ended in taking each other by the beard, and coming to such blows, that, if Don Quixote had not interposed, they would have demolished each other. But Sancho still kept fast hold of the goatherd, and said, "Let me alone, sir knight of the sorrowful figure, for this fellow being a bumpkin like myself, and not a knight, I may very safely revenge myself by fighting with him hand to hand, like a man of honour." "True," said Don Quixote, "but I know that he is not to blame for what has happened." Hereupon they were pacified; and Don Quixote

again inquired of the goatherd whether it were possible to find out Cardenio; for he had a vehement desire to learn the end of his story. The goatherd told him, as before, that he did not exactly know his haunts, but that, if he waited some time about that part, he would not fail to meet him, either in or out of his senses.

CHAPTER XXV.

Which treats of the strange things that befel the valiant knight of La Mancha in the Sierra Morena; and how he imitated the penance of Beltenebros.

DON QUIXOTE took his leave of the goatherd, and, mounting Rozinante, commanded Sancho to follow him; which he did very unwillingly. They proceeded slowly on, making their way in the most difficult recesses of the mountain; in the mean time Sancho was dying to converse with his master, but would fain have had him begin the discourse, that he might not disobey his orders. Being, however, unable to hold out any longer, he said to him: "Signor Don Quixote, be pleased to give me your worship's blessing, and my dismissal; for I will get home to my wife and children, with whom I shall at least have the privilege of talking and speaking my mind; for, to desire me to bear your worship company through these solitudes night and day, without suffering me to talk when I list, is to bury me alive. If fate had ordered it that beasts should talk now, as they did in the days of Guisopete, it would not have been quite so bad, since I might then have communed with my ass as I pleased, and so have forgotten my ill fortune: for it is very hard, and not to be borne with patience, for a man to ramble about all his life in quest of adventures, and to meet with nothing but kicks and cuffs, tossings in a blanket, and bangs with stones, and, with all this, to have his mouth sewed up, not daring to utter what he has in his heart, as if he were dumb." "I understand thee, Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "thou art impatient until I take off the embargo I have laid on thy tongue. Suppose it, then, removed, and thou art permitted to say what thou wilt, upon condition that this revocation is to last no longer than whilst we are wandering amongst these rocks." "Be it so," said Sancho; "let me talk now, for God knows what will be hereafter. And now, taking the benefit of this licence, I ask, what had your worship to do with standing up so warmly for that same Queen Magimasa, or what's her name? or what was it to the purpose whether that abbot* was her gallant or not? for, had you let that pass, as you were not his judge, I verily believe the madman would have gone on with his story, and you would have escaped the thump with the stone, the kicks, and above half-a-dozen buffets."

"In faith, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "if thou didst but know, as I do, how honourable and how excellent a lady Queen Madasima was, I am certain thou wouldst acknowledge that I had a great deal of patience in forbearing to dash to pieces that mouth out of which such blasphemies issued; for it is a monstrous impiety to say, or even to think, that a queen should be paramour to a barber-surgeon. The truth of the story is, that master Elisabat, of whom the madman spoke, was a most prudent man, of sound judgment, and served as tutor and physician to the queen; but, to suppose that she was his mistress is an absurdity deserving of severe punishment; and to prove that Cardenio knew not what he spoke, thou mayest remember that, when he said

* "Abat." Sancho, remembering only the latter part of master Elisabat's name, pleasantly calls him an abbot.

it, he was not in his senses." "That is what I say," quoth Sancho; "and therefore no account should have been made of his words; for, if good fortune had not befriended your worship, and directed the flint-stone at your breast instead of your head, we had been in a fine condition for standing up in defence of that dear lady, whom Heaven confound, and Cardenio would have come off unpunished, being insane." "Against the sane and insane," answered Don Quixote, "it is the duty of a knight-errant to defend the honour of women, particularly that of a queen of such exalted worth as Queen Madasima, for whom I have a particular affection, on account of her excellent qualities: for, besides being extremely beautiful, she was very prudent, and very patient in her afflictions, which were numerous; and the counsels and company of master Elisabat were of great use and comfort to her, enabling her to bear her sufferings with prudence and patience. Hence the ignorant and evil-minded vulgar took occasion to say that she was his paramour; and I say again, they lie, and will lie two hundred times more, all who say or think it." "I neither say nor think so," answered Sancho. "Let those who say it eat the lie, and swallow it with their bread: whether they were guilty or no, they have given account to God before now. I come from my vineyard; I know nothing. I am no friend to inquiring into other men's lives; for he that buys and lies shall find the lie left in his purse behind. Besides, naked was I born, and naked I remain; I neither win nor lose; if they were guilty, what is that to me? Many think to find bacon, when there is not so much as a pin to hang it on; but who can hedge in the cuckoo—especially as God himself is not spared?" "Heaven defend me!" said Don Quixote; "what a string of nonsense! What has our subject to do with all these proverbs? Pr'ythee, Sancho, peace; and henceforward attend to thy ass, and forbear any interference with what does not concern thee. Be convinced, by thy five senses, that whatever I have done, do, or shall do, is highly reasonable and exactly conformable to the rules of chivalry, which I am better acquainted with than all the knights who ever professed it in the world." "Sir," replied Sancho, "is it a good rule of chivalry for us to go wandering through these mountains, without either path or road, in quest of a madman who, perhaps when he is found, will be inclined to finish what he began—not his story, but the breaking of your worship's head and my ribs?"

"Peace, Sancho, I repeat," said Don Quixote: "for know that it is not only the desire of finding the madman that brings me to these parts, but an intention to perform in them an exploit whereby I shall acquire perpetual fame and renown over the face of the whole earth; and it shall be such an one as shall set the seal to make an accomplished knight-errant." "And is this exploit a very dangerous one?" quoth Sancho. "No," answered the knight; "although the die may chance to run unfortunately for us, yet the whole will depend upon thy diligence." "Upon my diligence!" exclaimed Sancho. "Yes," said Don Quixote; "for if thy return be speedy from the place whither I intend to send thee, my pain will soon be over, and my glory forthwith commence: and that thou mayest no longer be in suspense with regard to the tendency of my words, I inform thee, Sancho, that the famous Amadis de Gaul was one of the most perfect of knights-errant—I should not say one, for he was the sole, the principal, the unique—in short, the prince of all his contemporaries. A fig for Don Belianis, and all those who say that he equalled Amadis in anything! for I swear they are mistaken. I say, moreover, that if a painter would be famous in his art, he must endeavour to copy after the originals of the most excellent masters; the same rule is also applicable to all the other arts and sciences which adorn the commonwealth; thus, whoever aspires to a reputation for prudence and patience, must imitate Ulysses, in whose person and toils Homer draws a lively picture of those qualities; so also Virgil, in the character

of Æneas, delineates filial piety, courage, and martial skill, being representations of not what they really were, but of what they ought to be, in order to serve as models of virtue to succeeding generations. Thus was Amadis the polar, the morning star, and the sun of all valiant and enamoured knights, and whom all we, who militate under the banners of love and chivalry, ought to follow. This being the case, friend Sancho, that knight-errant who best imitates him will be most certain of arriving at pre-eminence in chivalry. And an occasion upon which the knight particularly displayed his prudence, worth, courage, patience, constancy, and love, was his retiring, when disdained by the lady Oriana, to do penance on the sterile rock, changing his name to that of Beltebros—a name most certainly significant and proper for the life he had voluntarily chosen. Now it is easier for me to imitate him in this than in cleaving giants, beheading serpents, slaying dragons, routing armies, shattering fleets, and dissolving enchantments; and, since this place is so well adapted for the purpose, I ought not to neglect the opportunity which is now so commodiously offered to me."

"What is it your worship really intends to do in so remote a place as this?" demanded Sancho. "Have I not told thee?" answered Don Quixote, "that I design to imitate Amadis, acting here the desperate, raving, and furious lover; at the same time following the example of the valiant Don Orlando, when he found by the side of a fountain some indications that Angelica the Fair had dishonoured herself with Medoro; at grief whereof he ran mad, tore up trees by the roots, disturbed the waters of the crystal springs, slew shepherds, destroyed flocks, fired cottages, demolished houses, dragged mares along the ground, and committed a hundred thousand other extravagances, worthy of eternal record. And although it is not my design to imitate Roldan, or Orlando, or Rotolando (for he is called by all these names), in every point and in all his frantic actions, words, and thoughts, yet I will give as good a sketch as I can of those which I deem most essential. Or I may, perhaps, be content to imitate only Amadis, who, without committing any mischievous excesses, by tears and lamentations alone attained as much fame as all of them." "It seems to me," quoth Sancho, "that the knights who acted in such manner were provoked to it, and had a reason for these follies and penances; but pray what cause has your worship to run mad? What lady has disdained you? or what tokens have you discovered to convince you that the lady Dulcinea del Toboso has committed folly either with Moor or Christian?" "There lies the point," answered Don Quixote, "and in this consists the refinement of my plan. A knight-errant who runs mad with just cause deserves no thanks; but to do so without reason is the point; giving my lady to understand what I should perform in the wet if I do this in the dry. Besides, I have cause enough given me by so long an absence from my ever-honoured lady Dulcinea del Toboso; for as thou hearest that shepherd, Ambrosio, say, 'The absent feel and fear every ill.' Therefore, friend Sancho, counsel me not to refrain from so rare, so happy, and so unparalleled an imitation. Mad I am, and mad I must be until thy return with an answer to a letter I intend to send by thee to my lady Dulcinea; and if it proves such as my fidelity deserves, my madness and my penance will terminate. But if the contrary, I shall be mad indeed; and, being so, shall become insensible to everything; so that whatever answer she returns, I shall be relieved of the conflict and pain wherein thou leavest me; for if good, I shall enjoy it in my right senses: if otherwise, I shall be mad, and consequently insensible of my misfortune.

"But, tell me, Sancho, hast thou taken care of Mambrino's helmet? for I saw thee take it from the ground, when that ungrateful wretch proved the excellence of its quality, by vainly endeavouring to break it to pieces." Te

which Sancho answered : "As God liveth, sir knight of the sorrowful figure, I cannot bear with patience some things your worship says: they are enough to make me think that all you tell me of chivalry, and of winning kingdoms and empires, of bestowing islands, and doing other favours and mighty things, according to the custom of knights-errant, must be matter of mere smoke, and all friction or fiction, or how do you call it? For, to hear you say that a barber's basin is Mambrino's helmet, and to persist in that error for near about four days, what can one think, but that he who says and affirms such a thing, must be crack-brained? I have the basin in my wallet, ail battered; and I shall take it home to get it mended, for the use of my beard, if Heaven be so gracious as to restore me one time or other to my wife and children." "Now I swear by the same oath," said Don Quixote, "that thou hast the shallowest brain that any squire has, or ever had, in the world. Is it possible that, notwithstanding all the time thou hast travelled with me, thou dost not perceive that all affairs in which knights-errant are concerned appear chimeras, follies, and extravagances, and seem all done by the rule of contraries? Not that they are in reality so, but because there is a crew of enchanters always about us, who metamorphose and disguise all our concerns, and turn them according to their own pleasure, or according as they are inclined to favour or ruin us. Hence it is that the thing which to thee appears a barber's basin, appears to me the helmet of Mambrino, and to another will appear something else; and it was a singular foresight of the sage, my friend, to make that appear to others a basin which really and truly is Mambrino's helmet; because, being of such high value, all the world would persecute me in order to obtain it; but now, thinking it nothing but a barber's basin, they give themselves no trouble about it, as was evident in him who, after endeavouring to break it, cast it from him; which, in faith, he would never have done had he known what it was. Take care of it, friend; since I must strip off all my armour, and remain as naked as I was born, if I should determine upon imitating Orlando, in my penance, instead of Amadis."

While they were thus discoursing, they arrived at the foot of a high mountain, which stood separated from several others that surrounded it, as if it had been hewn out from them. Near its base ran a gentle stream, that watered a verdant and luxuriant vale, adorned with many wide-spreading trees, plants, and wild flowers of various hues. This was the spot in which the knight of the sorrowful figure chose to perform his penance; and, while contemplating the scene, he thus broke forth in a loud voice: "This is the place, O ye heavens! which I select and appoint for bewailing the misfortune in which ye have involved me. This is the spot where my flowing tears shall increase the waters of this crystal stream, and my sighs, continual and deep, shall incessantly move the foliage of these lofty trees, in testimony and token of the pain my persecuted heart endures. O ye rural deities, whoever ye be, that inhabit these remote deserts, give ear to the complaints of an unhappy lover, whom long absence and some pangs of jealousy have driven to bewail himself among these rugged heights, and to complain of the cruelty of that ungrateful fair, the utmost extent and ultimate perfection of all human beauty! O ye wood-nymphs and dryads, who are accustomed to inhabit the dark recesses of the mountain groves (so may the nimble and lascivious satyrs, by whom ye are wooed in vain, never disturb your sweet repose), assist me to lament my hard fate, or at least be not weary of hearing my groans! O my Dulcinea del Toboso, light of my darkness, glory of my pain, the north-star of my travels, and over-ruling planet of my fortune (so may Heaven listen to all thy petitions), consider, I beseech thee, to what a condition thy absence hath reduced me, and reward me as my fidelity deserves! O ye solitary trees, who henceforth are to be the companions of my retirement, wave gently your branches, to indicate that my presence does not offend you! And, O thou my

squire, agreeable companion in my prosperous and adverse fortunes, carefully imprint on thy memory what thou shalt see me here perform, that thou mayest recount and recite it to her who is the sole cause of all!" Thus saying, he alighted from Rozinante, and in an instant took off his bridle and saddle, and, clapping him on the hinder parts, said to him: "O steed, as excellent for thy performance as unfortunate in thy fate! he gives thee liberty who is himself deprived of it. Go whither thou wilt; for thou hast it written on thy forehead that neither Astolpho's Hippogriff, nor the famous Frontino, which cost Bradamante so dear, could match thee in speed."

Sancho, observing all this, said, "Heaven's peace be with him who saved us the trouble of unharnessing Dapple; for in faith he should have wanted neither slaps nor speeches in his praise. Yet if he were here, I would not consent to his being unpannelled, there being no occasion for it, for he had nothing to do with love or despair, any more than I, who was once his master, when it so pleased God. And truly, sir knight of the sorrowful figure, if it be so, that my departure and your madness take place in earnest, it will be well to saddle Rozinante again, that he may supply the loss of my Dapple, and save me time in going and coming; for if I walk, I know not how I shall be able either to go or return, being in truth but a sorry traveller on foot." "Be that as thou wilt," answered Don Quixote, "for I do not disapprove thy proposal; and I say thou shalt depart within three days, during which time I intend thee to bear witness of what I do say for her, that thou mayest report it accordingly." "What have I more to see," quoth Sancho, "than what I have already seen?" "So far, thou art well prepared," answered Don Quixote; "but I have now to rend my garments, scatter my arms about, and dash my head against these rocks; with other things of the like sort, which will strike thee with admiration." "For the love of Heaven," said Sancho, "beware how you give yourself those blows, for you may chance to touch upon some unlucky point of a rock, that may at once put an end to this new project of penance; and I should think, since your worship is of opinion that knocks of the head are necessary, and that this work cannot be done without them, you might content yourself, since all is a fiction, a counterfeit, and a sham,—I say, you might content yourself with running your head against water, or some soft thing, such as cotton; and leave it to me to tell my lady that you dashed your head against the point of a rock, harder than a diamond." "I thank thee for thy good intentions, friend Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "but I would have thee to know, that all these actions of mine are no mockery, but done very much in earnest; for to act otherwise would be an infraction of the rules of chivalry, which enjoin us to utter no falsehood, on pain of being punished as apostates; and the doing one thing for another is the same as lying: therefore, blows must be real and substantial, without artifice or evasion. However, it will be necessary to leave me some lint for my wounds, since it was the will of fortune that we should lose the balsam." "It was worse to lose the ass," answered Sancho; "for with him we lost lint and everything else. And I beseech your worship not to put me in mind of that cursed drench; for at barely hearing it mentioned, my very soul, as well as my stomach, is turned inside out. As for the three days allowed me for seeing your mad pranks, I beseech you to reckon them as already passed, for I take all for granted, and will tell wonders to my lady. Do you write the letter and dispatch me quickly, for I long to come back and release your worship from this purgatory, in which I leave you." "Purgatory, dost thou call it, Sancho?" said Don Quixote. "Call it rather hell, or worse, if anything can be worse." "I have heard say," quoth Sancho, "from hell there is no retention." "I know not," said Don Quixote, "what retention means." "Retention," answered Sancho, "means that he who is once in hell never does, nor ever can, get out again. But it will be

quite the reverse with your worship, or it shall go hard with my heels, if I have but spurs to enliven Rozinante. Let me but once get to Toboso, and into the presence of my Lady Dulcinea, and I will tell her such a story of the foolish, mad things (for they are all no better) which your worship has done and is still doing, that I shall bring her to be as supple as a glove, though I find her harder than a cork-tree; and with her answer, all sweetness and honey, will I return through the air, like a witch, and fetch your worship out of this purgatory, which, though it seems so, is no hell, because, as I said, your worship may hope to get out of it."

"That is true," answered the knight of the sorrowful figure—"but how shall we contrive to write the letter?" "And the ass-colt bill?" added Sancho. "Nothing shall be omitted," said Don Quixote; "and since we have no paper, we shall do well to write it as the ancients did, on the leaves of trees, or on tablets of wax; though it will be as difficult at present to meet with these as with paper. But, now I recollect, it may be as well, or indeed better, to write it in Cardenio's pocket-book, and you will take care to get it fairly transcribed upon paper in the first town you reach where there is a schoolmaster; or, if there be none, any parish-clerk will transcribe it for you: but be sure you give it to no hackney-writer of the law; for the devil himself will never be able to read their confounded law-hand." "But what must we do about the signing it with your own hand?" said Sancho. "The letters of Amadis were never subscribed," answered Don Quixote. "Very well," replied Sancho: "but the order for the colts must needs be signed by yourself; for if that be copied they will say it is a false signature, and I shall be forced to go without the colts." "The order shall be signed in the same pocket-book; and at sight of it my niece will make no difficulty in complying with it. As to the love-letter, let it be subscribed thus, 'Yours, until death, the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure.' And it is of little importance whether it be written in another hand; for I remember, Dulcinea can neither write nor read, nor has she ever seen a letter or writing of mine in her whole life; for our loves have always been of the Platonic kind, extending no farther than to modest glances at each other; and even those so very rarely that I can truly swear that, during the twelve years that I have loved her more than the light of these eyes, which the earth must one day consume, I have not seen her four times; and perhaps of these four times she may not have once perceived that I looked upon her—such is the reserve and seclusion in which she is brought up by her father, Lorenzo Corchuelo, and her mother, Aldonza Nogales!"

"Hey day!" quoth Sancho, "what, the daughter of Lorenzo Corchuelo! Is she the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, otherwise called Aldonza Lorenzo?" "It is even she," said Don Quixote, "and she deserves to be mistress of the universe." "I know her well," quoth Sancho; "and I can assure you she will pitch the bar with the lustiest swain in the parish. Long live the giver! why, she is a lass of mettle, tall, straight, and vigorous, and I warrant can make her part good with any knight-errant that shall have her for a mistress. O, the jade, what a pair of lungs and a voice she has! I remember she got out one day upon the bell-tower of the church, to call some young ploughmen who were in a field of her father's; and though they were half a league off, they heard her as plainly as if they had stood at the foot of the tower; and the best of her is, that she is not at all coy, but as bold as a court lady, and makes a jest and a maygame of everybody. I say then, sir knight of the sorrowful figure, that you not only may, and ought to, run mad for her, but also you may justly despair and hang yourself; and nobody that hears it but will say you did extremely well, though the devil should carry you away. I would fain be gone, if it is only to see her; for I have not seen her this many a day, and by this time

she must needs be altered; for it mightily spoils women's faces to be always abroad in the field, exposed to the sun and weather. I confess to your worship, Signor Don Quixote, that hitherto I have been hugely mistaken, for I thought for certain that the lady Dulcinea was some great princess, with whom you were in love, or at least some person of such great quality as to deserve the rich presents you have sent her, as well of the Biscainer as of the galley-slaves; and many others from the victories your worship must have gained before I came to be your squire. But, all things considered, what good can it do the lady Aldonza Lorenzo—I mean the lady Dulcinea del Toboso—to have the vanquished whom your worship sends or may send, falling upon their knees before her? For perhaps at the time they arrive she may be carding flax, or threshing in the barn, and they may be confounded at the sight of her, and she may laugh and care little for the present.” “I have often told thee, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “that thou art an eternal babbler, and, though void of wit, thy bluntness often stings: but to convince thee at once of thy folly and my discretion, I will tell thee a short tale.

“Know, then, that a certain widow, handsome, young, gay, and rich, and withal no prude, fell in love with a lay-brother, young, well-made, and vigorous. His superior heard of it, and one day took occasion to speak to the good widow, in the way of brotherly reprehension. ‘I wonder, madam,’ said he, ‘and not without great reason, that a woman of your quality, so beautiful, and so rich, should fall in love with such a despicable, mean, silly fellow, when there are, in this house, so many graduates, dignitaries, and divines, among whom you might pick and choose, and say this I like and this I leave, as you would among pears.’ But she answered him with great frankness and gaiety: ‘You are much mistaken, worthy sir, and your sentiments are very antiquated, if you imagine that I have made an ill choice in that fellow, silly as he may appear, since, for ought that I desire of him, he knows as much of philosophy as Aristotle himself, if not more.’ In like manner, Sancho, Dulcinea del Toboso, for the purpose I intend her, deserves as highly as the greatest princess on earth. For of those poets who have celebrated the praises of ladies under fictitious names, many had no such mistresses. Thinkest thou that the Amaryllises, the Phyllises, the Silvias, the Dianas, the Galateas, the Alidas, and the like, famous in books, ballads, barbers’ shops, and stage-plays, were really ladies of flesh and blood, and beloved by those who celebrated them? Certainly not: they are mostly feigned, to supply subjects for verse, and to make the authors pass for men of gallantry. It is, therefore, sufficient that I think and believe that the good Aldonza Lorenzo is beautiful and chaste; and as to her lineage, it matters not; for no inquiry concerning it is requisite; and to me it is unnecessary, as I regard her as the greatest princess in the world. For thou must know, Sancho, if thou knowest it not already, that two things, above all others, incite to love, namely, beauty and a good name. Now both these are to be found in perfection in Dulcinea; for in beauty none can be compared to her, and for purity of reputation few can equal her. In fine, I conceive she is exactly what I have described, and everything that I can desire, both as to beauty and quality, unequalled by Helen, or by Lucretia, or any other of the famous women of antiquity, whether Grecian, Roman, or Goth; and I care not what be said; since, if, upon this account, I am blamed by the ignorant, I shall be acquitted by the wise.” “Your worship,” replied Sancho, “is always in the right, and I am an ass—why do I mention an ass?—one should not talk of halts in the house of the hanged. But I am off—give me the letter, sir, and God be with you.”

Don Quixote took out the pocket-book, and, stepping aside, began with much composure to write the letter; and having finished, he called Sancho, and said he would read it to him, that he might have it by heart, lest he might per-

chance lose it by the way: for everything was to be feared from his evil destiny. To which Sancho answered: "Write it, sir, two or three times in the book, and give it me, and I will take good care of it: but to suppose that I can carry it in my memory, is a folly: for mine is so bad that I often forget my own name. Your worship, however, may read it to me; I shall be glad to hear it, for it must needs be very much to the purpose." "Listen, then," said Don Quixote, "this is what I have written:—

"Don Quixote's letter to Dulcinea del Toboso."

"High and sovereign lady,

"He who is stabbed by the point of absence, and pierced by the arrows of love, O sweetest Dulcinea del Toboso, greets thee with wishes for that health which he enjoys not himself. If thy beauty despise me, if thy worth favour me not, and if thy disdain still pursue me, although inured to suffering I shall ill support an affliction which is not only severe but lasting. My good squire Sancho will tell thee, O ungrateful fair, and most beloved foe, to what a state I am reduced on thy account. If it be thy pleasure to relieve me, I am thine; if not, do what seemeth good to thee: for by my death I shall at once appease thy cruelty and my own passion.—Until death thine,

"THE KNIGHT OF THE SORROWFUL FIGURE."

"By the life of my father," quoth Sancho, after hearing the letter, "it is the finest thing I ever heard. Odds boddikins! how choicely your worship expresses whatever you please! and how well you close all with 'the knight of the sorrowful figure!' Verily, your worship is the devil himself—there is nothing but what you know." "The profession which I have embraced," answered Don Quixote, "requires a knowledge of everything." "Well, then," said Sancho, "pray clap on the other side of the leaf, the order for the three ass-colts, and sign it very plain, that people may know your hand at first sight." "With all my heart," said the knight; and having written it, he read as follows:—

"Dear Niece,—At sight of this my first bill of ass-colts, give order that three out of the five I left at home in your custody, be delivered to Sancho Panza, my squire: which three colts I order to be delivered and paid for the like number received of him here in tale; and this, with his acquittance, shall be your discharge. Done in the heart of the Sierra Morena, the twenty-second of August, this present year—"

"It is mighty well," said Sancho; "now you have only to sign it." "It wants no signing," said Don Quixote; "I need only put my cypher to it, which is the same thing, and is sufficient not only for three but for three hundred asses." "I rely upon your worship," answered Sancho; "let me go and saddle Rozinante, and prepare to give me your blessing, for I intend to depart immediately, without staying to see the mad frolics you are about to commit; and I will tell quite enough to satisfy her." "At least, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "I wish, nay, it is necessary, and I will have thee see me naked, and perform a dozen or two frantic actions; for I shall dispatch them in less than half an hour: and having seen these with thine own eyes, thou mayest safely swear to those thou shalt add; for be assured thou wilt not relate so many as I intend to perform." "For the love of Heaven, dear sir," quoth Sancho, "let me not see your worship naked; for it will move my pity so much that I shall not be able to forbear weeping: and my head is so bad, after the tears I shed last night for the loss of poor Dapple, that I am in no condition at present

to begin new lamentations. So, if your worship will have me an eye-witness to any of your antics, pray do them clothed, and with all speed, and let them be such as will stand you in most stead: though, indeed, there is no need of them—as I said before, it is only delaying my return, with the news your worship so much desires and deserves. So let the lady Dulcinea look to it; for if she does not answer as she should do, I solemnly protest I will fetch it out of her stomach by dint of kicks and buffets—for it is a shame that so famous a knight-errant as your worship should run mad, without why or wherefore, for a —: let not madam provoke me to speak out; or, before Heaven, I shall blab, and out with all by wholesale, though it spoil the market. I am pretty good at this sport; she does not know me; if she did, in faith, we should be of one mind.” “In troth, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “to all appearance thou art mad as myself.” “Not so,” answered Sancho, “only a little more choleric. But, setting that aside, what has your worship to eat until my return? Are you to go upon the highway, to rob the shepherds, like Cardenio?” “Trouble not thyself about that,” answered Don Quixote: “for were I otherwise provided I should eat nothing but the herbs and fruits which here grow wild: for abstinence and other austerities are essential in this affair.” “Now I think of it, sir,” said Sancho, “how shall I be able to find my way back again to this bye-place?” “Observe and mark well the spot, and I will endeavour to remain near it;” said Don Quixote; “and will, moreover, ascend some of the highest ridges to discover thee upon thy return. But the surest way not to miss me, or lose thyself, will be to cut down some of the broom that abounds here, and scatter it here and there, on the way to the plain, to serve as marks and tokens to guide thee on thy return, in imitation of Theseus’ clue to the labyrinth.”

Sancho Panza followed this counsel; and having provided himself with branches, he begged his master’s blessing, and, not without many tears on both sides, took his leave of him; and mounting upon Rozinante, with especial charge from Don Quixote to regard him as he would his own proper person, he rode towards the plain, strewing the boughs at intervals, as his master directed him. Thus he departed, although Don Quixote still importuned him to stay and see him perform if it were but a couple of his gambols. He had not gone above a hundred paces when he turned back and said: “Your worship, sir, said right that, to enable me to swear with a safe conscience, it would be proper I should at least see one of your mad tricks; though, in plain truth, I have seen enough in seeing you stay here.” “Did I not tell thee so?” quoth Don Quixote: “stay but a moment, Sancho—I will dispatch them as quickly as you can say a Credo.” Then stripping off his clothes in all haste, without more ado he cut a couple of capers in the air, and as many tumbles heels over head. Sancho turned Rozinante about, fully satisfied that he might swear his master was stark mad: we will therefore leave him pursuing his journey until his return, which was speedy.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A continuation of the refinements practised by Don Quixote, as a lover in the Sierra Morena.

THE history then recounting what the knight of the sorrowful figure did when he found himself alone, informs us that, having finished his gambols, half-naked, and perceiving that Sancho was gone, without caring to be witness of any more of his pranks, he mounted the top of a high rock. and there

began to deliberate on a subject that he had often considered before, without coming to any resolution; and that was which of the two was the best and most proper model for his imitation, Orlando in his furious fits, or Amadis in his melancholy moods: and thus he argued with himself:—If Orlando was as good and valiant a knight as he is universally allowed to have been, where is the wonder? since, in fact, he was enchanted, and could only be slain by having a needle thrust into the sole of his foot: and therefore he always wore shoes with seven soles of iron. This contrivance, however, availed him nothing against Berrardo del Carpio, who knew the secret, and pressed him to death between his arms in Roncesvalles. But setting aside his valour, let us consider his madness, which was certainly occasioned by the discovery he made at the fountain, and by the intelligence given him by the shepherd that Angelica had proved faithless with Medoro, a little curl-pated Moor, page to Agromante. And if he knew this, and was convinced of his lady's infidelity, it was no wonder that he ran mad. But how can I imitate him in his phrenzy without a similar cause? My Dulcinea del Toboso, I dare swear, never in all her life beheld a real and acknowledged Moor, and that she is this day as the mother that bore her; and I should do her a manifest wrong if, suspecting otherwise, I should be seized with the same species of phrenzy as that of Orlando Furioso. On the other side I see that Amadis de Gaul, without losing his senses, or having any raving fits, acquired a reputation equally high as a lover, since, finding himself disdained by the lady Oriana, who commanded him not to appear in her presence until it was her pleasure, he only retired to the sterile rock, accompanied by a hermit, and there wept abundantly until Heaven succoured him in his great tribulation. Now this being the case, why should I take the pains to strip myself naked, or molest these trees that never did me harm? Or wherefore should I disturb the water of these crystal streams, which are to furnish me with drink when I want it? All honour, then, to the memory of Amadis! and let him be the model of Don Quixote de la Mancha, of whom shall be said, what was said of another, that, if he did not achieve great things, he at least died in attempting them; and though neither rejected nor disdained by my Dulcinea, it is sufficient that I am absent from her. Now then to the work. Come to my memory, ye deeds of Amadis, and instruct me where to begin the task of imitation! It now occurs to me that he prayed much—that will I also do." Whereupon he strung some large galls of a cork-tree, which served him for a rosary; but he regretted exceedingly that there was no hermit to hear his confession, and administer consolation to him. He thus passed the time, walking about and writing, and gravings on the barks of trees, or tracing in the fine sand, many verses of a plaintive kind, or in praise of his Dulcinea. Among those discovered afterwards, only the following were entire and legible:—

Ye lofty trees, with spreading arms,
 The pride and shelter of the plain;
 Ye humbler shrubs and flow'ry charms,
 Which here in springing glory reign!
 If my complaints may pity move,
 Hear the sad story of my love!
 While with me here you pass your hours,
 Should you grow faded with my cares,
 I'll bribe you with refreshing showers;
 You shall be watered with my tears.
 Distant, though present in idea,
 I mourn my absent Dulcinea

Del Toboso.

Love's truest slave, despairing, chose
 This lonely wild, this desert plain,
 This silent witness of the woes
 Which he, though guiltless, must sustain.
 Unknowing why these pains he bears,
 He groans, he raves, and he despairs.
 With ling'ring fires love racks my soul :
 In vain I grieve, in vain lament ;
 Like tortur'd fiends I weep, I howl,
 And burn, yet never can repent.
 Distant, though present in idea,
 I mourn my absent Dulcinea

Del Toboso.

While I through honour's thorny ways,
 In search of distant glory rove,
 Malignant fate my toil repays
 With endless woes and hopeless love.
 Thus I on barren rocks despair,
 And curse my stars, yet bless my fair.
 Love, arm'd with snakes, has left his dart,
 And now does like a fury rave ;
 And scourge and sting on every part,
 And into madness lash his slave.
 Distant, though present in idea,
 I mourn my absent Dulcinea

Del Toboso.

The whimsical addition at the end of each stanza occasioned no small amusement to those who found the verses ; for they concluded that Don Quixote had thought that, unless to the name of "Dulcinea" be added "Del Toboso," the object of his praise would not be known—and they were right, as he afterwards confessed. He wrote many others, but only these three stanzas could be clearly made out. In such tender and melancholy occupations, sighing, or invoking the sylvan deities, the nymphs of the mountain streams, and the mournful echo, to listen and answer to his moan, he passed the time ; and sometimes in gathering herbs to sustain himself until Sancho's return ; who, if he had tarried three weeks instead of three days, "the knight of the sorrowful figure" would have been so disfigured that he would not have been recognised by his own mother. Here, however, it would be proper to leave him, wrapped up in poetry and grief, to relate what happened to the squire during his embassy.

As soon as Sancho had gained the high-road, he directed his course immediately to Toboso, and the next day he came within sight of the inn where the misfortune of the blanket had befallen him, and, fancying himself again flying in the air, he felt no disposition to enter it, although it was then the hour of dinner, and he longed for something warm—all having been cold-treat with him for many days past. This inclination, nevertheless, drew him forcibly towards the inn ; and, as he stood doubtful whether or not to enter, two persons came out, who immediately recognised him. "Pray, signor licentiate," said one to the other, "is not that Sancho Panza yonder on horseback, who, as our friend's housekeeper told us, accompanied her master as his squire ?" "Truly it is," said the licentiate ; "and that is our Don Quixote's horse." No wonder they knew him so well, for they were the priest and barber of his village, and the very persons who had tried and passed sentence of execution on the mischievous books. Being now certain it was Sancho Panza and

Rozinante, and hoping to hear some tidings of Don Quixote, the priest went up to him, and, calling him by his name, "Friend Sancho Panza," said he, "where have you left your master?" Sancho immediately knew them, and resolved to conceal the circumstances and place of Don Quixote's retreat; he therefore told them that his master was very busy in a certain place, about a certain affair of the greatest importance to himself, which he durst not discover for the eyes in his head. "No, no, Sancho," quoth the barber, "that story will not pass. If you do not tell us where he is, we shall conclude, as we suspect already, that you have murdered and robbed him, since you come thus upon his horse. See, then, that you produce the owner of that horse, or woe be to you!" "There is no reason why you should threaten me," quoth Sancho; "for I am not a man to rob or murder anybody. Let every man's fate kill him, or God who made him. My master is doing a certain penance much to his liking in the midst of yon mountains." He then, very freely and without hesitation, related to them in what state he had left him, the adventures that had befallen them, and how he was then carrying a letter to the lady Dulcinea del Toboso—the daughter of Lorenzo Corchuelo, with whom his master was up to the ears in love.

They were both astonished at Sancho's report; and, though they already knew the nature of Don Quixote's derangement, yet every fresh instance of it was to them a new source of wonder. They begged Sancho Panza to show them the letter he was carrying to the lady Dulcinea del Toboso. He said it was written in a pocket-book, and that his master had ordered him to get it copied out upon paper at the first town he should arrive at. The priest said, if he would show it to him, he would transcribe it in a very fair character. Sancho Panza put his hand into his bosom to take out the book, but found it not; nor could he have found it had he searched until this time; for it remained with Don Quixote, who had forgotten to give it to him. When Sancho found he had no book, he turned as pale as death; and, having felt again all over his body in great perturbation, without success, he laid hold of his beard with both hands, and tore away half of it; and then gave himself sundry cuffs on the nose and mouth, bathing them all in blood. The priest and barber seeing this, asked him wherefore he treated himself so roughly. "Wherefore?" answered Sancho, "but that I have let slip through my fingers three ass-colts, each of them a castle!" "How so?" replied the barber. "I have lost the pocket-book," answered Sancho, "that contained the letter to Dulcinea, and a bill signed by my master, in which he ordered his niece to deliver to me three colts out of four or five he had at home." This led him to mention his loss of Dapple; but the priest bid him be of good cheer, telling him that, when he saw his master, he would engage him to renew the order upon paper in a regular way; for one written in a pocket-book would not be accepted. Sancho was comforted by this assurance, and said that he did not care for the loss of the letter to Dulcinea, as he could almost say it by heart; so that they might write it down, where and when they pleased. "Repeat it, then, Sancho," quoth the barber, "and we will write it afterwards." Sancho then began to scratch his head, in order to fetch the letter to his remembrance; now he stood upon one foot, and then upon the other; sometimes he looked down upon the ground, and sometimes up to the sky: then, after biting off half a nail of one finger, and keeping his hearers long in expectation, he said: "The devil take all I remember of the letter; though at the beginning I believe it said, 'High and subterranean lady.'" "No," said the barber, "not subterranean, but superhumane, or sovereign lady." "Aye, so it was," said Sancho. "Then, if I do not mistake, it went on, 'the stabbed, and the waking, and the pierced, kisses your honour's hands, ungrateful and most

regardless fair ;' and then it said I know not what of 'health and sickness that he sent ;' and so he went on, until at last he ended with 'thine till death, the knight of the sorrowful figure.'

They were both not a little diverted at Sancho's excellent memory, and commended it much, desiring him to repeat the letter twice more, that they also might get it by heart, in order to write it down in due time. Thrice Sancho repeated it, and thrice he added three thousand other extravagances ; relating to them also many other things concerning his master, but not a word of the blanket. He informed them likewise how his lord, upon his return with a kind despatch from his lady Dulcinea del Toboso, was to set about endeavouring to become an emperor, or at least a king (for so it was concerted between them)—a thing that would be very easily done, considering the valour and strength of his arm; and when this was accomplished, his master was to marry him (as by that time he should, no doubt, be a widower), and give him to wife one of the empress's maids of honour, heiress to a large and rich territory on the mainland ; for, as to islands, he was quite out of conceit with them. Sancho said all this with so much gravity, ever and anon wiping his nose, that they were amazed at the potency of Don Quixote's malady, which had borne along with it the senses also of this poor fellow. They would not give themselves the trouble to convince him of his folly, as it was of a harmless nature, and afforded them amusement ; they therefore told him he should pray for his lord's health, since it was very possible and very practicable for him in process of time to become an emperor, as he said, or at least an archbishop, or something else of equal dignity. To which Sancho answered, "Gentlemen, if fortune should so order it that my master should take it into his head not to be an emperor, but an archbishop, I would fain know what archbishops-errant usually give to their squires?" "They usually give them," answered the priest, "some benefice or cure, or vergership, which brings them in a good penny-rent; besides the perquisites of the altar, usually valued at as much more." "For this it will be necessary," replied Sancho, "that the squire be unmarried, and that he know, at least, the responses to the mass ; and if so, woe is me ! for I am married, and do not know my A B C. What will become of me, if my master should have a mind to be an archbishop, and not an emperor, like other knights-errant?" "Be not uneasy, friend Sancho," said the barber, "for we will admonish and entreat your master, even to make it a case of conscience, to become an emperor and not an archbishop ;—indeed, it will suit him better, as he is more of a soldier than a scholar." "So I think," answered Sancho, "though I can affirm that he has a head-piece for everything ; but for my part, I will pray Heaven to direct him to that which is best for him, and will enable him to do the most for me." "You talk like a wise man," said the priest, "and a good Christian ; but we must now contrive to relieve your master from this unprofitable penance ; and, therefore let us go in to concert proper measures, and also to get our dinner, which by this time is ready." Sancho said they might go in, but that he should choose to stay without—he would tell them why another time ; he begged them, however, to bring him out something warm to eat, and also some barley for Rozinante. Accordingly they left him and entered the inn, and soon after the barber returned to him with some food.

The curate and barber having deliberated together on the best means of accomplishing their purpose, a device occurred to the priest, exactly fitted to Don Quixote's humour, and likely to effect what they desired : which was, that he should perform himself the part of a damsel-errant, and the barber equip himself as her squire ; in which disguise they should repair to Don Quixote : and the curate presenting himself as an afflicted and distressed lady,

should beg a boon of him, which he, as a valorous knight-errant, could not do otherwise than grant; and this should be a request that he would accompany her whither she should lead him, to redress an injury done her by a discourteous knight; entreating him, at the same time, not to desire her to remove her mask, nor make any farther inquiries concerning her, until he had done her justice on that wicked knight. He made no doubt but that Don Quixote would consent to any such terms, and they might thus get him away from that place, and carry him home, where they would endeavour to find some remedy for his extraordinary malady.

CHAPTER XXVII.

How the priest and the barber put their design into execution, with other matters worthy to be recited in this history.

THE barber liked the priest's contrivance so well that they immediately began to carry it into execution. They borrowed a petticoat and head-dress from the landlady, leaving in pawn for them a new cassock belonging to the priest; and the barber made himself a huge beard of the tail of a pied ox, in which the innkeeper used to hang his comb. The hostess having asked them for what purpose they wanted those things, the priest gave her a brief account of Don Quixote's insanity, and the necessity of that disguise to draw him from his present retreat. The host and hostess immediately conjectured that this was the same person who had once been their guest, the maker of the balsam, and the master of the blanketed squire; and they related to the priest what had passed between them, without omitting what Sancho had been so careful to conceal. In the mean time, the landlady equipped the priest to admiration: she put him on a cloth petticoat, laid thick with stripes of black velvet, each the breadth of a span, all pinked and slashed; and a corset of green velvet, bordered with white satin, which, together with the petticoat, must have been made in the days of King Bamba. The priest would not consent to wear a woman's head-dress, but put on a little white quilted cap, which he used as a nightcap, and bound one of his garters of black taffeta about his head, and with the other made a kind of veil, which covered his face and beard very well. He then pulled his hat over his face, which was so large that it served him for an umbrella, and wrapping his cloak around him, he got upon his mule sideways like a woman. The barber mounted also, with a beard that reached to his girdle, of a colour between sorrel and white, being, as before said, made of the tail of a pied ox. They took leave of all, not excepting the good Maritornes, who promised, though a sinner, to pray over an entire rosary that Heaven might give them good success in so arduous and Christian a business as that which they had undertaken.

But scarcely had they got out of the inn, when the curate began to think he had done amiss, and that it was indecent for a priest to be so accoutred, although for so good a purpose; and acquainting the barber with his scruples, he begged him to exchange apparel, as it would better become him to personate the distressed damsel, and he would himself act the squire, as being a less profanation of his dignity; and if he would not consent, he was determined to proceed no farther, though the devil should run away with Don Quixote. They were now joined by Sancho, who was highly diverted at their appearance. The barber consented to the proposed exchange; upon which the priest began to instruct him how to act his part, and what expressions to use to Don Quixote,

in order to prevail upon him to accompany them, and leave the place of his penance. The barber assured him that, without his instructions, he would undertake to manage that point to a tittle. The dress, however, he would not put on, until they came near to the place of Don Quixote's retreat. The priest then adjusted his beard, and they proceeded forward, guided by Sancho Panza, who on the way related to them their adventure with the madman whom they had encountered in the mountain; but said not a word about the portmanteau and its contents: for with all his folly and simplicity, the rogue was somewhat covetous.

The next day they arrived at the place where Sancho had strewed the branches to ascertain the place where he had left his master; and, upon seeing them, he gave notice that they had entered the mountain pass, and would therefore do well to put on their disguise, if that had any concern with the delivery of his master. They had before told him that their disguise was of the utmost importance towards disengaging his master from the miserable life he had chosen; and that he must by no means tell him who they were: and if he should inquire, as no doubt he would, whether he had delivered the letter to Dulcinea, he should say he had; and that she, not being able to read or write, had answered by word of mouth, and commanded the knight, on pain of her displeasure, to repair to her immediately, upon an affair of much importance: for, with this, and what they intended to say themselves, they should certainly reconcile him to a better mode of life, and put him in the way of soon becoming an emperor, or a king; as to an archbishop, he had nothing to fear on that subject. Sancho listened to all this, and imprinted it well on his memory, and gave them many thanks for promising to advise his lord to be an emperor, and not an archbishop; for he was persuaded that, in rewarding their squires, emperors could do more than archbishops-errant. He told them also it would be proper he should go before, to find him, and deliver his lady's answer: for, perhaps, that alone would be sufficient to bring him out of that place, without farther trouble. They agreed with Sancho, and determined to wait for his return with intelligence of his master. Sancho entered the mountain pass, and left them in a pleasant spot, refreshed by a streamlet of clear water, and shaded by rocks and overhanging foliage.

It was in the month of August, when in those parts the heats are violent, and about three o'clock in the afternoon; on which account they found the situation very agreeable, and consented the more readily to wait there till Sancho's return. While they were reposing in the shade, a voice reached their ears, which, although unaccompanied by any instrument, sounded sweet and melodious. They were much surprised, since that was not a place where they might expect to hear fine singing; for, although it is common to tell of shepherds with melodious voices, warbling over hills and dales, yet this is rather poetical fancy than plain truth. Besides, the verses they heard were not those of a rustic muse, but of refined and courtly invention, as will appear by the following stanzas:—

What causes all my grief and pain?

Cruel disdain.

What aggravates my misery?

Accursed jealousy.

How has my soul its patience lost?

By tedious absence cross'd.

Alas! no balsam can be found

To heal the grief of such a wound.

When absence, jealousy, and scorn,

Have left me hopeless and forlorn.

What in my breast this grief could move ?
 Neglected love.
 What doth my fond desires withstand ?
 Fate's cruel hand.
 And what confirms my misery ?
 Heaven's fix'd decree.
 Ah me ! my boding fears portend,
 This strange disease my life will end :
 For die I must, when three such foes,
 Heav'n, fate, and love, my bliss oppose.

 My peace of mind what can restore ?
 Death's welcome hour.
 What gains love's joys most readily ?
 Fickle inconstancy.
 Its pains what medicine can assuage ?
 Wild phrenzy's rage.
 'Tis therefore little wisdom, sure,
 For such a grief to seek a cure,
 That knows no better remedy
 Than phrenzy, death, inconstancy.

The hour, the season, the solitude, the voice, and the skill of the singer, all conspired to impress the auditors with wonder and delight, and they remained for some time motionless, in expectation of hearing more : but finding the silence continue, they resolved to see who it was who had sung so agreeably ; and were again detained by the same voice, regaling their ears with this sonnet :—

Friendship, thou hast with nimble flight
 Exulting gain'd th' empyreal height,
 In heav'n to dwell, whilst here below
 Thy semblance reigns in mimic show :
 From thence to earth, at thy behest,
 Descends fair peace, celestial guest !
 Beneath whose veil of shining hue
 Deceit oft lurks, concealed from view.

Leave, friendship ! leave thy heavenly seat,
 Or strip thy livery off the cheat.
 If still he wears thy borrowed smiles,
 And still unwary truth beguiles,
 Soon must this dark terrestrial ball
 Into its first confusion fall.

The song ended with a deep sigh, and they again listened very attentively, in hopes of hearing more ; but the music being changed into sobs and lamentation, they went in search of the unhappy person whose voice was no less excellent than his complaints were mournful. They had not gone far, when, turning the point of a rock, they perceived a man of the same stature and appearance that Sancho had described Carðenio to them. The man expressed no surprise at the sight of them, but stood still, inclining his head upon his breast, in a pensive posture, without again raising his eyes from the ground. The priest, who was a well-spoken man, being already acquainted with his misfortune, went up to him, and in few but very impressive words entreated him to forsake that miserable kind of life, and not hazard so great a misfortune as to lose it in that

inhospitable place. Cardenio was then perfectly tranquil, and free from those outrageous fits with which he was so often seized; he likewise appeared to be sensible that the persons who now accosted him were unlike the inhabitants of those mountains; he was still more surprised to hear them speak of his concerns, and he replied, "It is very evident to me, gentlemen, whoever you are, that Heaven, which succours the good, and often even the wicked, unworthy as I am, sends to me in this solitude, so remote from the commerce of human kind, persons who, representing to me by various and forcible arguments how irrational is my mode of life, endeavour to divert me from it; but not knowing as I do that by flying from this misery I shall be plunged into worse, they doubtless take me for a fool or madman; and no wonder, for I am myself aware that, so intense and so overwhelming is the sense of my misery, I sometimes become like a stone, void of all knowledge and sensation. I know this to be true, by the traces I leave of my frenzy; but I can only lament in vain, curse my fortune, and seek an excuse for my extravagance by imparting the cause to all who will listen to me, since none who are acquainted with my situation, could fail to pardon my conduct and compassionate my sufferings. And, gentlemen, if you come with the same intention that others have done, before you proceed any farther in your prudent counsel, I beseech you to hear my sad story; for then you will probably spare yourselves the trouble of endeavouring to find consolation for an evil which has no remedy."

The two friends being desirous of hearing his own account of himself, entertained him to indulge them, assuring him they would do nothing but what was agreeable to him, either in the way of remedy or advice. The unhappy young man began his melancholy story almost in the same words in which he had related it to Don Quixote and the goatherd some few days before, when, on account of Master Elisabat and Don Quixote's zeal in defending the honour of knight-errantry, the tale was abruptly suspended; but Cardenio's sane interval now enabled him to conclude it quietly. On coming to the circumstance of the love-letter which Don Fernando found between the leaves of the book of *Amadis de Gaul*, he said he remembered it perfectly well, and that it was as follows:—

"Each day I discover in you qualities which raise you in my esteem; and, therefore, if you would put it in my power to discharge my obligations to you, without prejudice to my honour, you may easily do it. I have a father who knows you, and has an affection for me; who will never force my inclinations, and will comply with whatever you can justly desire, if you really have that value for me which you profess, and which I trust you have."

"This letter made me resolve to demand Lucinda in marriage, as I have already related, and was one of those which pleased Don Fernando so much. It was this letter, also, which made him determine upon my ruin before my design could be effected. I told Don Fernando that Lucinda's father expected that the proposal should come from mine, but that I durst not mention it to him, lest he should refuse his consent: not that he was ignorant of Lucinda's exalted merits, which might ennoble any family of Spain, but because I had understood from him that he was desirous I should not marry until it should be seen what Duke Ricardo would do for me. In short, I told him that I had not courage to speak to my father about it, being full of vague apprehensions and sad forebodings. In reply to all this, Don Fernando engaged to induce my father to propose me to the father of Lucinda—O ambitious Marius! cruel Catiline! wicked Scylla! crafty Galalon! perfidious Vellido! vindictive Julian! Oh, covetous Judas! Cruel, wicked, and crafty traitor! what injury had been done thee by a poor wretch who so frankly disclosed to thee the secrets of his

heart? Wherein had I offended thee? Have I not ever sought the advancement of thy interest and honour? But why do I complain—miserable wretch that I am! For when the stars are adverse, what is human power! Who could have thought that Don Fernando, noble and generous, obliged by my services, and secure of success wherever his amorous inclinations led him, should take such cruel pains to deprive me of my single ewe-lamb! But no more of these unavailing reflections; I will now resume the broken thread of my sad story.

“Don Fernando, thinking my presence an obstacle to the execution of his treacherous design, resolved to send me to his elder brother for money to pay for six horses which he bought, merely for a pretence to get me out of the way, that he might the more conveniently execute his diabolical purpose. Could I foresee such treachery? Could I even suspect it? Surely not: on the contrary, well satisfied with his purchase, I cheerfully consented to depart immediately. That night I had an interview with Lucinda, and told her what had been agreed upon between Don Fernando and myself, assuring her of my hopes of a successful result. She, equally unsuspecting of Don Fernando, desired me to return speedily, since she believed the completion of our wishes was only deferred until proposals should be made to her father by mine. I know not whence it was, but as she spoke, her eyes filled with tears, and some sudden obstruction in her throat prevented her articulating another word. I was surprised at her unusual emotion, for we generally conversed together with pleasure, unalloyed by tears, sighs, jealousy, suspicion, or alarms—I, expatiating upon my good fortune in possessing such a mistress; and she, kindly commending in me what she thought worthy of commendation. We amused each other also by the little concerns of our neighbours and acquaintance; and my presumption never extended farther than to seize, by force, one of her snowy hands, and press it to my lips as well as the narrowness of the iron gate between us would permit. But the night preceding the doleful day of my departure, she wept, sighed, and abruptly withdrew, leaving me full of surprise and trepidation at witnessing such uncommon indications of grief and tenderness in my Lucinda. Still I cherished my hopes, and ascribed all to the excess of her tenderness for me, and the sorrow natural in lovers upon separation. I set out upon my journey sad and pensive, my soul full of gloomy thoughts and fears—manifest presages of the sad fate in store for me.

“I executed my commission to Don Fernando’s brother, by whom I was well received, but not soon dismissed; for, to my grief, he ordered me to wait eight days, and to keep out of his father’s sight; because his brother had desired that a certain sum of money might be sent to him without the duke’s knowledge. All this was a contrivance of the false Fernando; and I felt disposed to resist the injunction, as it seemed to me impossible to support life so many days absent from Lucinda, especially having left her in such a state of dejection. Nevertheless, I did obey, like a good servant, although at the expense of my health. But four days after my arrival a man came in quest of me with a letter, which by the superscription I knew to be from Lucinda. I opened it with alarm, convinced it must be something extraordinary that had induced her to write. Before I read it, I made some inquiries of the messenger. He told me that passing accidentally through a street in the town, a very beautiful lady, with tears in her eyes, called to him from a window, and said to him, in great agitation, ‘Friend, if you are a Christian, I beg of you, for the love of Heaven, to carry this letter with all expedition to the place and person to whom it is directed; in so doing you will perform an act of charity; and to supply you with the necessary expense take what is tied up in this handkerchief;’ so saying, she threw the handkerchief out of the window; which contained a hundred reals, and this gold ring, with the letter I have given you. She saw

me take up the letter and the handkerchief, and assure her by signs that I would do what she commanded, and she then quitted the window. Finding myself so well paid for the trouble, and knowing by the superscription it was for you, sir; induced moreover by the tears of that beautiful lady, I resolved to trust no other person, but deliver it with my own hands: and within sixteen hours I have performed the journey, which you know is eighteen leagues.' While the grateful messenger thus spoke, I hung upon his words, my legs trembling so that I could scarcely stand. At length I opened the letter, which contained these words:—

“‘The promise Don Fernando gave you to intercede with your father, he has fulfilled, more for his own gratification than your interest. Know, sir, that he has demanded me to wife: and my father, allured by the advantage he thinks Don Fernando possesses over you, has accepted this proposal so eagerly that the marriage is to be solemnized two days hence, and with so much privacy that, except Heaven, a few of our own family are alone to witness it. Conceive my situation! and think whether you ought not to return. Whether I love you or not, the event will prove. Heaven grant this may come to your hand before mine be compelled to join his who breaks his promised faith!’”

“I set out immediately, without waiting for any other answer, or the money: for now I plainly saw it was not the purchase of horses, but the indulgence of his pleasure, that had induced Don Fernando to send me to his brother. My rage against Don Fernando, and the fear of losing the rich reward of my long service and affection, gave wings to my speed; and the next day I reached our town, at the moment favourable for an interview with Lucinda. I went privately, having left my mule with the honest man who brought me the letter: and fortune was just then so propitious that I found Lucinda at the grate, the constant witness of our loves. We saw each other—but how! Who is there in the world that can boast of having fathomed, and thoroughly penetrated the intricate and ever-changing nature of a woman? Certainly none. As soon as Lucinda saw me she said: ‘Cardenio, I am in my bridal habit; they are now waiting for me in the hall; the treacherous Don Fernando and my covetous father, with some others, who shall sooner be witnesses of my death than of my nuptials. Be not afflicted, my friend; but endeavour to be present at this sacrifice, which, if my arguments cannot avert, I carry a dagger about me, which can oppose a more effectual resistance, by putting an end to my life, and will give you a convincing proof of the affection I have ever borne you.’ I answered with confusion and precipitation: ‘Let your actions, madam, prove the truth of your words. If you carry a dagger to secure your honour, I carry a sword to defend you, or kill myself, if fortune proves adverse.’ I do not believe she heard all I said, being hastily called away: for the bridegroom waited for her. Here the night of my sorrow closed in upon me! here set the sun of my happiness! My eyes were clouded in darkness, and my brain was disordered. I was irresolute whether to enter her house, and seemed bereaved of the power to move; but, recollecting how important my presence might be on that occasion, I exerted myself, and hastened thither. Being perfectly acquainted with all the avenues, and the whole household engaged, I escaped observation, and concealed myself in the recess of a window in the hall, behind the hangings, where two pieces of tapestry met; whence I could see all that passed. Who can describe the flutterings of my heart, and my various sensations, as I stood there? The bridegroom entered the hall, in his usual dress, accompanied by a cousin of Lucinda, and no other person was present, except the servants of the house. Soon after, from a dressing room, came forth Lucinda, accompanied by her mother and two of her own maids, adorned in the extreme of courtly splendour. The agony and distraction I endured

allowed me not to observe the particulars of her dress ; I remarked only the colours, which were carnation and white, and the precious stones that glittered on every part of her attire : surpassed, however, by the singular beauty of her fair and golden tresses, in the splendour of which the brilliance of her jewels and the blaze of the surrounding lights seemed to be lost. O memory, thou mortal enemy of my repose ! wherefore now recall to me the incomparable beauty of that adored enemy of mine ! Were it not better, thou cruel faculty ! to represent to my imagination her conduct at that period—that, moved by so flagrant an injury, I may strive, if not to avenge it, at least to end this life of pain ? Be not weary, gentlemen, of these digressions ; for my misfortunes are not such as can be related briefly and methodically, since every circumstance appears to me of importance.” The priest assured him that, far from being tired of listening to him, they took great pleasure in his minutest details, which merited no less attention than the principal parts of his story.

“I say then,” continued Cardenio, “that, being all assembled in the hall, the priest entered, and, having taken them both by the hand, in order to perform what is necessary on such occasions, when he came to these words, ‘Will you, signora Lucinda, take signor Don Fernando, who is here present, for your lawful husband, as our holy mother the Church commands ?’ I thrust out my head and neck through the tapestry, and with attentive ears and distracted soul awaited Lucinda’s reply, as the sentence of my death, or the confirmation of my life. O ! that I had then dared to venture forth, and to have cried aloud—‘Ah, Lucinda, Lucinda ! beware what you do ; consider what you owe to me ! Remember that you are mine, and cannot belong to another. Be assured that in pronouncing Yes, you will instantly destroy me !—Ah, traitor Don Fernando ! ravisher of my glory, death of my life ! what is it thou wouldst have ? to what dost thou pretend ? Reflect, that as a Christian thou canst not accomplish thy purpose ; for Lucinda is my wife, and I am her husband.’ Ah, fool that I am ! now I am absent, I can say what I ought to have said, but did not ! Now, that I have suffered myself to be robbed of my soul’s treasure, I am cursing the thief, on whom I might have revenged myself if I had been then as prompt to act as I am now to complain ! I was then a coward and a fool ; no wonder, therefore, if I now die ashamed, repentant, and mad.

“The priest stood expecting Lucinda’s answer, who paused for a long time ; and when I thought she would draw forth the dagger in defence of her honour, or make some declaration which might redound to my advantage, I heard her say in a low and faint voice, ‘I will.’ Don Fernando said the same, and the ring being put on, they remained tied in an indissoluble band. The bridegroom approached to embrace his bride ; and she, laying her hand on her heart, fainted in the arms of her mother. Imagine my condition after that fatal Yes, by which my hopes were frustrated, Lucinda’s vows and promises broken, and I for ever deprived of all chance of happiness. I was totally confounded—I thought myself abandoned by heaven and earth ; the air denying me breath for my sighs, and the water moisture for my tears : fire alone supplied me with rage and jealousy. On Lucinda’s fainting, all were in confusion, and her mother unlacing her bosom to give her air, discovered in it a folded paper, which Don Fernando instantly seized, and read it by one of the flambeaux, after which, he sat himself down in a chair, apparently full of thought, and without attending to the exertions made to recover his bride.

“During this general consternation, I departed, indifferent whether I was seen or not ; but determined, if seen, to act so desperate a part that all the world should know the just indignation of my breast, by the chastisement of the false Don Fernando, and of the fickle, though swooning traitress. But my fate, to reserve me for greater evils, if greater can possibly exist, ordained that

at that juncture I had the use of my understanding, which has since failed me, and instead of seizing the opportunity to revenge myself on my cruel enemies, I condemned myself to a more severe fate than I could have inflicted on them; for what is sudden death, to a protracted life of anguish? In short, I quitted the house; and returning to the place where I had left the mule, I mounted and rode out of the town, not daring, like another Lot, to look behind me; and when I found myself alone on the plain, concealed by the darkness of the night, the silence inviting my lamentations, I gave vent to a thousand execrations on Lucinda and Don Fernando, as if that, alas! would afford me satisfaction for the wrongs I had sustained. I called her cruel, false, and ungrateful; and, above all, mercenary, since the wealth of my enemy had seduced her affections from me. But, amidst all these reproaches, I sought to find excuses for her submission to parents whom she had ever been accustomed implicitly to obey; especially as they offered her a husband with such powerful attractions. Then, again, I considered that she need not have been ashamed of avowing her engagement to me, since, had it not been for Don Fernando's proposals, her parents could not have desired a more suitable connection; and I thought how easily she could have declared herself mine when on the point of giving her hand to my rival. In fine, I concluded that her love had been less than her ambition, and she had thus forgotten those promises by which she had beguiled her hopes and cherished my passion.

"In the utmost perturbation of mind, I journeyed on the rest of the night, and at daybreak reached these mountains, over which I wandered three days more, without road or path, until I came to a valley not far hence; and inquiring of some shepherds for the most rude and solitary part, they directed me to this place, where I instantly came, determined to pass here the remainder of my life. Among these crags, my mule fell down dead through weariness and hunger, or, what is more probable, to be relieved of so useless a burden; and thus was I left, extended on the ground, famished and exhausted, neither hoping nor caring for relief. How long I continued in this state, I know not; but at length I got up, without the sensation of hunger, and found near me some goatherds, who had undoubtedly relieved my wants. They told me of the condition in which they found me, and of many wild and extravagant things that I had uttered, clearly proving the derangement of my intellect; and I am conscious that since then I have not been always quite right, but have committed a thousand extravagances, tearing my garments, howling aloud through these solitudes, cursing my fortune, and repeating in vain the name of my beloved. When my senses return, I find myself so weary and bruised, that I can scarcely move. My usual abode is in the hollow of a cork-tree, large enough to enclose this wretched body. The goatherds charitably supply me with food, laying it on the rocks, and in places where they think I may find it; and even when my senses are disordered, necessity points out my sustenance. At other times, as they have informed me in my lucid intervals, I come into the road, and take from the shepherds by force those provisions which they would freely give me. Thus I pass my miserable life, waiting until it shall please Heaven to bring it to a period, or erase from my memory the beauty and treachery of Lucinda, and the perfidy of Don Fernando; otherwise, Heaven have mercy on me! for I feel no power to change my mode of life.

"This, gentlemen, is my melancholy tale. Trouble not yourselves. I beseech you, to counsel or persuade me; for it will be of no more avail than to prescribe medicines to the patient who rejects them. I will have no health without Lucinda; and since she has pleased to give herself to another when she was or ought to have been mine, let me have the pleasure of indulging myself in unappiness, since I might have been happy if I had pleased. She, by her

mutability, would have irretrievably undone me; I, by endeavouring to destroy myself, would satisfy her will, and I shall stand an example to posterity of having been the only unfortunate person whom the possibility of receiving consolation could not comfort, but plunged in still greater afflictions and misfortunes; for I verily believe they will not have an end even in death itself."

Here Cardenio terminated the long recital of his story, no less full of misfortunes than of love; and just as the priest was preparing to say something to him, by way of consolation, he was prevented by a voice which in mournful accents said what will be related in the fourth book of this history, for at this point the wise and judicious historian Cid Hamet Ben Engeli puts an end to the third.

BOOK IV.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Which treats of the new and agreeable adventure that befel the priest and the barber in the Sierra Morena.

How happy and fortunate was that age in which the most daring knight Don Quixote de la Mancha was ushered into the world! since in consequence of his honourable resolution to revive the long-neglected and almost extinguished order of knight-errantry, we are regaled in these our times, so barren of entertainment, not only by his own delightful history, but also by the tales and episodes contained in it, which are scarcely less agreeable, ingenious, and true than the narration itself; the thread of which, being already carded, twisted, and reeled, may now be resumed.

As narrated in the last chapter, the priest was preparing to say something consolatory to Cardenio, when he was prevented by a voice uttering these mournful accents:—

“O heavens! have I then at last found a place which may afford a secret grave for this wretched body? Yes—if the silence of this rocky desert deceive me not, here I may die in peace. Ah, woe is me! Here at least I may freely pour forth my lamentations to Heaven, and shall be less wretched than among men, from whom I should in vain seek counsel, redress, or consolation.”

These words being distinctly heard by the curate and his companions, they rose up to seek the mourner, who they knew by the voice to be near them; and they had not gone many paces when they espied a youth dressed like a peasant sitting under an ash-tree at the foot of a rock. They could not at first see his face, as he was stooping to bathe his feet in a rivulet which ran by. They drew near so silently that he did not hear them; and while he continued thus employed they stood in admiration at the beauty and whiteness of his feet, which looked like pure crystal among the pebbles of the brook, and did not seem formed for breaking clods or following the plough, as might have been expected from the apparel of the youth. The curate, who went foremost, made a sign to the others to crouch down and conceal themselves behind some fragments of a rock, whence they might watch his motions. He was clad in a drab-coloured jerkin, girded closely round his body with a piece of white linen; his breeches, gaiters, and his cap, were all of the same colour. His gaiters being now pulled up, exposed his legs, which in colour resembled alabaster. After bathing his lovely feet he wiped them with a handkerchief, which he drew from under his cap; and in doing this he displayed a face of such exquisite beauty, that Cardenio said to the priest, in a low voice, “Since it is not Lucinda, this can be no human creature.” The youth then took off his cap, and shaking his head, a profusion of hair, that Apollo himself might envy, fell over his shoulders—and betrayed the woman, and the most beautiful one that two of the party had ever beheld. Cardenio declared that Lucinda

alone could be compared to her. Her long and golden tresses covered not only her shoulders but nearly her whole body; and her snowy fingers served her for a comb. Her beauty made the three spectators impatient to find out who she was, and they now determined to accost her. The lovely maiden looked up on hearing them approach, and with both her hands putting her hair from before her eyes, she saw the intruders; upon which she hastily rose, and snatched up a bundle, apparently of clothes, which laid near her, and without staying to put on her shoes or bind up her hair, she fled with precipitation and alarm; but had scarcely gone six paces when, her tender feet being unable to bear the sharp stones, she fell to the ground. The priest now addressed himself to her: "Do not fly, madam, I entreat you; for we only desire to serve you; indeed there is no reason why you should attempt so inconvenient a flight." Surprised and confounded, she made no reply. The priest then, taking her hand, proceeded to say: "Your hair reveals to us, madam, what your habit would conceal; and it is manifest that no slight cause has induced you to disguise your beauty in such unworthy attire, and brought you to a solitude like this, where it has been our good fortune to find you; and I hope, dear madam, or, if you please, dear sir, that you will dismiss every alarm on our account, and give us an opportunity of rendering you some assistance."

When the priest thus addressed her, the disguised maiden stood like one stupified, her eyes fixed on them, without answering one word—like a country clown when he is suddenly surprised by some new sight. At length, after the priest had said more to the same purpose, she heaved a deep sigh, and breaking silence, said: "Since even these retired mountains have failed to conceal me, and my hair has betrayed me, I can no longer attempt to disguise myself. Indeed, gentlemen, I feel very grateful for your kind offers to serve me, but such is my unfortunate situation that commiseration is all I can expect; nevertheless, that I may not suffer in your opinion from the strange circumstances under which you have discovered me, I will tell you the cause without reserve, whatever pain it may give me." She spoke with so much grace, and in so sweet a voice, that they were still more charmed with her, and repeated their kind offers and solicitations for her confidence. Having first modestly put on her shoes and stockings, and gathered up her hair, she seated herself upon a flat stone, her three auditors placing themselves around her; and after some efforts to restrain her tears, she began her story in this manner:—

"There is a town in the province of Andalusia, from which a duke takes his title, that makes him a grandee of Spain. This duke has two sons; the elder, heir to his estate, and apparently to his virtues: the younger, heir to I know not what, unless it be to the treachery of Vellido and the deceitfulness of Galalon. My parents are vassals to this nobleman, and are very rich, though of humble birth, otherwise I should not be in this wretched state; for their want of rank is probably the cause of all my misfortunes. Not, indeed, that there is anything disgraceful in the condition of my family—they are farmers, simple, honest people, and such as are called old rusty Christians,* of that class which by their wealth and handsome way of living are by degrees acquiring the name of gentlemen.

"But what they prized above rank or riches was their daughter, sole heiress of their fortune, and I was always treated by them with the utmost indulgence and affection. I was the light of their eyes, the staff of their old age, and, under Heaven, the sole object of all their hopes. And, as I was mistress of their affections, so was I of all they possessed. To me they intrusted the management of the household: through my hands passed the accounts of all that

* That is, original Spaniards, without mixture of Moor or Jew for several generations; such only being qualified for titles of honour.

was sown and reaped : the oil-mills, the wine-presses, the numerous herds, flocks, and the bee-hives—everything, in short, was intrusted to my care. I was both steward and mistress, and always performed my duties to their satisfaction. The leisure hours that remained I passed in sewing, spinning, or making lace, and sometimes in reading good books, or, if my spirits required the relief of music, I had recourse to my gittern. Such was the life I led in my father's house : and I have not been so particular in describing it out of ostentation, but that you may know how undeservedly I have been cast from that happy state into my present misery. Thus I passed my time, constantly occupied and in retirement, seen only, as I imagined, by our own servants ; for when I went to mass it was early in the morning, accompanied by my mother, and so closely veiled that my eyes saw no more ground than the space which my foot covered. Yet the eyes of love, or rather of idleness, which are like those of a lynx, discovered me. Don Fernando, the younger son of the duke, whom I mentioned to you"—she had no sooner named Don Fernando, than Cardenio's colour changed, and he was so violently agitated that the priest and the barber were afraid that he would be seized with one of those paroxysms of frenzy to which he was subject. But he remained quiet, fixing his eyes attentively on the country-maid, well conjecturing who she was ; while she, not observing the emotions of Cardenio, continued her story, saying : " No sooner had he seen me, than (as he afterwards declared) he conceived for me a violent affection—but, to shorten the account of my misfortunes, I pass over in silence the devices Don Fernando employed to make his passion known to me. He bribed all our servants ; he offered presents to my relations ; every day was a festival in our straits : and at night nobody could sleep for seranades. Infinite were the billets-doux that came, I knew not how, to my hands, filled with amorous declarations and expressions of kindness, containing more promises and oaths than letters. All these efforts I resisted : not that the gallantry and solicitations of Don Fernando were displeasing to me ; for I confess that I felt flattered and gratified by the attentions of a gentleman of his high rank ; besides, women are always pleased to be admired. However, I was supported by a sense of virtue, and the good advice of my parents, who told me that they relied on my virtue and prudence, and at the same time begged me to consider the inequality between myself and Don Fernando, and to suspect, whatever he might say to the contrary, that it was his own pleasure, not my happiness, that he had in view : and if I would consent to raise a barrier against his unworthy projects, they would engage immediately to find a suitable match for me. Thus cautioned, I maintained the utmost reserve towards Don Fernando, and never gave him the least encouragement either by look or word ; but my behaviour only increased his brutal passion—love I cannot call it ; for had he truly loved me, you would have been spared this sad tale.

" Don Fernando, having discovered my parents' intentions for my security, was determined to defeat them ; and one night, as I was in my chamber, the door fast locked, and only my maid present, he suddenly stood before me. Terrified at his unexpected appearance, I was deprived of the power of utterance, and, all my strength failing me, he caught me in his arms. The traitor then pleaded by sighs and tears, and with such an appearance of truth, that I, a poor simple creature, without experience, began to give some credit to him, though I was far from being moved to any criminal compassion. When I was sufficiently recovered to speak, I exerted myself, and said to him : ' If my life depended on the sacrifice of my honour, I would not preserve it on such terms ; and though within your grasp, you have no power over my mind ; I am your vassal—not your slave. Your rank does not give you the privilege to insult me,

who have an equal claim to self-respect with yourself. I despise your riches, and distrust your words; neither am I to be moved by your sighs and tears. Had I been thus solicited by one who had obtained the sanction of my parents, and honourably demanded my hand, I might have listened to proposals—but to no others than those of a lawful husband.

“If that be all, beautiful Dorothea!” said the treacherous man, “here I pledge to you my hand; and let all-seeing heaven and that image of our Lady witness the agreement!”

When Cardenio heard her call herself Dorothea, he was confirmed in his conjecture; but he would not interrupt the story, being desirous to hear the event of what in part he knew already; and he only said: “What, madam! is your name Dorothea? I have heard of one of that name whose misfortunes much resemble yours. But proceed; another time I may tell you things that will equally excite your wonder and compassion.” Dorothea, struck by Cardenio’s words, and his strange and tattered dress, entreated him, if he knew anything of her affairs, to tell her without delay; for fortune had still left her courage to bear any disaster that might befall her, being certain that nothing could increase her misery. “I should be sorry to say anything that would do so, madam,” replied Cardenio; “nor is it necessary for me to speak at present.”

Dorothea proceeded:—“Don Fernando then took up the holy image and called upon it to witness our espousals: pledging himself by the most solemn vows, to become my husband, notwithstanding my entreaties that he would consider the displeasure of his family, and other disadvantages that might result from so unequal an union. All that I urged was of no avail, since it cost him nothing to make promises which he never meant to perform. Being in some degree moved by his perseverance, I began to consider that I should not be the first of lowly birth who had been elevated by her beauty to rank; and that such good fortune should not be lightly rejected. I reflected also that my reputation would infallibly suffer by this visit, in spite of my innocence; and alas! above all I was moved by his insinuating manners and tender protestations, which might well have softened a harder heart than mine. I called my maid to bear testimony to his plighted faith—again he repeated the most solemn vows, attesting new saints to hear them, and thus he finally succeeded in becoming a perjured traitor.

“On the morning that followed that fatal night, Don Fernando quitted me without reluctance: he assured me indeed of his truth and honour, but not with the warmth and vehemence of the preceding night; and at parting he drew a valuable ring from his finger, and put it upon mine. Whatever his sensations might have been, I remained confused and almost distracted. I knew not whether good or harm had befallen me, and was uncertain whether I should chide my maid for her treachery in admitting Don Fernando to my chamber. That perfidious man visited me but once more, although access was free to him, as I had become his wife. Months passed away, and in vain I watched for his coming; yet he was in the town, and every day amusing himself with hunting. What melancholy days and hours were those to me! for I began to doubt his fidelity. Then my damsel heard those reproofs for her presumption which she had before escaped. I long strove to hide my tears, and so to guard my looks that my parents might not see and inquire into the cause of my wretchedness; but suddenly my forbearance was at an end, with all regard to delicacy and fame, upon the intelligence reaching me that Don Fernando was married, in a neighbouring village, to a beautiful young lady, of some rank and fortune, named Lucinda.”—Cardenio heard the name of Lucinda, at first, only with signs of indignation, but soon after a flood of tears burst from his eyes.

Dorothea, however, pursued her story, saying: "When this sad news reached my ears, my heart, instead of being chilled by it, was so incensed and inflamed with rage, that I could scarcely forbear rushing into the streets and proclaiming the baseness and treachery I had experienced. But I became more tranquil after forming a project, which I executed the same night. I borrowed this apparel of a shepherd swain in my father's service, whom I entrusted with my secret, and begged him to attend me in my pursuit of Don Fernando. He assured me it was a rash undertaking; but finding me resolute, he said he would go with me to the end of the world. Immediately I packed up some of my own clothes, with money and jewels, and at night secretly left the house, attended only by my servant and a thousand anxious thoughts; and travelled on foot to the town where I expected to find my husband; impatient to arrive, if not in time to prevent his perfidy, to reproach him for it.

"I inquired where the parents of Lucinda lived; and the first person to whom I addressed myself told me more than I desired to hear. He directed me to the house and gave me an account of all that had happened at the young lady's marriage. He told me also that on the night Don Fernando was married to Lucinda, after she had pronounced the fatal Yes, she fell into a swoon; and the bridegroom in unclasping her bosom to give her air, found a paper written by herself, in which she affirmed that she could not be wife to Don Fernando because she was already betrothed to Cardenio (who, as the man told me, was a gentleman of the same town), and that she had pronounced her assent to Don Fernando merely in obedience to her parents. The paper also revealed her intention to kill herself as soon as the ceremony was over, which was confirmed by a poniard they found concealed upon her. Don Fernando was so enraged to find himself thus mocked and slighted, that he seized hold of the same poniard, and would certainly have stabbed her, had he not been prevented by those present; whereupon he immediately quitted the place. When Lucinda revived, she confessed to her parents the engagement she had formed with Cardenio, who it was suspected, had witnessed the ceremony, and had hastened from the city in despair; for he left a paper expressing his sense of the wrong he had suffered, and declaring his resolution to fly from mankind for ever.

"All this was publicly known, and the general subject of conversation: especially when it appeared that Lucinda also was missing from her father's house—a circumstance that overwhelmed her family with grief, but revived my hopes; for I flattered myself that Heaven had thus interposed to prevent the completion of Don Fernando's second marriage, in order to touch his conscience and to restore him to a sense of duty and honour. These illusive hopes enabled me to endure a life which is now become insupportable to me.

"In this situation, undecided what course to take, I heard myself proclaimed by the public crier, offering a great reward for discovering me, and describing my person and dress. It was also reported that I had eloped from my father's house with the lad that attended me. I was stung to the soul to find how very low I had fallen in public opinion; and, urged by the fear of discovery, I instantly left the city, and at night took refuge among these mountains. But it is truly said one evil produces another, and misfortunes never come singly; for my servant, hitherto so faithful, took advantage of this solitary place, and, dismissing all regard either to God or his mistress, began to make love to me; and, on my answering him as he deserved, he would have used force, but merciful Heaven favoured me, and endued me with strength to push him down a precipice, where I left him, whether dead or alive I know not, for, in spite of terror and fatigue, I fled from the spot with the utmost speed. After this I engaged myself in the service of a shepherd, and have lived for some months among these wilds, always endeavouring to be abroad, lest I should betray

myself. Yet all my care was to no purpose, for my master at length discovered that I was not a man, and the same evil thoughts sprang up in his breast that had possessed my servant. Lest I might not find the same means at hand to free myself from violence, I sought for security in flight, and have endeavoured to hide myself amongst these rocks. Here, with incessant sighs and tears, I implore Heaven to have pity on me, and either alleviate my misery or put an end to my life in this desert, that no traces may remain of so wretched a creature.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Which treats of the beautiful Dorothea's discretion; with other very ingenious and entertaining particulars.

"THIS, gentlemen," added Dorothea, "is my tragical story; think whether the sighs and tears which you have witnessed have not been more than justified. My misfortunes, as you will confess, are incapable of a remedy; and all I desire of you is to advise me how to live without the continual dread of being discovered: for although I am certain of a kind reception from my parents, so overwhelmed am I with shame, that I choose rather to banish myself for ever from their sight than appear before them the object of such hateful suspicions."

Here she was silent, while her blushes and confusion sufficiently manifested the shame and agony of her soul. Her auditors were much affected by her tale, and the curate was just going to address her, when Cardenio interrupted him, saying: "You, madam, then, are the beautiful Dorothea, only daughter of the rich Clenardo?" Dorothea stared at hearing her father named by such a miserable-looking object, and she asked him who he was, since he knew her father. "I am that hapless Cardenio," he replied, "who suffers from the base author of your misfortunes, reduced, as you now behold, to nakedness and misery—deprived even of reason! Yes, Dorothea, I heard that fatal yes pronounced by Lucinda, and, unable to bear my anguish, I fled precipitately from her house. Amidst these mountains I thought to have terminated my wretched existence; but the account you have just given has inspired me with hope that Heaven may still have happiness in store for us. Lucinda has avowed herself to be mine, and therefore cannot wed another; Don Fernando, being yours, cannot have Lucinda. Let us then, my dear lady, indulge the hope that we may both yet recover our own, since it is not absolutely lost. Indeed, I swear to you that, although I leave it to Heaven to avenge my own injuries, your claims will I assert; nor will I leave you until I have obliged Don Fernando, either by argument or my sword, to do you justice."

Dorothea would have thrown herself at the feet of Cardenio, to express her gratitude to him, had he not prevented her. The licentiate too commended his generous determination, and entreated them both to accompany him to his village, where they might consult on the most proper measures to be adopted in the present state of their affairs: a proposal to which they thankfully acceded. The barber, who had hitherto been silent, now joined in expressing his good wishes to them; he also briefly related the circumstances which had brought them to that place; and when he mentioned the extraordinary insanity of Don Quixote, Cardenio had an indistinct recollection of having had some altercation with the knight, but could not remember whence it arose.

They were now interrupted by the voice of Sancho Panza, who, not finding them where he left them, began to call out loudly: they went instantly to meet

him, and were eager in their inquiries after Don Quixote. He told them that he had found him naked to his shirt, feeble, wan, and half-dead with hunger, sighing for his lady Dulcinea; and though he had informed him that it was her express desire that he should leave that place, and repair to Toboso, where she expected him, his answer was that he positively would not appear before her beauty until he had performed exploits that might render him worthy of her favour; if his master, he added, persisted in that humour, he would run a risk of never becoming an emperor, as in honour bound; nor even an archbishop, which was the least he could be: so they must consider what was to be done to get him away. The licentiate begged him not give himself any uneasiness on that account, for they should certainly contrive to get him out of his present retreat.

The priest then informed Cardenio and Dorothea of their plan for Don Quixote's cure, or at least for decoying him to his own house. Upon which Dorothea said she would undertake to act the distressed damsel better than the barber, especially as she had apparel with which she could perform it to the life; and they might have reliance upon her, as she had read many works of chivalry, and was well acquainted with the style in which distressed damsels were wont to beg their boons of knights-errant. "Let us then hasten to put our design into execution," exclaimed the curate; "since fortune seems to favour all our views." Dorothea immediately took from her bundle a petticoat of very rich stuff, and a mantle of fine green silk; and out of a casket a necklace and other jewels, with which she quickly adorned herself, in such a manner that she had all the appearance of a rich and noble lady. They were charmed with her beauty, grace, and elegance; and agreed that Don Fernando must be a man of little taste, since he could slight so much excellence. But her greatest admirer was Sancho Panza, who thought that in all his life he had never seen so beautiful a creature; and he earnestly desired the priest to tell him who this beautiful lady was, and what she was looking for in those parts? "This beautiful lady, friend Sancho," answered the priest, "is, to say the least of her, heiress, in the direct male line, of the great kingdom of Micomicon; and she comes in quest of your master, to beg a boon of him, which is, to redress a wrong or injury done her by a wicked giant: for it is the fame of your master's prowess, which is spread over all Guinea, that has brought this princess to seek him." "Now, a happy seeking, and a happy finding!" quoth Sancho Panza; "especially if my master is so fortunate as to redress that injury, and right that wrong, by killing the rascally giant you mention; and kill him he certainly will, if he encounters him, unless he be a goblin; for my master has no power at all over goblins. But one thing I must again beg of your worship, signor licentiate, and that is, to prevent my master from taking it into his head to be an archbishop, and advise him to marry this princess out of hand; for then, not being qualified to receive archiepiscopal orders, he will come with ease to his kingdom, and I to the end of my wishes: for I have considered the matter well, and find by my account it will not suit me for my master to be an archbishop, as I am unfit for the church, being a married man; and for me to be now going about to procure dispensations for holding church-living, having, as I have, a wife and children, would be an endless piece of work. So that, sir, the whole business rests upon my master's marrying this lady out of hand—not knowing her grace, I cannot call her by name." "The Princess Micomiconia is her name," said the priest; "for as her kingdom is named Micomicon, of course she must be called so." "To be sure," answered Sancho: "for I have known many take their title and surname from their birth-place, as Pedro de Alcala, John de Ubeda, Diego de Valladolid; and, for aught I know, it may be the custom in Guinea for queens to take the names of their kingdoms." "It is

certainly so," said the priest; "and as to your master's marrying this princess, I will promote it to the utmost of my power." With which assurance Sancho was no less satisfied than the priest was amazed at his simplicity in thus entering into the extravagant fancies of his master.

Dorothea having now mounted the priest's mule, and the barber fitted on the ox-tail beard, they desired Sancho to conduct them to Don Quixote, cautioning him not to say that he knew the licentiate or the barber, since on that depended all his fortune. Neither the priest nor Cardenio would go with them; the latter, that he might not remind Don Quixote of the dispute which he had had with him; and the priest, because his presence was not then necessary: so the others, therefore, went on before, while they followed slowly on foot. The priest would have instructed Dorothea in her part; but she would not trouble him, assuring him that she would perform it precisely according to the rules and precepts of chivalry.

Having proceeded about three-quarters of a league, they discovered Don Quixote in a wild, rocky recess, at that time clothed, but not armed. Dorothea now whipped on her palfrey, attended by the well-bearded squire; and having approached the knight, the squire leaped from his mule to assist his lady, who, lightly dismounting, went and threw herself at Don Quixote's feet, where, in spite of his efforts to raise her, she remained kneeling, as she thus addressed him:—

"I will never arise from this place, O valorous and redoubted knight, until your goodness and courtesy vouchsafe me a boon, which will redound to the honour and glory of your person, and to the lasting benefit of the most disconsolate and aggrieved damsel the sun has ever beheld. And if the valour of your puissant arm correspond with the report of your immortal fame, you are bound to protect an unhappy wight, who, attracted by the odour of your renown, is come from distant regions to seek at your hands a remedy for her misfortunes."

"It is impossible for me to answer you, fair lady," said Don Quixote, "while you remain in that posture." "I will not arise, signor," answered the afflicted damsel, "until your courtesy shall vouchsafe the boon I ask." "I do vouchsafe and grant it to you," answered Don Quixote, "provided my compliance be of no detriment to my king, my country, or to her who keeps the key of my heart and liberty." "It will not be to the prejudice of either of these, dear sir," replied the afflicted damsel. Sancho, now approaching his master, whispered softly in his ear, "Your worship may very safely grant the boon she asks: for it is a mere trifle—only to kill a great lubberly giant: and she who begs it is the mighty Princess Micomiconia, queen of the great kingdom of Micomicon, in *Æthiopia*." "Whosoever the lady may be," answered Don Quixote, "I shall act as my duty and my conscience dictate, in conformity to the rules of my profession:" then addressing himself to the damsel, he said: "Fairest lady, arise; for I vouchsafe you whatever boon you ask." "My request then is," said the damsel, "that your magnanimity will go whither I shall conduct you; and that you will promise not to engage in any other adventure until you have avenged me on a traitor who, against all right, human and divine, has usurped my kingdom." "I grant your request," answered Don Quixote; "and therefore, lady, dispel that melancholy which oppresses you, and let your fainting hopes recover fresh life and strength; for, by the help of Heaven, and my powerful arm, you shall soon be restored to your kingdom, and seated on the throne of your ancient and high estate, in despite of all the miscreants who would oppose it; and therefore we will instantly proceed to action, for there is always danger in delay." The distressed damsel would fain have kissed his hands; but Don Quixote, who was in every respect a most gallant and courteous

knight, would by no means consent to it, but, making her arise, embraced her with much politeness and respect, and ordered Sancho to look after Rozinante's girths, and to assist him to arm. Sancho took down the armour from a tree, where it hung like a trophy; and having got Rozinante ready, quickly armed his master, who then cried, "In God's name, let us hasten to succour this great lady."

The barber was still upon his knees, and under much difficulty to forbear laughing, and keep his beard from falling—an accident which might have occasioned the miscarriage of their ingenious stratagem; but seeing that the boon was already granted, and that Don Quixote prepared to fulfil his engagement, he got up and took his lady by the other hand; when they both assisted to place her upon the mule, and then mounted themselves. Sancho alone remained on foot, which renewed his grief for the loss of his Dapple: but he bore it cheerfully; reflecting that his master was now in the right road, and just upon the point of becoming an emperor; for he made no doubt but that he was to marry that princess, and be at least king of Micomicon. One thing only troubled him, which was that, his kingdom being in the land of negroes, his subjects would all be blacks; but presently recollecting a special remedy, he said to himself: "What care I, if my subjects be blacks?—what have I to do but to ship them off to Spain, where I may sell them for ready money, with which money I may buy some title or office, on which I may live at ease all the days of my life? See whether I have not brains enough to manage matters, and sell thirty or ten thousand slaves in the turn of a hand! Before Heaven, I will make them fly, little and big; and let them be ever so black, I will turn them into white and yellow boys: let me alone to lick my own fingers." After these reflections, he went on in such good spirits, that he forgot the fatigue of travelling on foot.

Cardenio and the priest, concealed among the bushes, had observed all that passed, and being now desirous to join them, the priest, who had a ready invention, soon hit upon an expedient; for with a pair of scissors, which he carried in a case, he quickly cut off Cardenio's beard; then put on him a grey capouch, and gave him his own black cloak (himself remaining in his breeches and doublet), which so changed Cardenio's appearance, that had he looked in a mirror he would not have known himself. Although the others had in the mean time been proceeding onward, they easily gained the high-road first, because the narrow passes between the rocks were more difficult to horse than to foot travellers. They waited in the plain until Don Quixote and his party came up; whereupon the curate, after gazing for some time earnestly at him, at last ran towards him with open arms, exclaiming aloud: "Happy is this meeting, O thou mirror of chivalry, my noble countryman, Don Quixote de la Mancha! the flower and cream of gentility,—the protector of suffering mankind,—the quintessence of knight-errantry!" Having thus spoken, he embraced Don Quixote by the knee of his left leg.

The knight was surprised at this address; but after attentively surveying the features of the speaker, he recognised him, and would immediately have alighted; but the priest would not suffer it. "You must permit me to alight, signor licentiate," answered Don Quixote; "for it would be very improper that I should remain on horseback while so reverend a person as you were travelling on foot." "I will by no means consent to your dismounting," replied the priest, "since on horseback you have achieved the greatest exploits this age has witnessed. As for myself, an unworthy priest, I shall be satisfied if one of these gentlemen of your company will allow me to mount behind him; and I shall then fancy myself mounted on Pegasus, or on a zebra, or on the sprightly courser bestrode by the famous Moor Muzarque, who lies to this day enchanted

in the great mountain Zulema, not far distant from the grand Compluto.* “I did not think of that, dear signor licentiate,” said Don Quixote; “and I know her highness the princess will for my sake order her squire to accommodate you with the saddle of his mule; and he may ride behind, if the beast will carry double.” “I believe she will,” answered the princess; “and I know it is unnecessary for me to lay my commands upon my squire; for he is too courteous and well-bred to suffer an ecclesiastic to go on foot, when he may ride.” “Most certainly,” answered the barber; and, alighting in an instant, he complimented the priest with the saddle, which he accepted without much persuasion. But it unluckily happened that, as the barber was getting upon the crupper, the animal, which was a hackney, and consequently a vicious jade, threw up her hind legs twice or thrice into the air: and had they met with Master Nicholas’s breast or head, he would have wished his rambling after Don Quixote at the devil. He was, however, thrown to the ground, and so suddenly, that he forgot to take due care of his beard, which fell off; and all he could do was to cover his face with both hands, and cry out that his jaw-bone was broken. Don Quixote seeing such a mass of beard without jaws and without blood, lying at a distance from the face of the fallen squire, exclaimed: “Heavens! what a miracle! His beard has fallen as clean from his face as if he had been shaven!” The priest, seeing the danger they were in of discovery, instantly seized the beard, and ran to Master Nicholas, who was still on the ground moaning; and going up close to him, with one twitch replaced it, muttering over him some words which he said were a specific charm for fixing on beards, as they should soon see; and when it was adjusted, the squire remained as well bearded and as whole as before. Don Quixote was amazed at what he saw, and begged the priest to teach him that charm; for he was of opinion that its virtue could not be confined to the refixing of beards, because it was clear that where the beard was torn off, the flesh must be left wounded and bloody, and, since it wrought a perfect cure, it must be valuable upon other occasions. The priest said that his surmise was just, and promised to take the first opportunity of teaching him the art. They now agreed that the priest should mount first, and that all three should ride by turns until they came to the inn, which was distant about two leagues.

Don Quixote, the princess, and the priest, being thus mounted, attended by Cardenio, the barber, and Sancho Panza on foot, Don Quixote said to the damsel: “Your highness will now be pleased to lead on, in whatever direction you choose.” Before she could reply, the licentiate interposing said: “Whither would your ladyship go? To the kingdom of Micomicon, I presume, or I am much mistaken.” She, being aware that she was to answer in the affirmative, said: “Yes, signor, that kingdom is indeed the place of my destination.” “If so,” said the priest, “we must pass through my native village; and thence you must go straight to Carthagera, where you may embark; and, if you have a fair wind, a smooth sea, and no storms, in somewhat less than nine years you will get within view of the great lake of Meona, I mean Meotis, which is not more than a hundred days’ journey from your highness’s territories.” “You are mistaken, good sir,” said she: “for it is not two years since I left it; and although I had very bad weather during the whole passage, here I am, and I have beheld what so ardently I desired to see—Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha; the fame of whose valour reached my ears the moment I set foot in Spain, and determined me upon seeking him, that I might appeal to his courtesy and commit the justice of my cause to the valour of his invincible arm.” “Cease, I pray, these encomiums,” said Don Quixote; “for I am an enemy to every species of flattery; and even this if it be not such, still are my chaste

* A university of Spain, now called Alcala de Henares.

ears offended at this kind of discourse. All that I can say, dear madam, is that my powers, such as they are, shall be employed in your service, even at the forfeit of my life; but waving these matters for the present, I beg the signor licentiate to tell me what has brought him into these parts, alone, unattended, and so lightly apparelled." "I can soon satisfy your worship," answered the priest; "our friend, Master Nicholas, and I were going to Seville, to receive a legacy left me by a relation in India, and no inconsiderable sum, being sixty thousand crowns; and on our road, yesterday, we were attacked by four highway robbers, who stripped us of all we had, to our very beards, and in such a manner that the barber thought it expedient to put on a false one; and for this youth here (pointing to Cardenio), you see how they have treated him. It is publicly reported here that those who robbed us were galley-slaves, set at liberty near this very place by a man so valiant that in spite of the commissary and his guards he released them all: but he certainly must have been out of his senses, or as great a rogue as any of them, since he could let loose wolves among sheep, foxes among poultry, and wasps among the honey; for he has defrauded justice of her due, and has set himself up against his king and natural lord, by acting against his lawful authority. He has, I say, disabled the galleys of their hands, and disturbed the many years' repose of the holy brotherhood; in a word, he has done a deed by which his body may suffer, and his soul be for ever lost."

Sancho had communicated the adventure of the galley-slaves, so gloriously achieved by his master; and the priest laid it on thus heavily to see what effect it would have upon Don Quixote; whose colour changed at every word, and he dared not confess that he had been the deliverer of those worthy gentlemen. "These," said the priest, "were the persons that robbed us; and God of his mercy pardon him who prevented the punishment they so richly deserved."

CHAPTER XXX

Which treats of the pleasant and ingenious method pursued to withdraw our enamoured knight from the rigorous penance which he had imposed on himself.

LAUGHING in his sleeve, Sancho said, as soon as the priest had done speaking, "By my troth, signor licentiate, it was my master who did that feat; not but that I gave him fair warning, and advised him to mind what he was about, and that it was a sin to set them at liberty; for that they were all going to the galleys for being most notorious villains." "Blockhead!" said Don Quixote, "knights-errant are not bound to inquire whether the afflicted, fettered, and oppressed whom they meet upon the road, are brought to that situation by their faults or their misfortunes. It is their part to assist them under oppression, and to regard their sufferings, not their crimes. I encountered a bead-roll and string of miserable wretches, and acted towards them as my profession required of me. As for the rest, I care not; and whoever takes it amiss, saving the holy dignity of signor the licentiate, and his reverend person, I say he knows but little of the principles of chivalry, and lies in his throat; and this I will maintain with the edge of my sword!" So saying, he fixed himself firmly in his stirrups and lowered his vizor; for Mambrino's helmet, as he called it, hung useless at his saddle-bow, until it could be repaired of the damage it had received from the galley-slaves.

Dorothea was possessed of too much humour and sprightly wit not to join

with the rest in their diversion at Don Quixote's expense: and perceiving his wrath, she said: "Sir knight, be pleased to remember the boon you have promised me, and that you are thereby bound not to engage in any other adventure, however urgent; therefore assuage your wrath, for had signor the licentiate known that the galley-slaves were freed by that invincible arm, he would sooner have sewed up his mouth with three stitches, and thrice have bitten his tongue, than he would have said a word that might redound to the disparagement of your worship." "By my faith I would," exclaimed the priest; "or even have plucked off one of my mustachios." "I will say no more, madam," said Don Quixote: "and I will repress that just indignation raised within my breast, and quietly proceed until I have accomplished the promised boon. But in requital, I beseech you to inform me of the particulars of your grievance, as well as the number and quality of the persons on whom I must take due, satisfactory, and complete revenge." "That I will do most willingly," answered Dorothea, "if a detail of my afflictions will not be wearisome to you." "Not in the least, my dear madam," replied the knight. "Well, then," said Dorothea, "you have only to favour me with your attention." Cardenio and the barber now walked by her side, curious to hear what kind of story she would invent. Sancho, who was as much deceived as his master, did the same; and after a hem or two, and other preparatory airs, with much grace she thus began her story:—

"In the first place, you must know, gentlemen, that my name is"—here she stopped short, having forgotten the name the priest had given her; but he came to her aid, saying, "I am not at all surprised at your highness's emotion, upon this recurrence to your misfortunes: for affliction too often deprives us of the faculty of memory—even now your highness seems to forget that you are the great princess Micomiconia." "True indeed!" answered Dorothea; "but I will command my distracted thoughts, and proceed in my true tale of sorrow.

"My father, Tinacrio the Wise, was very learned in the magic art, and foresaw by it that my mother, the queen Xaramilla, would die before him; that he must soon depart this life, and that I should be thus left an orphan. But this, he said, did not trouble him so much as the foreknowledge he had that a monstrous giant, lord of a great island, bordering upon our kingdom, called Pandafilando of the Gloomy Aspect—for it is averred that although his eyes stand in their proper place, he always looks askew, as if he squinted; and this he does of pure malignity, to scare and frighten those he looks at—my father foresaw, as I said before, that this giant would take advantage of my orphan state, invade my kingdom with a mighty force, and take it all from me, without leaving me the smallest village, wherein to hide my head; but that it was in my power to avoid all this ruin and misery by marrying him, although he could not imagine that I would consent to the match—and he was in the right; for I could never think of marrying this, nor any other giant, however huge and monstrous. My father's advice was that when, upon his decease, Pandafilando invaded my kingdom, I should not make any defence, for that would be my ruin: but, to avoid death, and the total destruction of my faithful and loyal subjects, my best way was voluntarily to quit the kingdom, since it would be impossible for me to defend myself against the hellish power of the giant; and immediately set out, with a few attendants, for Spain, where I should find a remedy for my distress, in a knight-errant, whose fame about that time, would extend all over that kingdom; and whose name, if I remember right, was to be Don Axote, or Don Gigsote." "Don Quixote, you mean, madam," quoth Sancho Panza, "or otherwise called the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure." "You are right," said Dorothea. "He said, further, that he was to be tall

and thin-visaged; and on his right side, under the left shoulder, or thereabouts, he was to have a grey mole, with hair like bristles."

Don Quixote, hearing this, said to his squire, "Come hither, Sancho; help me to strip, that I may know whether I am the knight alluded to in the prophecy of that sage king." "You need not strip," said Sancho; "I know you have exactly such a mole on the ridge of your back—a sure sign of strength." "That is sufficient," said Dorothea; "for we must not stand upon trifles. It matters not whether it be on the shoulder or on the back-bone;—there is a mole, and it is all the same flesh. And doubtless I am perfectly right in recommending myself to Signor Don Quixote; for he must be the knight whom my father meant, since it is proved, both by his person and his extraordinary fame, not only in Spain, but over all La Mancha: for I was hardly landed in Ossuna before I heard of so many of his exploits that I felt immediately assured that he must be the very person whom I came to seek." "But dear madam, how came you to land at Ossuna," said Don Quixote, "since that is not a seaport town?" Before Dorothea could reply, the priest, interposing, said: "Doubtless the princess would say that, after she had landed at Malaga, the first place where she heard news of your worship was Ossuna." "That is what I meant to say," said Dorothea. "Nothing can be more clear," rejoined the priest. "Please your majesty to proceed." "I have little more to add," replied Dorothea, "but that, having now had the good fortune to meet with Signor Don Quixote, I already look upon myself as queen and mistress of my whole kingdom, since he, out of his courtesy and generosity, has promised, in compliance with my request, to go with me wherever I please to conduct him, which shall be only into the presence of Pandafilando of the Gloomy Aspect, that he may slay him, and restore to me that which has been so unjustly usurped. Nor is there the smallest reason to doubt but that all this will come to pass, according to the prophecy of the wise Tinacrio, my good father; who, moreover, left an order, written either in Chaldean or Greek (for I cannot read them), that if this knight in his prophecy, after cutting off the giant's head, should desire to marry me, I must immediately submit to be his lawful wife, and with my person give him also possession of my kingdom."

"Now, what thinkest thou, friend Sancho?" quoth Don Quixote. "Dost thou hear that? Did not I tell thee so? See whether we have not now a kingdom to command, and a queen to marry!" "Odds my life! so it is," cried Sancho; "and plague take him for a son of strumpet, who will not marry as soon as Signor Pandafilando's wizen is cut. About it then; her majesty's a dainty bit: I wish all the fleas in my bed were no worse." And, so saying, he cut a couple of capers, and exhibited other tokens of delight. Then laying hold of the reins of Dorothea's mule, and making her stop, he fell down upon his knees before her, beseeching her to give him her hand to kiss, in token that he acknowledged her for his queen and mistress. With difficulty could the rest of the party restrain their laughter at the madness of the master and the simplicity of the man. Dorothea held out her hand to him, and promised to make him a great lord in her kingdom, when Heaven should be so propitious as to put her again in possession of it. Sancho returned her thanks in expressions which served to increase their mirth.

"This, gentlemen," continued Dorothea, "is my history; I have only to add, that of all the attendants I brought with me from my kingdom, I have none left but this well-bearded squire; for the rest were all drowned in a violent storm which overtook us in sight of the port. He and I got ashore on a couple of planks, as it were by a miracle; and indeed the whole progress of my life is a miracle and mystery, as you may have observed. And if I have exaggerated, or not been so exact as I ought to have been, ascribe it, I entreat you, to what

the reverend gentleman said at the beginning of my narrative, that continual and extraordinary troubles deprive the sufferer even of memory." "Mine shall never fail me, O most worthy and exalted lady!" cried Don Quixote, "whatever I may be called upon to endure in your service. And again I confirm my engagement, and swear to accompany you to the remotest regions of the earth until I shall meet and grapple with that fierce enemy of yours, whose proud head, by the help of Heaven and this my strong arm, I will cut off with the edge of this (I will not say good) sword; thanks be to Gines de Passamonte, who carried off my own." These last words he uttered in a lower tone; then, again raising his voice, he proceeded to say: "Having severed it from his body, and replaced you in peaceable possession of your dominions, the disposal of your person will be at your own discretion, since, while my memory is engrossed, my heart enthralled, and my mind subjected to her who—I say no more—it is impossible I should prevail upon myself even to think of marrying, although it were a phoenix."

Don Quixote's last declaration was so displeasing to Sancho, that, in a great fury, he exclaimed: "I vow and swear, Signor Don Quixote, your worship cannot be in your right senses! How else is it possible you should scruple to marry so great a princess? Do you think that fortune is to offer you at every turn such good luck as this? Is my lady Dulcinea more beautiful? no, indeed, not by half! nay, I could almost say she is not worthy to tie this lady's shoe-string. I am like, indeed, to get the earldom if your worship stands fishing for mushrooms at the bottom of the sea! Marry, marry at once, in the devil's name, and take this kingdom that drops into your hand; and when you are a king, make me a marquis or a lord-lieutenant, and then the devil take the rest!" Don Quixote, unable to endure such blasphemies against his lady Dulcinea, raised his lance, and, without word or warning, let it fall with such violence upon Sancho that he was laid flat on the ground; and had not Dorothea called out entreating him to forbear, the squire had doubtless been killed on the spot. "Thinkest thou," said Don Quixote to him, after a short pause, "base varlet! that I am always to stand with my arms folded; and that there is to be nothing but transgression on thy side, and forgiveness on mine? Expect it not, excommunicated wretch! for so thou surely art, having presumed to speak ill of the peerless Dulcinea. Knowest thou not, rustic, slave, beggar! that were it not for the power she infuses into my arm, I should not have enough to kill a flea? Tell me, envenomed scoffer! who, thinkest thou, has gained this kingdom, and cut off the head of this giant, and made thee a marquis (all of which I look upon as done), but the valour of Dulcinea, employing my arm as the instrument of her exploits? She fights, she vanquishes in me; in her I live and breathe, and of her I hold my life and being. O, base-born villain! what ingratitude, when thou seest thyself exalted from the dust of the earth to the title of a lord, to make so base a return as to speak contemptuously of the hand that raised thee."

Sancho was not so much hurt but that he heard all his master said to him; and getting up nimbly, he ran behind Dorothea's palfrey; and thus sheltered, he said to him: "Pray, sir, tell me if you are resolved not to marry this princess, it is plain the kingdom will not be yours—what favours then will you be able to bestow on me? That is what I complain of. Marry this queen, sir, once for all, now we have her, as it were, rained down upon us from heaven, and afterwards you may turn to my lady Dulcinea: for there have been kings who have had mistresses. As to the matter of beauty, I have nothing to say to that; but if I must speak the truth, I really think them both very well to pass, though I never saw the lady Dulcinea." "How! never saw her, blasphemous traitor!" said Don Quixote; "hast thou not just brought me a message from

her?" "I say I did not see her so leisurely," said Sancho, "as to take particular notice of her features piece by piece; but take her altogether, she looks well enough." "Now I pardon thee," said Don Quixote; "and do thou excuse my wrath towards thee; for first emotions are not in our power." "So I find," answered Sancho; "and in me the desire of talking is always a first motion, and I cannot forbear uttering at once whatever comes to my tongue's end." "Nevertheless," quoth Don Quixote, "take heed, Sancho, what thou utterest; for 'the pitcher that goes so often to the well'—I say no more." "Well, then," answered Sancho, "God is in heaven, who sees all guile, and shall be judge of which does most harm, I, in not speaking well, or your worship, in not doing well." "Let there be no more of this," said Dorothea; "go, Sancho, and kiss your master's hand, and ask his pardon. Henceforward be more cautious in your praises and dispraises; and speak no ill of that lady Toboso, of whom I know no more than that I am her humble servant. Put your trust in Heaven: for you shall not want an estate to live upon like a prince." Sancho went with his head hanging down, and begged his master's hand, who presented it to him with much gravity; and when he had kissed it, Don Quixote gave him his blessing; he then begged that he would walk on before with him, as he wished to put some questions to him, and to have some conversation on affairs of great importance. Having both advanced a little distance before the rest, Don Quixote said: "Since thy return, I have had no opportunity to inquire after many particulars concerning thy embassy, and the answer thou broughtest back; and now that fortune presents a favourable occasion, deny me not the gratification which thou art able to bestow by such agreeable communications." "Ask me what questions you please, sir," answered Sancho; "I warrant I shall get out as well as I got in: but I beseech your worship not to be so revengeful for the future." "What dost thou mean, Sancho?" quoth Don Quixote. "I say so," replied Sancho, "because the blows you were pleased to bestow on me just now, were rather on account of the quarrel the devil raised between us the other night than for what I said against my lady Dulcinea, whom I love and reverence like any relic, though she is one only inasmuch as she belongs to your worship." "No more of that, Sancho, at thy peril," said Don Quixote; "for it offends me: I forgave thee before, and thou knowest the saying—'For a new sin a new penance.'" At this time they saw a man coming towards them mounted upon an ass, and as he drew near he had the appearance of a gipsy. But Sancho Panza, who, whenever he saw an ass followed it with eyes and heart, had no sooner got a glimpse of the man, than he recognised Gines de Passamonte, and, by the same clue, was directed to his lost ass; it being really Dapple himself on which Gines was mounted! for in order to escape discovery and sell the animal, he had disguised himself like a gipsy, as he could speak their language, among many others, as readily as his native tongue. Sancho immediately called out aloud to him, "Ah, rogue Ginesillo! leave my darling, let go my life, rob me not of my comfort, quit my sweetheart, leave my delight!—fly, rascal!—fly!—get you gone, thief! and give up what is not your own." So much railing was not necessary; for at the first word Gines dismounted in a trice, and taking to his heels, was out of sight in an instant. Sancho ran to his Dapple, and embracing him, said: "How hast thou done, my dearest Dapple, delight of my eyes, my sweet companion?" Then he kissed and caressed him, as if he had been a human creature. The ass held his peace, and suffered himself to be thus kissed and caressed by Sancho without answering him one word. They all came up, and wished him joy on the restoration of his Dapple; especially Don Quixote, who at the same time assured him that he should not on that account revoke his order for three colts, for which he had Sancho's hearty thanks.

In the mean time the priest commended Dorothea for her ingenuity in the contrivance of her story, for its conciseness, and its resemblance to the narrations in books of chivalry. She said she had often amused herself with such kind of books, but that she did not know much of geography, and therefore had said at a venture that she landed at Ossuna. "So I conjectured," said the priest; "and therefore I corrected your mistake. But is it not strange to see how readily this unhappy gentleman believes all these fictions, only because they resemble the style and manner of his absurd books?" "It is indeed extraordinary," said Cardenio, "and so unprecedented that I much question whether any one could be found possessed of ingenuity enough to invent and fabricate such a character." "There is another thing remarkable," said the priest, "which is, that except on that particular subject, this good gentleman can discourse very rationally, and seems to have a clear judgment and an excellent understanding."

CHAPTER XXXI.

Of the relishing conversation which passed between Don Quixote and his squire Sancho Panza, with other incidents.

THEY were thus pursuing their conversation while Don Quixote proceeded in his with Sancho. "Let us forget, friend Panza, what is past; and tell me now, all rancour and animosity apart, where, how, and when didst thou find Dulcinea? What was she doing? What didst thou say to her? What answer did she return? How did she look when she read my letter? Who transcribed it for thee? Tell me all that is worth knowing, inquiring, or answering. Inform me of all, without adding or diminishing ought to deprive me of any satisfaction." "Sir," answered Sancho, "to say the truth, nobody transcribed the letter for me; for I carried no letter at all." "Thou sayest true," quoth Don Quixote, "for I found the pocket-book in which I wrote it two days after thy departure; which troubled me exceedingly; and I thought thou wouldst return for it." "So I should have done," answered Sancho, "had I not got it by heart, when your worship read it to me; and so perfectly that I repeated it to a parish clerk, who wrote it down so exactly that he said, though he had read many letters of excommunication, he had never in all his life seen or read so pretty a letter." "And hast thou it still by heart, Sancho?" said Don Quixote. "No, sir," answered Sancho; "for after I had delivered it, seeing it was to be of no further use, I forgot it on purpose. If I remember anything, it is 'subterrane,' I mean 'sovereign' lady, and the conclusion, 'thine until death, the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure;' and between these two things I put above three hundred souls, and lives, and dear eyes."

"This is very well—proceed," said Don Quixote. "On thy arrival, what was that queen of beauty doing? I suppose thou foundest her stringing pearls, or embroidering some device with threads of gold for this her captive knight." "No, faith!" answered Sancho; "I found her winnowing two bushels of wheat in a back-yard of her house." "Then be assured," said Don Quixote, "that the grains of that wheat were so many grains of pearl, when touched by her hands. And didst thou observe, friend, whether the wheat was fine, or of the ordinary sort?" "It was neither," answered Sancho, "but of the reddish kind." "Rely upon it, however," quoth Don Quixote, "that when winnowed by her hands it made the finest manchet bread—but go on. When

thou gavest her my letter, did she kiss it? Did she put it upon her head? Did she use any ceremony worthy of such a letter?—or what did she do?”

“When I was going to give it to her,” answered Sancho, “she was so busy winnowing a good sievefull of the wheat, that she said to me, ‘Lay the letter, friend, upon that sack; for I cannot read it until I have done what I am about.’”

“Discreet lady!” said Don Quixote; “this was assuredly that she might read and enjoy it at leisure! Proceed, Sancho; while thus employed, what discourse had she with thee?—what did she inquire concerning me? And what didst thou answer? Tell me all; omit not the slightest circumstance.”

“She asked me nothing,” said Sancho; “but I told her how your worship was doing penance for her service, among these rocks, naked from the waist upwards, just like a savage: sleeping on the ground, not eating bread on a napkin, nor combing your beard, weeping, and cursing your fortune.”

“In saying that I cursed my fortune, thou saidst wrong,” quoth Don Quixote: “I rather bless it, and shall bless it all the days of my life, for having made me worthy to love so high a lady as Dulcinea del Toboso.”

“So high, indeed,” answered Sancho, “that in good faith she is a hand taller than I am.”

“Why, how! Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “hast thou measured with her?”

“Yes,” answered Sancho; “for as I was helping her to put a sack of wheat upon an ass, we came so close together that I noticed she was taller than I by more than a full span.”

“True,” replied Don Quixote, “and is not this uncommon stature adorned by millions of intellectual graces? One thing, Sancho, thou canst not deny; when near her, thou must have perceived a Sabæan odour, an aromatic fragrance, a something sweet, for which I cannot find a name—a scent, a perfume—as if thou wert in the shop of some curious glover.”

“All I can say is,” quoth Sancho, “that I perceived somewhat of a strong smell, which must have been owing to the sweat she was in with hard work.”

“Impossible!” cried Don Quixote; “that smell must have proceeded from thyself: for well I know the scent of that lovely rose among thorns, that lily of the valley, that liquid amber.”

“Very likely,” answered Sancho; “for the very same smell often comes from me which methought then came from my lady Dulcinea: but where’s the wonder that one devil should be like another?”

“Well, then,” continued Don Quixote, “she has now done winnowing, and the corn is sent to the mill. What did she do when she had read the letter?”

“The letter,” quoth Sancho, “she did not read; for she said that she could neither read nor write; so she tore it to pieces, saying she would not give it to anybody to read, that her secrets might not be known all over the village; and that what I had told her by word of mouth concerning your worship’s love, and all you were doing for her sake, was enough; and she bid me tell your worship that she kissed your hands, and that she would rather see you than write to you; so begged and commanded you, at sight hereof, to quit those brakes and bushes, and leave off these foolish pranks, and set out immediately for Toboso, if business of more consequence did not prevent you; for she wished mightily to see your worship. She laughed heartily, when I told her how you called yourself the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure. I asked her whether the Biscayan had been there with her; she told me he had, and that he was a very good kind of fellow. I asked her also after the galley-slaves, but she had not yet seen any of them.”

“All this is well,” said Don Quixote; “but, tell me, what jewel did she present thee with at thy departure, in return for the tidings thou hadst brought her; for it is an ancient and universal custom among knights and ladies-errant to bestow some rich jewel on the squires, damsels, or dwarfs who bring them news of their mistresses or knights, as a reward or acknowledgment of their welcome intelligence.”

“Very likely,” quoth Sancho, “and a good custom it was; but it must have

been in days of yore, for now-a-days the custom is to give only a piece of bread and cheese, for that was what my lady Dulcinea gave me, over the pales of the yard, when she dismissed me; and, by the way, the cheese was made of sheep's-milk." "She is extremely generous," said Don Quixote; "and if she did not give thee a jewel, it must have been because she had none about her; but gifts are good after Easter.* I shall see her, and all will then be rectified.

"But I marvel at one thing, Sancho, which is, that thou must have gone and returned through the air; for thou hast been little more than three days in performing this journey, although the distance between this place and Toboso is more than thirty leagues; whence I conclude that the sage enchanter who has the superintendence of my affairs (for such an one there is, or I should be no true knight-errant)—I say, this same enchanter must have expedited thy journey; for there are sages who will take up a knight-errant sleeping in his bed, and, without his knowing anything of the matter, he awakes the next day above a thousand leagues from the place where he fell asleep. Indeed were it otherwise it would be impossible for knights-errant to succour each other, as they often do, in the critical moment of danger. A knight, for instance, happens to be fighting in the mountains of Armenia with some dreadful monster, or fierce goblin, or some other knight; he has the worst of the combat, and is just upon the point of being killed, when suddenly another knight, his friend, who perhaps a moment before was in England, comes upon a cloud, or in a fiery chariot, and rescues him from death; and on the same evening he finds himself in his own chamber, supping with a good appetite, after a journey of two or three thousand leagues. And all this is effected by the diligence and skill of those sage enchanters. So that, friend Sancho, I make no difficulty in believing that thou hast really performed the journey in that short time; having, doubtless, been borne unconsciously through the air by some friendly power." "It may be so," quoth Sancho; "for, in good faith, Rozinante went like any Bohemian's ass with quicksilver in his ears."† "With quicksilver," said Don Quixote; "ay, and with a legion of devils to boot; a sort of cattle that travel and make others travel as fast as they please without being tired. But waiving this subject for the present, what thinkest thou I should do respecting my lady's orders that I should wait upon her? I am bound to obey her commands, yet how is it possible, on account of the boon I have promised to the princess? The laws of chivalry oblige me to consider my honour rather than my pleasure. On the one hand, I am torn with impatience to see my lady—on the other, I am incited by glory to the accomplishment of this enterprise. My best plan, I believe, will be to travel with all possible expedition, cut off the giant's head, replace the princess on her throne, and then instantly return to that sun which illumines my senses, who will pardon a delay which was only to augment her fame and glory; since all my victories past, present, and to come, are but emanations from her favour."

"Alack!" cried Sancho, "your worship must needs be downright crazy! Tell me, pray, do you mean to take this journey for nothing? And will you let slip such a match as this, when the dowry is a kingdom, which, they say, is above twenty thousand leagues round, and abounding in all things necessary for the support of life, and bigger than Portugal and Castile together? For the love of Heaven, talk no more in this manner, but follow my advice, and

* A proverbial expression, signifying that a good thing is always seasonable.

† In allusion to a trick practised by the Bohemian horse-dealers, who, to give paces to the most stupid mule, or to the idlest ass, were in the habit of pouring a small quantity of quicksilver into its ears.

be married out of hand at the first place where there is a priest; our licentiate here will do it very cleverly. And please to recollect, I am old enough to give advice, and what I now give is as fit as if it were cast in a mould for you: for a sparrow in the hand is worth more than a bustard on the wing: and he that will not when he may, when he would he shall have nay." "Hear me, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "if thou advisest me to marry, only that I may have it in my power to reward thee, be assured that I can gratify thy desire without taking such a measure; before the battle I will make an agreement to possess part of the kingdom without marrying the princess; and when I have it to whom dost thou think I shall give it but to thyself?" "No doubt," answered Sancho; "but pray, sir, take care to choose it towards the sea, that, if I should not like living there, I may ship off my black subjects, and dispose of them, as I said before. I would not have your worship trouble yourself now about seeing my lady Dulcinea, but go and kill the giant, and let us make an end of this business; for, before Heaven, I verily believe it will bring us much honour and profit." "Thou art in the right, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "and I shall follow thy counsel, and accompany the princess before I visit my lady Dulcinea. But I beg thou wilt say nothing on the subject of our conference, not even to our companions: for since Dulcinea is so reserved that she would not have her thoughts known, it would be improper in me or in any other person to reveal them." "If so," quoth Sancho, "why does your worship send all those you conquer by your mighty arm, to present themselves before my lady Dulcinea, for this is giving it under your hand that you are in love with her?" "How dull and simple thou art!" said Don Quixote. "Seest thou not, Sancho, that all this redounds the more to her exaltation? For thou must know that, in this our style of chivalry, it is to the honour of a lady to have many knights-errant, who serve her merely for her own sake, without indulging a hope of any other reward for their zeal than the honour of being admitted among the number of her knights." "I have heard it preached," quoth Sancho, "that God is to be loved with this kind of love, for Himself alone, without our being moved to it by hope of reward or fear of punishment; though, for my part, I am inclined to love and serve Him for what He is able to do for me." "The devil take thee for a bumpkin," said Don Quixote; "thou sayest ever and anon such apt things that one would almost think thee a scholar." "And yet, by my faith," quoth Sancho, "I cannot so much as read."

While they were thus talking, Master Nicholas called aloud to them to stop, as they wished to quench their thirst at a small spring near the road. Don Quixote halted, much to the satisfaction of Sancho, who began to be tired of telling so many lies, and was afraid his master should at last catch him tripping: for although he knew Dulcinea was a peasant-girl of Toboso, he had never seen her in his life. Meanwhile Cardenio had put on the clothes worn by Dorothea in her disguise, being better than his own. They alighted at the fountain, and with the provisions which the curate had brought from the inn, they all appeased their hunger.

While they were thus employed, a lad happened to pass that way, who, after looking earnestly at the party, ran up to Don Quixote, and, embracing his knees, began to weep, saying: "Ah, dear sir! does not your worship know me? Look at me well: I am Andres, the lad whom you delivered from the oak to which I was tied." Don Quixote recollected him, and, taking him by the hand, he thus addressed the company: "To convince you of the importance of knights-errant in the world, in order to redress the wrongs and injuries committed by insolent and wicked men, know that some time since, as I was passing a wood, I heard certain cries, and the voice of some person in affliction and

distress. Prompted by my duty, I hastened towards the place whence the voice seemed to come, and I found, tied to an oak, this lad whom you see here. I am rejoiced to my soul that he is present, for he will attest the truth of what I tell you. He was bound, I say, to an oak-tree, naked from the waist upward, and a country-fellow, whom I afterwards found to be his master, was lashing him with a bridle. I immediately demanded the reason of so severe a chastisement. The clown answered that he was his servant, whom he was punishing for neglect, proceeding rather from knavery than simplicity. 'Sir,' said the boy, 'he whips me only because I ask him for my wages.' The master, in reply, made many speeches and excuses, which I heard indeed, but did not admit. In short, I compelled him to unbind the youth, and made him swear to take him home, and pay every real, perfumed into the bargain. Is not all this true, son Andres? Didst thou not observe with what authority I commanded, and with what humility he promised to do whatever I enjoined, notified, and required of him? Answer boldly: relate to this company what passed, that they may see the benefits resulting from the vocation of knights-errant." "All that your worship has said is very true," answered the lad; "but the business ended quite contrary to what your worship supposes." "How, contrary?" replied Don Quixote: "did not the rustic instantly pay thee?" "He not only did not pay me," answered the boy, "but as soon as your worship was out of the wood and we were left alone, he tied me again to the same tree, and gave me so many fresh lashes that I was flayed like any Saint Bartholomew; and at every stroke he said something by way of scoff or jest upon your worship, which, if I had not felt so much pain, would have made me laugh. In short, he laid on in such a manner that I have been ever since in a hospital, to get cured of the bruises that cruel fellow then gave me: for all which your worship is to blame, for had you gone on your way, and not come when you were not called, nor meddled with other folks' business, my master would have been satisfied with giving me a dozen or two of lashes, and then would have loosed me, and paid me my due. But, as your worship abused him so unmercifully, and called him so many bad names, his wrath was kindled; and, not having it in his power to be revenged on you, no sooner had you left him than he discharged such a tempest upon me that I shall never be a man again while I live."

"The mischief," said Don Quixote, "was in my departing before I had seen you paid; for I should have known, by long experience, that no rustic will keep his word, if he finds it his interest to break it. But thou mayest remember, Andres, that I swore if he paid thee not I would hunt him out although he were concealed in a whale's belly." "That is true," quoth Andres; "but it signified nothing." "Thou shalt see that," said Don Quixote: and so saying, he started up, and ordered Sancho to bridle Rozinante, who was grazing. Dorothea asked him what he intended to do? He told her that he was going in search of the rustic, to chastise him for his base conduct, and make him pay Andres to the last farthing, in spite and defiance of all the rustics in the world. She desired he would recollect that, according to the promised boon, he could not engage in any other adventure until hers had been accomplished; and, as no one could be more sensible of this than himself, she entreated him to curb his resentment until his return from her kingdom. "You are right," answered Don Quixote; "and Andres must, as you say, madam, have patience until my return; and I again swear not to rest until he is revenged and paid." "I do not think much of these oaths," said Andres; "I would rather have wherewithal to carry me to Seville than all the revenges in the world. If you have anything to give me to eat, let me have it, and Heaven be with your worship, and with all knights-errant, and may they prove as lucky errants to themselves

as they have been to me." Sancho pulled out a piece of bread and cheese, and, giving it to the lad, said to him: "Here, brother Andres, we have all a share in your misfortune." "Why, what share have you in it?" said Andres. "This piece of bread and cheese which I give you," answered Sancho, "God knows whether I may not want it myself; for I would have you know, friend, that we squires to knights-errant are subject to much hunger and ill-luck, and other things too, which are better felt than told." Andres took the bread and cheese, and, seeing that nobody else gave him anything, he made his bow and marched off. It is true, he said at parting to Don Quixote: "For the love of Heaven, signor knight-errant, if you ever meet me again, though you see me beaten to pieces, do not come with your help, but leave me to my fate, which cannot be so bad but that it will be made worse by your worship, whom God confound, with all the knights-errant that ever were born!" So saying, he ran off with so much speed that nobody attempted to follow him. Don Quixote was much abashed at this affair of Andres, and his companions endeavoured to restrain their inclination to laugh, that they might not put him quite out of countenance.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Which treats of what befel Don Quixote and his company at the inn.

LEAVING the fountain, after having made a hearty repast, they forthwith mounted, and without encountering any adventure worth relating, arrived the next day at the inn so much the dread and terror of Sancho Panza, who now, much against his will, was obliged to enter it. The hostess, the host, their daughter, and Maritornes, seeing Don Quixote and his squire, went out to meet and welcome them. The knight received them with a grave, but approving countenance, desiring them to prepare a better bed than they had given him before; to which the hostess answered, that provided he would pay better than he did before, she would get him a bed for a prince. Don Quixote having satisfied them by his promises, they provided him with a tolerable bed, in the same apartment which he had before occupied; and, being so much shattered both in body and brains, he immediately threw himself down upon it. He was no sooner shut into his chamber, but the hostess fell upon the barber, and, taking him by the beard, said: "By my faith, you shall use my tail no longer for a beard: give me my tail again, for my husband's comb is so thrown about that it is a shame." The barber would not part with it for all her tugging, until the licentiate told him that he might give it to her; for as there was no farther need of that artifice, he might now appear in his own shape, and tell Don Quixote that, being robbed by the galley-slaves, he had fled to this inn: and if he should ask for the princess's squire, they should say she had despatched him before, with intelligence to her subjects of her approach with their common deliverer. Upon which the barber willingly surrendered the tail to the hostess, together with the other articles she had lent them in order to effect Don Quixote's enlargement. All the people at the inn were struck with the beauty of Dorothea, and the comely person of Cardenio. The priest ordered them to get ready what the house afforded, and the host, hoping to be well paid, quickly served up a decent supper. Don Quixote still continued asleep, and they agreed not to awake him; for at that time he had more occasion for sleep than food.

During the supper, at which the host and his family were present, as well as the strangers who happened to be then at the inn, the discourse turned upon the

extraordinary derangement of Don Quixote, and the state in which he had been found in the mountain. The hostess, seeing that Sancho was not present, related to them his adventure with the carrier, and also the whole story of the blanket, at which they were not a little diverted. The priest happening to remark that the books of chivalry which Don Quixote had read had turned his brain, the innkeeper said, "I cannot conceive how that can be; for, really, in my opinion, there is no choicer reading in the world. I have three or four of them by me, with some manuscripts, which in good truth have kept me alive, and many others: for, in harvest time, among the reapers who take shelter here during the noonday heat, there is always some one able to read, who will take up one of these books; and above thirty of us place ourselves around him, and listen to him with so much pleasure that it keeps away a thousand grey hairs: at least, I can say for myself that when I hear of those furious and terrible blows which the knights-errant lay on, I long to be doing as much, and could sit and hear them day and night." "I wish you did," quoth the hostess; "for I never have a quiet moment in my house but when you are listening to the reading; for you are then so besotted that you forget to scold." "Yes, indeed," said Maritornes, "and in good faith I too like much to hear those things; for they are very fine, especially when they tell us how such a lady and her knight lie embracing each other under an orange-tree, and how a duenna stands upon the watch, dying with envy and her heart going pit-a-pat. I say all this is pure honey." "And pray, young damsel, what is your opinion of these matters?" said the priest, addressing himself to the innkeeper's daughter. "I do not know, indeed, sir," answered the girl: "I listen, too; and though I do not understand, I take some pleasure in hearing; yet truly these blows and slashes, which please my father so much, are not to my mind. I like the complaints the knights make when they are absent from their mistresses; and really sometimes they make me weep for pity."

"Then you would soon afford them relief, young gentlewoman," said Dorothea, "if they wept for you?" "I do not know what I should do," answered the girl: "I only know that some of those ladies are so cruel that their knights call them tigers and lions, and a thousand other ugly names. And, Jesu! I cannot imagine what kind of folks they must be who are so hard-hearted and unconscionable that rather than bestow a kind look on an honest gentleman, they will let him die or run mad. For my part, I cannot see any reason for so much coyness: if they would behave like honest women, let them marry them; for that is what the gentlemen would be at." "Hold your tongue, hussey," said the hostess: "methinks you know a great deal of these matters; it does not become young maidens to know or talk so much." "When this gentleman asked me a civil question," replied the girl, "I could do no less, sure, than answer him." "Well, well," said the priest; "but pray, landlord, let us see those books." "With all my heart," answered the host: and going into his chamber, he brought out an old trunk, with a padlock and chain to it, and opening it he took out three large volumes, and some manuscript papers written in a very fair character. The first book which he opened he found to be Don Cirongilio of Thrace, the next, Felixmarte of Hyrcania, and the third the history of the Grand Captain Gonzalo Hernandez of Cordova, with the life of Diego Garcia de Paredes. When the priest had read the titles of the two first, he turned to the barber, and said: "We want here our friend's housekeeper and niece." "Not at all," replied the barber; "for I myself can carry them to the yard, or to the chimney, where there is a very good fire." "What, sir, would you burn my books?" said the innkeeper. "Only these two," said the priest, "Don Cirongilio and Felixmarte." "What, then, are my books heretical or phlegmatical, that you want to burn them?" "Schismatical, you would say,

my friend," said the barber, "and not phlegmatical." "Yes, yes," replied the innkeeper: "but if you intend to burn any, let it be this of the great Captain, and Diego de Garcia: for I will sooner let you burn one of my children than either of the others." "Brother," said the priest, "these two books are full of extravagant fictions and absurd conceits; whereas the history of 'the great Captain' is matter of fact, and contains the exploits of Gonzalo Hernandez or Cordova, who for his numerous brave actions acquired all over the world the title of the great Captain—a name renowned and illustrious, and merited by him alone. As for Diego Garcia de Parades, he was a distinguished gentleman, born in the town of Truxillo in Estramadura; a brave soldier, and of so much bodily strength that he could stop a mill-wheel in its most rapid motion with a single finger. Being once posted with a two-handed sword at the entrance upon a bridge, he repelled a prodigious army, and prevented their passage over it. There are other exploits of the same kind, which, if instead of being related by himself with the modesty of a cavalier who is his own historian, they had been recorded by some other dispassionate and unprejudiced author, would have eclipsed the actions of the Hector, Achilles, and Orlando." "Persuade my grandmother to that," quoth the innkeeper; "do but see what it is he wonders at—the stopping of a mill-wheel! Before Heaven, your worship should read what I have read, concerning Felixmarte of Hyrcania, who with one back-stroke cut asunder five giants through the middle, as if they had been so many bean-cods of which the children make puppet-friars. At another time he encountered a great and powerful army, consisting of about a million six hundred thousand soldiers, all armed from head to foot, and routed them as if they had been a flock of sheep. But what will you say of the good Don Cirongilio of Thrace? who was so stout and valiant, as you may there read in the book, that once as he was sailing on a river, seeing a fiery serpent rise to the surface of the water he immediately threw himself upon it, and getting astride its scaly shoulders, squeezed its throat with both his hands with so much force that the serpent, finding itself in danger of being choked, had no other remedy but to plunge to the bottom of the river, carrying with him the knight, who would not quit his hold; and when they reached the bottom, he found himself in such a fine palace and beautiful gardens, that it was wonderful; and presently the serpent turned into an old man, who said so many things to him that the like was never heard! Therefore pray say no more, sir; for if you were but to hear all this, you would run mad with pleasure. A fig for the grand Captain, and your Diego Garcia!"

Dorothea, here whispering to Cardenio, said, "Our landlord wants but little to make the second part of Don Quixote." "I think so too," answered Cardenio; "for he evidently takes all that is related in these books for gospel, and the bare-footed friars themselves could not make him believe otherwise." "Look you, brother," said the priest, "there never was in the world such a man as Felixmarte of Hyrcania, nor Don Cirongilio of Thrace, nor any other knights mentioned in books of chivalry; for all is the invention of idle wits, who composed them for the purpose of that amusement which you say your readers find in them. I swear to you there never were such knights in the world, nor were such feats and extravagances ever performed." "To another dog with that bone," answered the host: "what then! I do not know how many make five; nor where my own shoe pinches? Do not think, sir, that I am now to be fed with pap; for, before Heaven, I am no suckling. A fine jest, indeed, that your worship should endeavour to make me believe that the contents of these good books, printed with the license of the king's privy-council, are all extravagant fables; as if they would allow the printing of a pack of lies!" "I have already told you, friend," replied the priest, "that it

is done for the amusement of our idle thoughts; and as in all well-instituted commonwealths the games of chess, tennis, and billiards are permitted for the entertainment of those who have nothing to do, and who ought not or cannot work, for the same reason they permit such books to be published; presuming, as they well may, that nobody can be so ignorant as to take them for truth; and if this had been a seasonable time, I could lay down such rules for the composing books of chivalry as should, perhaps, make them not only agreeable but even useful; however, I hope an opportunity may offer for me to communicate my ideas to those who have the power to turn them to account. Here, landlord, take your books; and if you will not trust my word, you must settle the point of their truth or fiction as you please. Much good may they do you; and Heaven grant you halt not on the same foot as your guest, Don Quixote." "Not so," answered the innkeeper, "I shall not be so mad as to turn knight-errant; for I know very well that times are altered since those famous knights wandered about the world."

Sancho entered during this conversation, and was much confounded at hearing that knights-errant were not now in fashion, and that all books of chivalry were mere lies and fooleries; he therefore secretly resolved to wait the event of his master's present expedition, determined, if it was not successful, to leave him, and return home to his wife and children, and to his accustomed labour.

The innkeeper was carrying away the books, when the priest said to him: "Pray, stop till I have looked at those papers which are written in so fair a character." The host took them out, and having given them to him, he found about eight sheets in manuscript, with a large titlepage, on which was written, "The Novel of the Curious Impertinent." The priest having read three or four lines to himself, said: "In truth, I do not dislike the title of this novel, and I feel disposed to read the whole." "Your reverence will do well," answered the innkeeper; "for I assure you that some of my guests who have read it liked it mightily, and earnestly begged it of me; but I would not give it them, meaning to restore it to the person who left behind him the portmanteau with these books and papers. Perhaps their owner may come this way again some time or other; and though I shall feel the loss of the books, I will faithfully restore them; for though I am an innkeeper, thank Heaven I am a Christian." "You are much in the right, friend," said the priest; "nevertheless, if the novel pleases me, you must give me leave to take a copy of it." "With all my heart," answered the innkeeper. In the mean time Cardenio had taken up the novel, and being likewise pleased with what he saw, he requested the priest to read it aloud. "I will," said the priest, "unless you think we had better spend our time in sleeping." "I would rather listen to some tale," said Dorothea; "for my spirits are not so tranquil as to allow me to sleep." Master Nicholas and Sancho expressed the same inclination. "Well, then," said the priest, "I will read it; for I myself feel a little curiosity, and possibly it may yield us some amusement. So listen to me, good people, for thus it begins:—

CHAPTER XXXIII.

In which is recited the novel of "The Curious Impertinent."

IN Florence, a rich and famous city of Italy, in the province called Tuscany, lived Anselmo and Lothario, two gentlemen of rank and fortune, and so united in friendship, that by all who knew them they were distinguished by the appellation of the Two Friends. They were both unmarried, and of similar age

and disposition. Anselmo was indeed somewhat more inclined to amorous pleasures than Lothario, who gave the preference to country sports; but each would occasionally neglect his own favourite pursuits to follow those of his friend: thus were their inclinations as harmoniously regulated as the motions of a clock. It so happened that Anselmo fell desperately in love with a beautiful young lady of condition in the same city, named Camilla; and he resolved, with the approbation of his friend Lothario, without which he did nothing, to demand her in marriage of her father. He employed Lothario in the affair, who managed it much to his satisfaction, for in a short time he found himself in possession of the object of his affection: and Lothario received the warmest acknowledgments from both for his friendly mediation.

For some days after the marriage—days usually dedicated to festivity—Lothario frequented as usual his friend Anselmo's house; but the nuptial season being past, and compliments of congratulation over, Lothario began to remit the frequency of his visits to Anselmo; discreetly thinking it improper to visit friends when married as often as in their bachelor-state: for although true friendship is not suspicious, yet so nice is the honour of a husband, that it is liable to suffer even by a relative, much more by a friend. Anselmo observed Lothario's remissness, and complained of it; telling him that he would never have married had he suspected that it would occasion any abatement in their friendly intercourse; and he entreated him to resume his visits on their former terms of familiarity, assuring him that his wife's sentiments and wishes on the subject entirely corresponded with his own. Lothario replied with much prudence to the friendly importunities of Anselmo, and at length induced him to rest satisfied by a promise that he would dine with him twice a week, and on holidays. Lothario, however, resolved to observe this agreement no farther than he should find consistent with the honour of his friend, whose reputation was no less dear to him than his own. He justly thought that a man on whom Heaven has bestowed a beautiful wife should be as cautious respecting the friends he introduces at home as to her female acquaintance abroad; for what cannot be concerted at the market-place, at church, or at public assemblies, may be easily effected by the assistance of some female relative or confidential friend. At the same time, he acknowledged that a husband often required the admonition or interference of a friend, in case of any inadvertency or want of prudence in a wife, which his own affection might cause him to overlook. But where is Anselmo to find such an adviser, so discreet, so faithful, and sincere, unless it be in Lothario himself?—who, with the utmost diligence and attention, watched over the honour of his friend, and contrived to retrench, cut short, and abridge the number of appointed visiting-days, lest the idle and malicious should censure the free access of a young, rich, and accomplished cavalier like himself to the house of a beautiful woman like Camilla. And though his known integrity and worth might bridle the tongues of the censorious, yet he was unwilling that his own honour or that of his friend should be in the least suspected. Most of the days, therefore, on which he had agreed to visit him he employed in concerns which he pretended were indispensable: and thus gave occasion for friendly complaints on one side, and excuses on the other.

One day, as they were walking in the fields together, Anselmo said to his friend: "I am sensible, Lothario, that I can never be sufficiently grateful to God for the blessings he has bestowed on me in giving me such excellent parents, and the goods of nature and fortune in abundance; and especially in having blessed me with such a friend as yourself, and such a wife as Camilla; treasures which I feel to be inestimable. Yet, notwithstanding all these advantages, I am the most uneasy and dissatisfied man living; having been for some

time past harassed by a desire so strange and singular, that I am surprised and irritated at my own folly, and have endeavoured with all my power to repress it; but I find it impossible. On your friendly breast, then, I would fain repose my care, and trust by your assiduity to be restored to tranquillity and happiness."

Lothario was surprised at this long preamble, and could not possibly conjecture to what it tended. He told Anselmo that he was bound in friendship to repose implicit confidence in him, and that he might rely on all the assistance in his power.

"With this assurance, my friend," answered Anselmo, "I will confess, then, to you that the cause of my solicitude is a desire to ascertain whether my wife be as good and perfect as I think she is. Of this I cannot be assured, unless she pass an ordeal, as gold does that of fire: for how, my friend, can a woman prove her virtue if she be not tried? She only is chaste who has resisted all the various solicitations of an importunate lover. What merit can a woman claim for being virtuous, if nobody persuades her to be otherwise? What is there extraordinary in a woman's prudence, if no opportunity is given her to go astray? or if she be only restrained by the fear of a husband's vengeance? She therefore who is correct out of fear, or from want of opportunity, does not deserve to be held in the same degree of estimation as one who resists importunity. For these reasons, and others that I could assign, my desire is that Camilla should pass through the fiery ordeal of temptation; and if she comes out triumphant, as I believe she will, I shall account myself supremely happy, and can then say that I have attained the summit of good fortune, since the virtuous woman has fallen to my lot of whom the wise man says, 'Who can find her?' But should the event prove otherwise, the satisfaction of having proved the truth will enable me to bear the affliction occasioned by so costly an experiment. And, since nothing can divert me from it, I request you, my friend Lothario, to be my instrument in this business, for which I will afford you every facility, and you shall want nothing that I can think necessary to gain upon a modest, virtuous, reserved, and disinterested woman. Among other reasons which induce me to trust this nice affair to you is my confidence that, if Camilla should be overcome, you will not push the victory to the last extremity; so that I shall be wronged only in the intention, and the injury will remain by you buried in silence, which, as it regards me, will most certainly be eternal as that of death. Therefore, if you would have me enjoy my existence, you must immediately engage in this amorous combat, not languidly and lazily, but with all the fervour and diligence my design requires, and with the secrecy which I expect from your friendship."

Lothario had listened to Anselmo with the utmost attention, and without once interrupting him; even after he had ceased speaking, he continued for some time gazing at him in silence and surprise. "Surely, my friend Anselmo," he at length exclaimed, "you have been saying all this in jest! Could I think you in earnest, I should doubt the evidence of my senses, and question whether you were really Anselmo, and I Lothario. Certainly you are not the Anselmo you were wont to be, or you would not have made such a request of your Lothario—for men may prove and use their friends, as the poet expresses it, *usque ad aras*; meaning that a friend should not be required to act contrary to the law of God. If such was the precept of a heathen, surely it would be unbecoming a Christian to transgress it: if an infraction ever admitted of excuse, it could only be when the honour and life of a friend were at stake. But tell me, I pray, which of these are now in danger, that I should venture to gratify you by committing so detestable an action? On the contrary, if I understand you rightly, instead of preserving, you would have me deprive both

you and myself of honour and life ; for in robbing you of honour, I should take your life, since a man dishonoured is worse than dead ; and if I become the instrument of this evil, shall I not incur the same fate ? Hear me patiently, my friend, and answer not until you have heard all my arguments against your strange proposal." "With all my heart," said Anselmo ; "say what you please."

"It seems to me, Anselmo," resumed Lothario, "that it is now with you as it always is with the Moors, who never can be convinced of the errors of their sect by the evidence of Holy Scriptures, nor by arguments drawn from reason, or founded upon articles of faith ; but you must give them proofs that are plain, intelligible, undeniable, and, in short, mathematically demonstrated : such as, —'If from equal parts we take equal parts, those that remain are also equal.' And if they do not comprehend this by words—and indeed they do not—you must show it to them with your hands, and set it before their very eyes ; and after all, perhaps nothing can convince them of the truths of our holy religion. Thus it is with you ; and so hopeless is the task of contending by argument against such preposterous folly, that only my friendship for you prevents me from leaving you at once to the punishment that will attend it. You desire me, Anselmo, to assail her who is modest and prudent—to seduce her who is virtuous. As you thus acknowledge that your wife possesses these qualities, what is it you would have ? Being convinced of what is doubtless the fact—that her virtue is impregnable, how can she be raised higher in your estimation ? for she cannot be more than perfect. If, in reality, you have not that favourable opinion of her which you profess to have, wherefore put her to such a test ? Treat her rather as you think she deserves. But if, on the contrary, you believe in her chastity and truth, it is absurd to make an impertinent experiment, which cannot enhance the intrinsic worth of those qualities. To attempt voluntarily that which must be productive of evil rather than good, is madness and folly. Difficult works are undertaken for the sake of Heaven, of the world, or of both : the first are those performed by the saints, while they endeavour to live a life of angels in their human frames : such as are performed for love of the world are encountered by those who navigate the boundless ocean, traverse distant countries and various climates, to acquire what are called the goods of fortune. Those who assail hazardous enterprises for the sake of both God and man are brave soldiers, who no sooner perceive in the enemy's wall a breach made by a single cannon-ball, than, regardless of danger, and full of zeal in the defence of their faith, their country, and their king, they rush where death in a thousand shapes awaits them. These are difficulties commonly attempted ; and though perilous, they are glorious and profitable. But your enterprise will neither acquire you glory from above, the goods of fortune, nor reputation among men ; for, supposing the event to be satisfactory, you will be no gainer ; if it should be otherwise, your situation will be wretched beyond conception, and it can afford you but little satisfaction, under the consciousness of such a misfortune, to think that it is unknown to others. For, as that celebrated poet Luis Tansilo says, in his '*Tears of St. Peter*,—

Shame, grief, remorse, in Peter's breast increase,
Soon as the blushing morn his crime betrays ;
When most unseen, then most himself he sees,
And with due horror all his soul surveys.

For a great spirit needs no censuring eyes
To wound his soul, when conscious of a fault ;
But, self-condemn'd, and e'en self-punish'd, lies,
And dreads no witness like upbraiding Thought.

"Expect not, therefore, by concealment to banish sorrow ; for, even though you weep not openly, tears of blood will flow from your heart. So wept that simple doctor, who, according to the poet, would venture to make a trial of the cup which the more prudent Rinaldo wisely declined doing ; and although this be a poetical fiction, there is a concealed moral in it worthy to be observed and followed. But I have yet something more to say upon this subject, which, I hope, will fully convince you of the folly of your project.

"Tell me, Anselmo, if you were so fortunate as to possess a superlatively fine diamond, the value of which was acknowledged by jewellers, who all unanimously declared that, in weight, goodness, and beauty, it was excellent of its kind, would it be reasonable to insist on this diamond being laid on an anvil to try by the hammer whether it were really so hard and so fine as it was pronounced to be ? If the stone bear the proof, it could not thereby acquire additional value ; and, should it break, would not all be lost ? Yes, certainly, and its owner pass for a fool ! Consider, then, friend Anselmo, that Camilla is a precious gem, both in your own estimation and in that of the world, and that it is absurd to expose her to danger, since though she should remain entire, she cannot rise in value ; and should she fail, reflect what will be your loss as well as your self-reproaches for having caused both her ruin and your own ! There is no jewel in the world so valuable as a chaste and virtuous woman. The honour of women consists in the good opinion of the world ; and since that of your wife is eminently good, why would you have it questioned ? Woman, my friend, is an imperfect creature ; and, instead of laying stumbling-blocks in her way, we should clear the path before her, that she may readily attain that virtue which is essential in her. Naturalists inform us that the ermine is a little creature with extremely white fur, and that when the hunters are in pursuit of it, they spread with mire all the passes leading to its haunts, to which they then drive it, knowing that it will submit to be taken rather than defile itself. The virtuous and modest woman is an ermine, and her character whiter than snow ; and in order to preserve it, a very different method must be taken from that which is used with the ermine ; she must not be driven into mire, that is the foul addresses of lovers ; since she may not have sufficient virtue and strength to extricate herself from the snare. Instead of exposing her to such danger, you should present to her view the beauty of virtue and fair fame. The reputation of a woman may also be compared to a mirror of crystal, shining and bright, but liable to be sullied by every breath that comes near it. The virtuous woman must be treated like a relic—adored, but not handled ; she should be guarded and prized, like a fine flower-garden, the beauty and fragrance of which the owner allows others to enjoy only at a distance, and through iron rails. I will also repeat to you some verses, applicable to the present subject, which I remember to have heard in a modern comedy. A prudent old man advises the father of a young maiden to look well after her, and lock her up. Among others, he gives the following reasons :—

If woman's glass, why should we try
Whether she can be broke, or no ?
Great hazards in the trial lie,
Because, perchance, she may be so.

Who that is wise, such brittle ware
Would careless dash upon the floor,
Which broken, nothing can repair,
Nor solder to its form restore ?

In this opinion all are found,
And reason vouches what I say,
Wherever Danaë's abound,
Their golden showers will make their way.

"All that I have hitherto said, Anselmo, relates to you. It is now proper I should say something concerning myself; and pardon me if I am prolix; for I am compelled to be so, in order to extricate you from the labyrinth into which you have strayed. You look upon me as your friend, and yet, against all rules of friendship, would have me forfeit my own honour, as well as deprive you of yours. That mine would be lost is plain; for when Camilla heard of my professions of love, she would certainly regard me as the basest of men, for entertaining views so derogatory to myself and my friend. And that your honour would suffer is equally certain; for she would naturally think that I had discovered some levity in her, which encouraged me to declare a guilty passion, and would consequently regard herself as dishonoured; and in her dishonour, you, as her husband, must participate. For the husband of an adulteress, though not accessory, nor even privy, to her transgressions, is nevertheless universally branded by an opprobrious and vilifying name, and regarded with contempt rather than pity; yet if you will listen to me with patience, I will explain to you why it is just that the husband should suffer this odium. We are informed by the Holy Scriptures that woman was formed from the rib of our first parent Adam, and thence pronounced to be one flesh. At the same time, the holy sacrament of marriage was ordained, with ties that death alone can dissolve. The husband, therefore, being of the same flesh as his wife, must needs be affected by whatever affects her, as the head feels the smart of the ankle, and pain in any one of the members is communicated to the whole body. Thus, however guiltless the man, he must participate in the woman's dishonour, and her shame is his disgrace. Think then, Anselmo, on the danger to which you expose yourself in seeking to disturb the repose of your virtuous consort. Consider from what vain and impertinent curiosity you would stir up the passions now dormant in the breast of your chaste spouse. Reflect what an immense risk you incur for a trifling gratification. But if all I have said be not sufficient to dissuade you from your preposterous design, you must seek another instrument to effect your disgrace and misery; for I am resolved not to act this part, though I should lose your friendship, which is the greatest loss I can conceive."

Here the virtuous and discreet Lothario ceased; and Anselmo was perplexed for some time how to answer him; at length he said, "I have listened to you, my friend, with attention; and your arguments prove the sincerity of your friendship, as well as your good sense. I am well aware that in adhering to my project and rejecting your counsel, I am acting unwisely; but my dear Lothario, you must look upon my folly as a disease, and grant it some indulgence—satisfy me by just making an attempt, even though it be but a cold one, upon Camilla, who surely will not surrender at the first onset; and with this act of friendship on your part I promise to rest contented. You will thereby restore me to the enjoyment of existence, and preserve my honour, which would otherwise be endangered by your forcing me to apply to another person; for determined I still am to make this experiment. Do not be concerned at the temporary loss of Camilla's good opinion; for after her integrity has been proved, you may disclose our plot to her, whereupon she will immediately restore you to favour. I entreat you then not to decline the task, since you may so easily gratify me; and again I promise to be satisfied by your first essay."

Lothario finding Anselmo determined in his purpose, and being unable to

suggest any other dissuasive arguments, affected to yield to his request, lest he should expose his folly to some other person. Anselmo embraced him with great tenderness and affection, and thanked him as much for his compliance as if he had done him some great favour. It was agreed between them that he should begin operations the very next day, when Anselmo would give him an opportunity to converse alone with Camilla, and supply him also with money and jewels for presents to her. He advised him to serenade her, and write verses in her praise, and if he thought it too much trouble, he would himself compose them for him. Lothario consented to everything, but with an intention very different from what his friend imagined. This arrangement being made, they returned to Anselmo's house, where they found Camilla anxiously waiting the return of her spouse, who that day was later than usual. Lothario after some time retired to his own house, leaving his friend no less happy than he was himself perplexed at the impertinent business in which he had engaged. However, he devised a plan by which he might deceive Anselmo and avoid giving offence to his wife. The next day he went to dine with his friend, and was kindly received by Camilla, who indeed always treated him with much cordiality, on account of the friendship her husband entertained for him. Dinner being finished, and the cloth removed, Anselmo desired Lothario to stay with Camilla while he went upon an urgent affair, which he should despatch in about an hour and a half. Camilla entreated him not to go, and Lothario offered to accompany him; but it was all to no purpose; he importuned Lothario to wait for him, saying he wished particularly to speak with him on his return; at the same time he desired Camilla to entertain his friend during his absence, for which he made a very plausible excuse.

Anselmo departed, and Camilla and Lothario remained together, the rest of the family being engaged at dinner. Thus Lothario perceived that he had entered the lists, as his friend desired, with an enemy before him sufficiently powerful to conquer, by her beauty alone, a squadron of armed cavaliers: think, then, whether Lothario had not cause to fear. However, the first thing that he did was to lean his elbow on the arm of the chair, and his cheek on his hand; and begging Camilla to pardon his ill-manners, he said he was inclined for a little repose. Camilla answered that he would be more at ease on the couch than in the chair, and therefore begged that he would lie down upon it. Lothario declined the offer, and remained sleeping in his chair until Anselmo returned, who, finding Camilla retired to her chamber, and Lothario asleep, concluded, as his absence had been long, that there had been time enough for them both to talk and to sleep; and he thought Lothario would never awake, so great was his impatience to learn his success. Lothario at length awaking, they walked out together, when in answer to the inquiries of Anselmo, he said: "That he did not think it proper to open too far the first time, and therefore all that he had done was to tell her she was very handsome, and that the whole city talked of her wit and beauty; and this he thought a good introduction, as he should thus insinuate himself into her goodwill, and dispose her to listen to him the next time with pleasure: employing the same artifice as the devil, who, when he would entrap a cautious person, assumes an angel form till he carries his point, when the cloven foot appears." Anselmo was extremely well satisfied, and said he would give him the same opportunity every day, without leaving home, for that he could find some employment to account for his withdrawing himself.

Many days now passed, and Lothario still preserving his respect to Camilla, assured Anselmo that he had assailed her, but that she never betrayed the least symptom of weakness, nor gave him a shadow of hope; on the contrary, that she threatened to inform her husband if he did not relinquish his base design.

"So far, all is well," said Anselmo, "hitherto Camilla has resisted words; we must now attack her another way. To-morrow I will give you two thousand crowns in gold to present to her, and as many more to purchase jewels, by way of lure, for women are pleased with finery; and if she resists this temptation, I will be satisfied, and give you no farther trouble." Lothario promised that since he had begun, he would go through with this affair, although his defeat was certain. The next day he received the four thousand crowns, and with them four thousand perplexities as to the new lies he must invent; he resolved, however, to tell him that Camilla was quite as inflexible to presents and promises as to words, so that he need not trouble himself farther, since it was all time lost.

Unfortunately, however, Anselmo was seized with an inclination one day, after leaving Lothario and his wife alone as usual, to listen at the door, and peep through the keyhole, when, after waiting above half an hour, he heard not a single word pass between them—in truth, if he had waited all day it would have been to no purpose. He now concluded that his friend had deceived him; but to ascertain it he called him aside, and inquired how matters were going on. Lothario said in reply that he could not persevere any longer, for that she rebuked him so sharply, he could not presume to open his lips to her again upon the subject. "Ah! Lothario, Lothario!" cried Anselmo, "is this your return for my confidence? Is it thus you fulfil your engagements to me? I have been watching you a long time at the door, and find that you have not spoken a word to Camilla; from which I must infer that you have never yet spoken to her. If so, why is it you deceive me, and prevent me from applying to others who would gratify my desire?" Anselmo said no more; Lothario was abashed and confounded; and, thinking his honour touched, by being detected in a lie, swore to Anselmo that from that moment he engaged to satisfy him, and would deceive him no more, as he should find if he had the curiosity to watch him: he might, however, save himself the trouble, for he was determined to make such exertions for his satisfaction, that there should be no room left for suspicion. Anselmo believed him; and, to give him an opportunity, less liable to interruption, he resolved to absent himself from home for eight days, and to visit a friend who lived in a neighbouring village, from whom he managed to get a pressing invitation in order to account for his departure to Camilla. Rash, foolish Anselmo! what art thou doing? Plotting thine own dishonour, contriving thine own ruin! Thou art in tranquil possession of a virtuous wife; the sole object of her affections, and under Heaven her only guide! Thus blessed by the treasures of honour, beauty, and virtue, why do you madly endanger them? Consider that he who seeks after what is impossible, ought in justice to be denied what is possible; as a certain poet has better expressed it in these verses:—

In death alone I life would find,
And health in racking pain;
Fair honour in a traitor's mind,
Or freedom in a chain.

But since I ask what ne'er can be,
The Fates, alas! decide,
What they would else have granted me,
Shall ever be denied.

Anselmo, on leaving home, told Camilla that Lothario would take charge of the house during his absence, and he desired she would treat him as his own person. The discreet, and virtuous wife did not approve this arrangement,

and represented to him the impropriety of another man taking his place at table when he was absent ; and she assured him that, if he would intrust the charge of the household to her, he would find her fully competent to the charge. Anselmo, however, still persisted in his orders, and Camilla was compelled to yield to them, though with great reluctance.

The day after Anselmo's departure, Lothario went to his house, where he met with a kind but modest reception from Camilla, who, to avoid being left alone with him, was constantly attended by her servants, especially a female one, named Leonela, to whom she had been attached from her infancy. Three days passed, and Lothario had not begun his enterprise, though he was not without opportunities, during the necessary absence of the servants at their dinner-time. Leonela, indeed, was desired by her mistress to dine first, so that she might never quit her side ; but she had her own engagements, and often left them alone, notwithstanding the orders of her mistress. However, the modest demeanour of Camilla and the propriety of her conduct restrained Lothario's tongue ; but the influence of her virtue in imposing this silence proved but the more dangerous ; for if his tongue was at rest his thoughts were in motion, and he had leisure to contemplate all the perfections of her mind and person, which could not have failed to move even a heart of marble. This silent but dangerous contemplation gradually undermined his fidelity to Anselmo ; yet a thousand times he thought of retiring from the city, and absenting himself for ever both from Camilla and his friend ; but the pleasure he experienced in her presence still detained him. Many were the internal struggles he had, to resist the delight he felt in gazing on her ; and still, when alone, he reproached himself for being so false a friend and so bad a Christian ; yet, on considering the conduct of Anselmo, whose folly he thought exceeded his own perfidy, he only wished he could stand as excusable before God as before men. In fine, the beauty and goodness of Camilla, together with the opportunity which the inconsiderate husband had forced upon him, quite overcame Lothario's integrity ; and after maintaining a hard conflict with his passion during three days, he became regardless of everything but its gratification. At their next meeting, therefore, he began to address Camilla with so much warmth of expression, that she was astonished, and without making any reply rose from her seat, and retired to her chamber. But her frigidity did not discourage her lover, for hope is ever born with love ; he only grew more ardent. In the mean time, Camilla, thinking it improper to give him another opportunity of addressing her, despatched a messenger the same night to Anselmo with the following letter :—

CHAPTER XXXIV.

In which is continued the novel of "The Curious Impertinent."

"CAMILLA TO ANSELMO.

"CASTLES should not be left without governors, nor armies without generals ; but it is worse for a young wife to be left without her husband. I find it so impossible to endure your absence any longer, that if you do not return immediately I must retreat to my father's house, though I leave yours unguarded : for he whom you left as a protector is, I believe, more intent upon his own pleasure than your interests. You are prudent, so I need say no more."

Anselmo received this letter, and understood by it that Lothario had begun the attack, and that Camilla must have received it according to his wish. Overjoyed at this good news, he sent Camilla a verbal message, desiring her not to remove from her house upon any account, for he would return very speedily. Camilla was surprised at this answer, which only increased her perplexity; for now she was equally afraid to remain in her own house, and to retire to that of her parents; since by staying her virtue was endangered, and by departing she would act contrary to her husband's positive commands. Her final determination proved the worst, which was to stay and not shun Lothario, lest it might excite the observation of the servants; and she now regretted having written to her husband, lest he should suspect that some impropriety in her conduct had encouraged Lothario to treat her with disrespect. But conscious of her own integrity, she trusted in God and her own virtue; resolving by her silence to discourage Lothario, without communicating any more on the subject to her husband, lest it should involve him in a quarrel. She even began to consider how she might excuse Lothario to Anselmo when he should inquire into the meaning of her letter.

With this determination, more honourable than prudent, the next day she quietly heard what Lothario had to say; and he pleaded with so much energy, that the firmness of Camilla began to waver, and her virtue could hardly prevent her eyes from showing some indications of amorous compassion. This was not lost upon him, and it only tended to increase the ardour of his passion. He resolved to press the siege, while time and opportunity served; and he employed against her the powerful engine of flattery; thus assailing her in the most vulnerable part of woman—her vanity. In fact, he undermined the fortress of her virtue, and directed against it so irresistible a force that had she been made of brass she must have fallen. He wept, entreated, flattered, and solicited, with such vehemence of passion, that he gradually overcame her reserve, and finally obtained a triumph. She surrendered—yes, even Camilla surrendered! No wonder, when Lothario's friendship could not stand its ground! A clear proof that the passion of love is to be conquered by flight alone; that it is vain to contend with a power which, though human, requires more than human strength to subdue it.

Leonela alone was privy to her lady's frailty, for it was impossible to have concealed it from her. Lothario never told Camilla of her husband's project, and of his having purposely afforded him the opportunity of addressing her, lest she should doubt his sincerity, or set less value on his passion.

After some days, Anselmo returned, little thinking he had lost a treasure which, though least guarded, he most valued. He repaired instantly to Lothario, and embracing him, inquired for the news which was to decide his fate. "The news I have for you, O friend Anselmo," said Lothario, "is that you have a wife worthy to be the model and crown of all good women. My words were thrown to the wind; my offers have been despised, my presents refused, and the tears I feigned treated with ridicule. In short, as Camilla is the sum of all beauty, so is she of goodness, modesty, and every virtue which can make a woman praiseworthy and happy. Therefore, friend, take back your money; here it is: I had no occasion to use it; for Camilla's integrity is not to be shaken by anything so base. Be satisfied, Anselmo, and since you have safely passed the gulf of suspicion, do not hazard fresh trials on the dangerous ocean, but rest securely in harbour until you are required to pay that tribute from which no human being is exempted."

Anselmo was entirely satisfied with Lothario's report, to which he gave as much credit as if it had been delivered by an oracle. Nevertheless, he desired him not entirely to give up the pursuit, were it only out of curiosity and amuse-

ment; though it would not be necessary to ply her so closely as before: all that he now desired of him was to write verses in her praise, under the name of Chloris; and he would give Camilla to understand that he was in love with a lady, to whom he had given that name, that he might celebrate her without offending her modesty; he even engaged to write the verses himself, if Lothario was unwilling to take that trouble. "There will be no need of that," said Lothario: "for the Muses are not so unpropitious to me but that now and then they make me a visit. Tell Camilla of my counterfeit passion, and leave the verses to me; which, if not so good as the subject deserves, shall at least be the best I can make." This agreement being concluded between the curious husband and the treacherous friend, the former returned home and inquired of Camilla, as she had expected, the occasion of her writing the letter which she sent him. Camilla answered that she then fancied Lothario treated her with rather more freedom than when he was at home; but that she now believed it to have been merely imaginary on her part; for, indeed, of late he had avoided seeing and being alone with her. Anselmo replied that she might dismiss all suspicion; for, to his knowledge, Lothario was in love with a young lady of condition in the city, whom he celebrated under the name of Chloris; and, even were it not so, she had nothing to fear, considering Lothario's virtue and the great friendship that subsisted between them. Had not Camilla been advertised by Lothario that this story of his love for Chloris was all a fiction, which he had invented merely to obtain an opportunity of indulging in praises of herself, she would doubtless have been seized with a fit of jealousy; but having been thus prepared, she felt no uneasiness on the subject.

The next day, as they were at table together, Anselmo desired Lothario to recite some of the verses he had composed on his beloved Chloris; for, since she was unknown to Camilla, he need not scruple to repeat them.

"Even were she not unknown," answered Lothario, "I would not conceal the praises which are her due; for when a lover complains of his mistress, while he extols her perfections, he casts no reproach upon her good name. I will, therefore, without scruple read to you this sonnet, which I composed yesterday, on the ingratitude of Chloris:—

SONNET.

"In the dead silence of the peaceful night,
 When others' cares are hush'd in soft repose,
 The sad account of my neglected woes
 To conscious heaven and Chloris I recite.
 And when the sun, with his returning light,
 Forth from the east his radiant journey goes,
 With accents such as sorrow only knows,
 My griefs to tell is all my poor delight.
 And when bright Phœbus from his starry throne
 Sends rays direct upon the parched soil,
 Still in the mournful tale I persevere;
 Returning night renews my sorrow's toil;
 And tho' from morn to night I weep and moan,
 Nor heaven nor Chloris my complainings hear."

Camilla was very well pleased with the sonnet, and Anselmo was lavish in his commendation, declaring that the lady was too cruel not to reward so much truth. "What then!" replied Camilla, "are we to take all that the enamoured poets tell us for truth?" "Whatever they may say as poets," answered Lothario, "certainly as lovers they speak the truth, and express still less than

they feel.” “Undoubtedly,” said Anselmo; who was ready to confirm all Lothario said, to advance his credit with Camilla; but this complacency in her husband she did not observe, being engrossed by her passion for Lothario. And, taking pleasure in hearing his verses (especially as she was conscious of being herself the Chloris to whom they were addressed), she requested him, if he could recollect any others to repeat them. “I do recollect another,” replied Lothario, “but I fear it is even worse than the one you have just heard; however, you shall judge for yourself:—

SONNET.

‘Believe me, nymph, I feel th’ impending blow,
And glory in the near approach of death;
For, when thou see’st my corse devoid of breath,
My constancy and truth thou sure wilt know.
Welcome to me Oblivion’s shade obscure!
Welcome the loss of fortune, life and fame!
But thy loved features, and thy honour’d name,
Deep graven on my heart, shall still endure.
And these, as sacred relics, will I keep
Till that sad moment when to endless night
My long-tormented soul shall take her flight,
Alas for him who on the darken’d deep
Floats idly, sport of the tempestuous tide,
No port to shield him, and no star to guide!’

Anselmo commended this second sonnet as much as he had done the first. and thus he went on labouring to secure his own shame and adding fresh links to the chain of his infamy: and the more the lover triumphed, the more he assured the husband of his unblemished honour. Thus the lower Camilla sunk into the abyss of infamy, the higher she rose in her husband’s opinion towards the pinnacle of virtue and honour.

One day when Camilla was alone with her maid she said to her, “I am ashamed, Leonela, to think how little value I placed upon myself in allowing Lothario so soon to gain the entire possession of my heart: I fear he will look upon my easy surrender as the effect of levity, without reflecting on his own resistless power.” “Dear madam,” answered Leonela, “let not this trouble you, for there is nothing in it: a gift, if it be worth anything, is not worse for being soon given: and therefore they say he who gives quickly gives twice.” “But they say also,” returned Camilla, “that which is lightly gained is little valued.” “This does not affect your case,” answered Leonela; “for love, as I have heard say, sometimes flies and sometimes walks—runs with one person, and goes leisurely with another: some he warms, and some he burns; some he wounds, and others he kills: in one and the same instant he forms and accomplishes his projects. He often in the morning lays siege to a fortress which in the evening surrenders to him—for no force is able to resist him. What then are you afraid of, if this was the case with Lothario? My master’s absence was instrumental to love’s success, and no time was to be lost, for love has no better minister than opportunity. This I am well acquainted with, from experience rather than hearsay; and one day or other, madam, I may let you see that I also am a girl of flesh and blood. Besides, madam, you did not yield before you had seen, in his eyes, in his sighs, in his expressions, in his promises and his presents, the whole soul of Lothario, and how worthy he was of your love: then let not these scruples and niceties disturb you, but be assured Lothario esteems you no less than you do him: and rest satisfied that,

since you have fallen into the snare of love, it is with a person of worth and character, and one who possesses not only the four SS.* which, they say, all true lovers ought to have, but the whole alphabet. Do but hear me, and you shall see how I have it by heart. He is, if I am not mistaken, amiable, bountiful, constant, daring, enamoured, faithful, gallant, honourable, illustrious, kind, loyal, mild, noble, obliging, prudent, quiet, rich, and the SS. as they say: lastly, true, valiant, and wise: the X suits him not, because it is a harsh letter; the Y, he is young; the Z, zealous of your honour."

Camilla smiled at this alphabet of her maid, whom she found to be more conversant in love matters than she had hitherto owned; and indeed she now confessed to her that she had an affair with a young gentleman of the same city. At this Camilla was much disturbed, fearing lest from that quarter her own honour might be in danger; she therefore inquired whether her amour had gone farther than words. Leonela, with the utmost assurance, owned that it had; for it is certain that the slips of the mistress take all shame from the maid, who, when her mistress makes a false step, thinks nothing of downright halting, and takes no trouble to conceal it. Camilla could only entreat Leonela to say nothing of her affair to her lover, and to manage her own concerns with such secrecy that it might not come to the knowledge of Anselmo or of Lothario. Leonela promised to be careful; nevertheless. Camilla's fears were verified, for the shameless girl, when she found that her mistress's conduct was not what it had been, made bold to introduce and conceal her ~~lover~~ in the house, presuming that her lady would not dare to complain if she should discover it. For this inconvenience, among others, attends the misconduct of mistresses: they become slaves to their own servants, whose dishonesty and lewdness they are compelled to conceal. Thus it was with Camilla; for though she frequently saw that Leonela entertained her gallant in the house, so far from daring to chide her, she gave her opportunities of secreting him, and did all she could to prevent him from being seen by her husband. Yet, notwithstanding her precautions, Lothario once discovered him retreating from the house at break of day. At first he thought it must be some vision of his fancy; but when he saw him steal off, muffling himself up, and endeavouring to conceal himself, suspicions succeeded which would have been the ruin of them all had it not been averted by Camilla. It never occurred to Lothario that the man whom he had seen coming out of Anselmo's house at so unseasonable an hour might have gone hither on Leonela's account; he did not even remember that there was such a person in the world; but he thought that Camilla, as she had been easy and complying to him, was not less so to another; for a woman always loses, with her virtue, the confidence even of the man to whose entreaties and solicitations she surrendered her honour; and he is ready to believe, upon the slightest grounds, that she yields to others even with greater facility.

All Lothario's good sense and prudence seemed to have failed him upon this occasion; for, without a moment's rational reflection, blinded with jealous rage, and furious to be revenged on Camilla, who had offended him in nothing, he hastened to Anselmo. "My friend," he said, "I can no longer forbear communicating to you what for some days past I have been struggling to conceal. Your wife, Anselmo, submits to my will and pleasure. One of my motives for delaying to tell you was my uncertainty whether she was really culpable, or only meant to try whether the love I professed was with your connivance, or in earnest; in which case she would have informed you of my attempts upon her; but finding she has been silent to you on the subject, I must conclude that she is serious in her promises to grant me an interview in the wardrobe the next time you are absent from home. However, as the fault is committed only in

* Sabio. solo. solícito y secreto.

thought, do not rashly seek to revenge yourself, for before the appointed time Camilla may change her mind and repent. If you will follow my advice, you shall have an opportunity of ascertaining the truth, without the possibility of being mistaken; and you can then act as you may think proper. Let your wife imagine that you have left home for some days, and conceal yourself behind the tapestry in the wardrobe, where you may be convinced by your own eyes of Camilla's real sentiments, and if they are evil you may then secretly and quietly avenge your wrongs."

Anselmo was struck aghast at Lothario's intelligence, for already he looked upon her victory as complete, and began to enjoy the glory of her triumph. For some time he remained with his eyes fixed motionless on the ground; at length he said, "Lothario, you have acted the friendly part I required of you; I will now be guided by your advice in everything—do what you will, only be cautious to preserve secrecy." Lothario satisfied him by his promises; but scarcely had he quitted him when he began to be sensible of the folly of his conduct, and to regret that he had taken so cruel and unmanly a way to revenge himself on Camilla. He cursed his senseless impetuosity, and felt quite at a loss how to act in such a dilemma. Finally he resolved to confess all to Camilla; and on the same day contrived to see her alone. "Ah, my dear Lothario," she exclaimed, immediately on his entrance; "I am overwhelmed with anxiety; for Leonela's impudence is now carried to such a height, that she entertains her gallant every night in the house, and he stays with her until daylight, to the imminent danger of my reputation, which is exposed to the suspicions of those who may chance to see him leave the house at such unseasonable hours; and what grieves me is this, that I cannot chastise, nor even reprimand her, for though I am alarmed at her conduct, I am compelled to bear it in silence, as she is in our confidence."

Lothario at first suspected that this was all artifice in Camilla to deceive him, in case he had seen the man going out of the house; but he was soon convinced of her sincerity, and felt ashamed and full of remorse at his unjust suspicions. However, he endeavoured to tranquillise Camilla, and promised to curb Leonela's insolence. He then confessed to her the furious fit of jealousy that had taken possession of him, and what had passed between Anselmo and himself while he was under its influence. He entreated her to pardon his madness, and to devise some means of averting the mischief in which his rashness had involved them both. Camilla was surprised on hearing Lothario's confession, and expressed no little resentment towards him for having harboured such unworthy suspicions of her, as well as for the rash and inconsiderate step he had taken. But she instantly thought of an expedient to repair the state of their affairs, which at present seemed so desperate; for women have naturally a ready invention, either for good or evil, though they are not equally successful in their premeditated schemes. She desired Lothario to introduce her husband to the appointed place of concealment the following day, in pursuance of a plan by which she proposed to facilitate their future intercourse; and, without letting him into the whole of her design, she only desired him, after Anselmo was posted, to be ready at Leonela's call, and to answer whatever she should say to him, just as he would do if he were unconscious that Anselmo was listening. Lothario pressed her to explain to him her whole design, that he might be the better prepared. "No other preparation is necessary," replied Camilla; "you have only to give me direct answers." She was unwilling to impart to him the whole design, lest he should find objections to it.

Lothario then left her; and the next day Anselmo, under pretence of going to his friend's villa, went from home, but immediately returned to his hiding-place, where he remained in a state of violent perturbation, as may readily be

imagined, since he thought himself on the point of witnessing his own dishonour and losing that treasure which he had fancied he possessed in his beloved Camilla. The mistress and maid having ascertained that Anselmo was behind the hangings, entered the wardrobe together, when Camilla, heaving a deep sigh, said, "Ah, my Leonela, would it not be better you should plunge Anselmo's sword into this infamous bosom? But no!—why should I alone be punished for another's fault? I will first know what the insolent Lothario saw in me to encourage him to make so wicked an attempt against my honour and that of his friend. Go to the window, Leonela, and call him; for I doubt not but that he is waiting in the street, in expectation of succeeding in his atrocious design—but my purpose shall sooner be executed." "Ah, dear madam!" cried the artful Leonela, "what do you mean to do with that dagger? Is it to be used against yourself or Lothario? In either case both your reputation and mine will suffer. Bear the insult he has offered you, rather than let this wicked man into the house now that we are alone. Consider, madam, we are helpless women, and he is a strong man, bent upon a villanous purpose; and before you could effect yours he might do worse than deprive you of life. A mischief take my master Anselmo, for giving this impudent fellow such an ascendancy in his house! But pray, madam, if you kill him—which I suppose is your intention—what shall we do with his body?" "What, my friend?" answered Camilla; "why, leave him here for Anselmo to inter, for it is but just he should have the satisfaction of burying his own infamy. Call him immediately; for every moment's delay of my revenge is an offence against that loyalty I owe to my husband."

To all this Anselmo listened, and every word spoken by Camilla had the intended effect upon him; and when she talked of killing Lothario he was on the point of coming forth to prevent it, but was withheld by the strong desire he had to see the end of so gallant and virtuous a resolution; intending, however, to appear in time to prevent mischief. Camilla was in the next place taken with a strong fainting-fit, and throwing herself upon a couch, Leonela began to weep bitterly, exclaiming, "Ah, woe is me! that the flower of virtue, the crown of good women, the pattern of chastity, should die here in my arms!" with other such expressions which might well have made her pass, with whoever heard them, for the most virtuous and faithful damsel in the universe, and her lady for another persecuted Penelope. Camilla having recovered from her swoon, said, "Why do you not go, Leonela, and call the most faithless friend that ever existed? Be quick, run, fly—let not the fire of my rage evaporate by delay, and my just vengeance be spent in empty threats and curses!" "I am going to call him," said Leonela; "but, dear madam, you must first give me that dagger, lest, when I am gone, you should give those who love you cause to weep all their lives." "Go, dear Leonela, and fear not," said Camilla: "I will not do it: for though I am resolute in defending my honour, I shall not act like Lucretia, who is said to have killed herself without having committed any fault, and without first taking his life who was the cause of her misfortune. Yes, I will die, die I must; but it shall be after I have satiated my revenge on him who has insulted me without provocation."

After much entreaty, Leonela obeyed; and while she was away, Camilla indulged in soliloquy. "Good heavens!" she cried, "would it not have been more advisable to have repulsed Lothario, as formerly, rather than give him reason to think injuriously of me by delaying to undeceive him? Surely, it would; but then I should go unrevenged, nor would my husband's honour be satisfied if he were to escape with impunity. No! let the traitor pay for his insolence with his life! and if ever the affair be known, Camilla shall be vindicated to the world. It might, indeed, have been better to have disclosed

all to Anselmo, but he disregarded my hints—his own confiding nature would not admit of a thought prejudicial to his friend. Scarcely could I trust my own senses when he first declared himself. But wherefore do I talk thus? My resolution is taken—Yes, vengeance on the traitor! Let him die! Unspotted my husband received me to his arms, and unspotted I will leave him, though bathed in my own blood and that of the falsest of friends." She now paced about the room with the drawn dagger in her hand, taking such irregular and huge strides, and with such gestures, that her brain seemed disordered, and she was more like a desperate ruffian than a delicate woman.

All this Anselmo observed with amazement from behind the arras, and thinking that what he had witnessed was sufficient to dispel doubts still greater than those he had entertained, he began to wish that Lothario might not come, for fear of some fatal accident, and was upon the point of rushing out to clasp his wife in his arms, when he was prevented by the return of Leonela, accompanied by Lothario; upon whose entrance Camilla drew with the dagger a long line between them, and said: "Observe, Lothario, if you dare to pass that line I will instantly pierce my breast with this dagger. But listen to what I have to say to you. In the first place tell me, Lothario, do you know Anselmo, my husband, and in what estimation do you hold him? Tell me also whether you know me? Answer me at once—for these are simple questions." Lothario easily comprehended her design, and accordingly humoured it, so that they managed the whole scene admirably together. "I did not imagine, fair Camilla," he replied, "that you called me to answer to things so foreign to the purpose for which I came hither. If it be to delay the promised favour, why not have adjourned it to a still farther day?—for the nearer the prospect of possession, the more eager we are for the enjoyment. In answer to your questions, I say that I have known your husband Anselmo from infancy; of our friendship I will say nothing, that I may not be witness against myself of the wrong which love—that powerful excuse for greater faults—compels me to commit against him. You, too, I know, and adore—for less excellence I should not have transgressed the laws of friendship, which are now violated by its potent adversary, love." "If you acknowledge so much," replied Camilla, "thou mortal enemy of all deserving love! how dare you appear before me—the beloved of Anselmo, whom without provocation you injure? But, alas! unhappy creature that I am! perhaps unconsciously I may have encouraged your presumption, not by immodesty, but through some inadvertency into which a woman may innocently fall when she conceives no reserve to be necessary. But say, perfidious man, did I ever, by a single expression, encourage you to hope? Was not your flattery always repulsed with indignation, and your presents rejected with scorn? Still I take blame to myself for having moved you to so criminal an attempt, and I cannot acquit myself of indiscretion, since you have nourished hope; I will, therefore, suffer the punishment due to your offence, and have brought you hither to witness the sacrifice I intend to make to the wounded honour of my worthy husband, who by you has been deliberately injured; and, alas! by me also, through negligence; the thought of which is so agonizing to me that I am impatient to become my own executioner. Yes, I will die! but not without revenging myself on him who has reduced me to this state of desperation!"

At these words she flew upon Lothario with the drawn dagger, with such incredible force and velocity, and apparently so determined to stab him to the heart, that he was almost in doubt himself whether her efforts were feigned or real, and he was obliged to exert all his dexterity to escape a wound: indeed, she acted so much to the life that she actually shed her own blood. Finding, or rather feigning, that she was unable to stab Lothario, she exclaimed,

"Though fate denies me complete satisfaction, it shall not disappoint me of one part of my revenge!" Then, forcibly releasing her dagger-hand from the grasp of Lothario, she directed the point against herself (being, however, careful in her choice of the part); and having wounded herself on the left side, near the shoulder, she fell, as if fainting, to the ground. Leonela and Lothario stood in amazement at this action, and knew not what to think when they saw Camilla lying on the floor bathed in her own blood. Lothario ran up to her, terrified and breathless, to draw out the dagger; but on perceiving the slightness of the wound, his fears vanished, and he admired the sagacity, prudence, and ingenuity of the fair Camilla. And now he took up his part, and began to make a most pathetic lamentation over the body of Camilla, as if she were dead; imprecating heavy curses, not only on himself, but on him who had been the cause of this disaster: his grief, in short, appeared so inconsolable, that he seemed an object even of greater compassion than Camilla herself. Leonela took her lady in her arms, and laid her on the couch, beseeching Lothario secretly to procure medical aid. She also desired his advice as to what they should say to Anselmo, if he should return before the wound was healed. He answered that they might say what they pleased, for he was not in a condition to give advice; all he desired was that she would endeavour to stanch the blood: as for himself, he would go where he should never be seen more. Then, with every demonstration of sorrow, he left the house; and when he found himself alone and out of sight he never ceased crossing himself in amazement at the ingenuity of Camilla and the art of Leonela. He amused himself too in thinking of Anselmo's happy certainty of possessing in his wife a second Portia, and was impatient to be with him, that they might rejoice at the most complete imposture that ever was practised.

Leonela stanchd her mistress's blood, of which there was just enough to give effect to her stratagem; and washing the wound with a little wine, she bound it up as well as she could. In the mean time her expressions were such as might alone have convinced Anselmo that in Camilla he possessed a model of chastity: and Camilla too now uttered some words reproaching herself for a deficiency of courage and spirit in having failed in ridding herself of a life she so much abhorred. She asked her maid's advice, whether or not she should relate what had happened to her beloved spouse. Leonela persuaded her to say nothing about it, since it would oblige him to take revenge on Lothario, which he could not do without great danger to himself; and that it was the duty of a good wife to avoid every occasion of involving her husband in a quarrel. Camilla approved her advice, and said she would follow it; but that they must consider what to say to Anselmo about the wound; which he could not fail to observe. To which Leonela answered, that for her part she could not tell a lie even in jest. "How then can I?" said Camilla, "who neither could invent, nor persist in one, if it were to save my life? If a good excuse cannot be contrived, it will be better to tell him the naked truth than be caught in a falsehood." "Do not be uneasy, madam," answered Leonela; "for between this and to-morrow morning I will consider of something to tell him; and perhaps you may be able to conceal the wound from his sight, and Heaven will befriend us. Compose yourself, good madam; endeavour to quiet your spirits, that my master may not find you in such agitation; and leave the rest to my care, and to Heaven, which always favours the honest purpose."

Anselmo stood an attentive spectator of this tragedy, representing the death of his honour; in which the actors performed with so much expression and pathos that they seemed transformed into the very characters they personated. He longed for night, that he might have an opportunity of slipping out of his

house to see his dear friend, Lothario, and rejoice with him on finding so precious a jewel, by the happy development of his wife's virtue. They both took care to give him an opportunity to retreat, of which he instantly availed himself, to hasten in search of Lothario; and on their meeting, his embraces were innumerable, and his praises of Camilla unbounded. All which Lothario listened to without being able to testify any joy; for he could not but reflect how much his friend was deceived, and how ungenerously he was treated. Anselmo perceived that Lothario did not express any pleasure, but he ascribed it to Camilla's wound, of which he had been the occasion. He therefore desired him not to be unhappy about Camilla, as the wound must be slight, since she and her maid had agreed to hide it from him: he might then be assured that there was no cause for alarm, but much for joy; for that by his friendly exertions he was elevated to the highest summit of human felicity; and he desired no better amusement than to write verses in praise of Camilla, to perpetuate her memory to all future ages. Lothario commended his resolution, and promised his assistance in the execution of so meritorious a work.

Thus Anselmo remained the most agreeably deceived man that ever existed. He led home under his arm the instrument, as he thought, of his glory, but in truth, his bane; who was received by Camilla with a frowning aspect, but a joyful heart. This imposture lasted for a few months, when Fortune turning her wheel, the iniquity hitherto so artfully concealed came to light, and Anselmo's impertinent curiosity cost him his life.

CHAPTER XXXV.

The dreadful battle which Don Quixote fought with the winebags, and the conclusion of the novel of "The Curious Impertinent."

THE novel was nearly finished, when Sancho Panza, full of dismay, came running out of Don Quixote's chamber, crying aloud, "Run, gentlemen, quickly, and succour my master, who is over head and ears in the toughest battle my eyes ever beheld. As God shall save me, he has given the giant, that enemy of the Princess Micomicona, such a stroke that he has cut his head as clean off his shoulders as if it had been a turnip!" "What say you, brother?" quoth the priest, laying aside the novel. "Are you in your senses, Sancho? How can this possibly be, since the giant is two thousand leagues off?" At that instant they heard a great noise in the room, and Don Quixote calling aloud, "Stay, cowardly thief! robber! rogue! Here I have you, and your scimitar shall avail you nothing!" Then followed the sound of strokes and slashes against the walls. "Do not stand listening," quoth Sancho, "but go in and end the fray, or help my master: though by this time there will be no occasion; as I dare say the giant is dead, and giving an account to God of his past wicked life: for I saw the blood run about the floor, and the head cut off, lying on one side, and as big as a wine-skin." "I will be hanged," exclaimed the innkeeper, "if Don Quixote, or Don Devil, has not gashed some of the wine-skins that hung at his bed's-head; and the wine he has spilt this fellow takes for blood." So saying, he rushed into the room, followed by the whole company: and they found Don Quixote in the strangest situation imaginable. He was in his shirt, and on his head a little greasy red cap which belonged to the innkeeper. About his left arm he had twisted the bed-blanket (to which Sancho owed a grudge—he well knew why), and in his right hand he held his drawn sword, with which he was laying about him on all sides, calling

out as if in actual combat ; his eyes were shut, being still asleep, and dreaming that he was engaged in battle with the giant : for his mind was so full of the adventure which he had undertaken that he dreamt that, having reached the kingdom of Micomicon and engaged in combat with his enemy, he was cleaving the giant down with a stroke that also proved fatal to the wine-skins, and set the whole room afloat with wine. The innkeeper seeing this, was in such a rage, that with his clenched fists he fell so furiously upon Don Quixote, that if Cardenio and the priest had not taken him off, he would have put an end to the war of the giant. The barber seeing that the poor gentleman was not awake, he brought a large bucket of cold water, with which he soused him all over ; and even that ablution did not restore him so entirely as to make him sensible of his situation. Dorothea perceiving how scantily he was arrayed, would not stay to see the fight between her champion and his adversary. Sancho searched about the floor for the head of the giant, and not finding it, he said, "Well I see plainly that everything about this house is enchantment: for the last time I was here I had thumps and blows given me in this very same place by an invisible hand ; and now the head is vanished, which I saw cut off with my own eyes, and the blood spouting from the body like any fountain." "What blood, and what fountain? thou enemy to God and his saints!" said the innkeeper : "dost thou not see, fellow, that the blood and the fountain are nothing but these skins ripped open, and the red wine floating about the room? Perdition catch his soul that pierced them!" "So much the worse for me," said Sancho ; "for want of this head, I shall see my earldom melt away like salt in water." Thus Sancho awake was as wise as Don Quixote asleep, his head being quite turned by his master's promises. The innkeeper lost all patience at the indifference of the squire and the mischievous havoc of the knight ; and he swore they should not escape, as they did before, without paying ; and that the privileges of his chivalry should not exempt him this time from discharging both reckonings even to the patching of the wine-skins.

Don Quixote (whose hands were held by the priest) now conceiving the adventure to be finished, and that he was in the presence of the princess Micomicona, fell on his knees before the priest, and said, "High and renowned lady, your highness may henceforward live secure of harm from that ill-born wretch. I have now discharged the promise I gave you, since, by the assistance of Heaven, and through the favour of her by whom I live and breathe, I have so happily accomplished the enterprise." "Did not I tell you so?" quoth Sancho, hearing this : "you see I was not drunk—look if my master has not already put the giant in pickle! Here are the bulls!* my earldom is cock-sure." Who could help laughing at the absurdities of both master and man? They were all diverted except the innkeeper, who swore like a trooper. At length the barber, Cardenio, and the priest, with much difficulty, got Don Quixote upon his bed again, where, exhausted with his labour, he slept soundly. They left him to his repose, and went out to the inn-door, trying to comfort Sancho for his disappointment in not finding the giant's head ; but they had most trouble in pacifying the innkeeper, who was in despair at the untimely death of his wine-skins. The hostess grumbled too, muttering to herself : "In an evil hour this knight-errant came into my house ! O that I had never set my eyes on him, for he has been a dear guest to me ! The last time he went away without paying his night's reckoning for supper, bed, straw, and barley, for himself, squire, his horse and ass ; telling us, forsooth, that he was a knight-adventurer—evil befal him, and all the adventurers in the world !—and so he was not obliged to pay anything, according to the rules of knight-errantry. It was on his account, too, this other gentleman carries off my tail, which he returns me damaged and good

* In allusion to the joy of the mob in Spain, when they see the bulls coming.

for nothing; and, after all, to rip open my skins, and let out my wine—would it were his blood! But he shall not escape again; for by the bones of my father, and the soul of my mother, they shall pay me down upon the nail every farthing, or I am not my father's daughter!" Thus the hostess went on in great wrath; and honest Maritornes agreed with her mistress. The daughter held her peace, but now and then smiled. The priest endeavoured to quiet all of them; promising to make the best reparation in his power for the skins as well as the wine; and especially for the damage done to the tail which they valued so much. Dorothea comforted Sancho Panza, telling him that if it should really appear that his master had cut off the giant's head, she would, when peaceably seated on her throne, bestow on him the best earldom in her dominions. With this promise Sancho was comforted, and he assured the princess that she might depend upon it he had seen the giant's head, and that it had a beard which reached down to the girdle; and if it could not be found it was owing to the witchcraft in that house, of which he had seen and felt enough the last time they lodged there. Dorothea agreed with him; but assured him that all would end well and to his heart's desire. Tranquillity being now restored, the priest was requested by Cardenio, Dorothea, and the rest, to read the remainder of the novel; and to please them, as well as himself, he continued as follows:—

Anselmo now lived perfectly happy and free from care, being convinced of Camilla's virtue. She affected to treat Lothario with coldness, to deceive her husband, and Lothario entreated him to excuse his visits to the house, since it was plain that the sight of him was disagreeable to his wife. But the duped Anselmo would by no means comply with his request; and thus by a thousand different ways he administered to his own dishonour. As for Leonela, she was so pleased to find herself thus at liberty, that, regardless of everything, she abandoned herself to her pleasures without the least restraint, being certain of her lady's connivance and help.

In short, one night Anselmo heard steps in Leonela's chamber; and on his attempting to go in to see who it was, he found the door held against him, which made him only more determined to be satisfied; he therefore burst open the door, and just as he entered saw a man leap down from the window into the street. He would immediately have pursued him, but was prevented by Leonela, who clung about him, crying, "Dear sir, be calm; do not be angry, nor pursue the man who leaped out; he belongs to me—in fact, he is my husband." Anselmo would not believe Leonela, but drew his poniard in a great fury, and threatened to stab her if she did not tell him the whole truth. In her fright, not knowing what she said, she cried out, "Do not kill me, sir, and I will tell you things of greater importance than you can imagine." "Tell me them quickly," said Anselmo, "or you are a dead woman!" "At present it is impossible," said Leonela, "I am in such confusion; let me alone until to-morrow morning, and then you shall hear what will astonish you: in the meantime be assured that the person who jumped out at the window is a young man of the city who has given me a promise of marriage." Anselmo was now appeased, and consented to wait till next morning for an explanation; never dreaming that he should hear anything against Camilla. But he locked Leonela into her room, telling her that she should not stir thence until he had heard what she had to communicate. He went immediately to Camilla, and related to her all that had passed with her waiting-woman, and the promise she had given to impart to him things of the utmost importance. It is needless to say whether Camilla was alarmed or not: so great was her consternation that, never doubting of Leonela's intention to tell Anselmo all she knew of her infidelity, she had not the courage to wait until she saw whether her fears were well or ill-grounded. But that same night, when Anselmo was asleep, she

collected her jewels, with some money, and privately leaving her house, went to Lothario, to whom she communicated what had passed; desiring him to conduct her to a place of safety, or to accompany her to some retreat where they might live secure from Anselmo. Lothario was so confounded that he knew not what to say or how to act. At length he proposed to conduct her to a convent of which his sister was the prioress. Camilla consented, and Lothario immediately conveyed her to the monastery, where he left her. He likewise absented himself from the city.

At daybreak Anselmo arose, without observing Camilla's absence, and, impatient for Leonela's communication, he hastened to the chamber in which he had confined her. He opened the door and went in, but found no Leonela there: he only found the sheets tied to the window, by means of which it appeared she had slid down and made her escape. He returned, much disappointed, to inform Camilla of the circumstance, and not finding her in her bed, nor in any part of the house, he was all astonishment. He inquired of the servants for her, and no one could give him any tidings. But when he found her jewels gone he began to suspect the fatal truth. Full of grief and consternation, he ran half-dressed to the house of his friend Lothario, to tell him of his disaster; and being informed by his servants that their master had gone away in the night with all the money he had by him, he became nearly frantic. To complete his misery, on his return home he found his house entirely deserted, every servant, male and female, having quitted it. He was unable either to think, speak, or act, and his senses gradually began to fail him. In an instant he found himself forsaken by his wife, his friend, and even his servants—robbed of, honour, abandoned by Heaven! He at last resolved to leave the city and go to the friend he had visited before. Having locked up his house, he mounted on horseback and set out, oppressed with sorrow; but before he had reached half-way, overwhelmed with the thoughts of his misfortune, he was unable to proceed: he therefore alighted and tied his horse to a tree, at the foot of which he sunk down and gave vent to the most bitter and mournful lamentations. There he remained till evening, when a man on horseback happening to pass that way, he saluted him, and inquired what news there was in Florence. "Very strange news indeed," said the man; "for it is publicly reported that last night Lothario, the rich Anselmo's particular friend, carried off Camilla, wife to Anselmo, and that he also is missing. All this was told by Camilla's maid-servant, whom the governor caught in the night letting herself down by a sheet from a window of Anselmo's house. However, I do not know all the particulars; I only know that the whole town is in astonishment at this event, for no one could have expected any such thing, considering the great friendship of the gentlemen, which was so remarkable that they were styled the Two Friends." "Is it known," said Anselmo, "what road Lothario and Camilla have taken?" "It is not," replied the citizen, "although the governor has ordered diligent search to be made after them." "Heaven be with you!" said Anselmo. "And with you also," said the man, who proceeded on his way.

This dismal news almost bereaved Anselmo both of his senses and his life. With difficulty he mounted his horse again, and reached the house of his friend, who had not yet heard of his misfortune; but seeing him pale, spiritless, and faint, he concluded that he had met with some heavy affliction. Anselmo begged he would lead him to a chamber, and give him pen, ink, and paper. They complied with his request, leaving him alone on the bed. So acute was now the sense of his misery, that he felt it was impossible for him to survive it, and he wished to leave behind some memorial of the cause of his death; but before he could write all he intended, his breath failed him, and he expired—a victim to that grief which he had brought upon himself by his impertinent curiosity.

The master of the house, after some time, went to Anselmo's chamber to inquire after him, when he found him lying upon his face, his body half in bed, and half resting on the table, upon which laid a written paper—the pen was still in his hand. His friend spoke to him, and approaching him took hold of his hand, but he found him cold and breathless. Surprised and grieved, he called his family to witness the disastrous end of Anselmo. On the paper he then read the following lines, which he knew to be Anselmo's handwriting:—

“A foolish and impertinent desire has deprived me of life. If Camilla hear of my death, let her know that I forgive her; for she was not obliged to perform miracles, nor ought I to have required them of her: and since I was the contriver of my own dishonour, there is no reason why——”

Thus far had Anselmo written, unable, as it appeared, to finish the sentence. On the following day his friend sent to inform his relations of the sad event. They already knew of his disgrace and the retreat of his wife. Camilla, indeed, was on the point of quitting life at the same time as her husband—not for grief at his fate, but at her lover's absence. Although now a widow, she would neither leave the convent nor take the veil until some time after, when intelligence reached her that Lothario had been slain in a battle fought between Monsieur de Lautrec and that great commander Gonzalo Fernandez of Cordua, in the kingdom of Naples, whither the too-late repentant friend had retreated. She then took the religious habit, and died shortly after a prey to sorrow. Such was the fatal catastrophe of a drama which commenced in folly.

“I like this novel very well,” said the priest, “but I cannot persuade myself that it is true; and if it be a fiction, the author has erred against probability; for it is impossible to conceive that any husband would be so absurd as to venture upon so dangerous an experiment as that made by Anselmo. Had this case been supposed between a gallant and his mistress, it might pass; but between husband and wife it is quite incredible. However, the story is not ill told.”

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Which treats of other uncommon incidents that happened at the inn.

“EH! by our Lady!” suddenly exclaimed the host, who was standing at the inn-door, “here comes a goodly company of guests! If they stop here we shall sing, O be joyful!” “What are they?” said Cardenio. “Four men,” answered the host, “on horseback, à la Gineta,* with lances and targets, and black masks† on their faces; and there is a woman with them, on a side-saddle, dressed in white, and her face likewise covered: besides these, there are two lads on foot.” “Are they near?” said the priest. “So near,” replied the inn-keeper, “that they are already at the door.” Dorothea, hearing this, veiled her face, and Cardenio retired to Don Quixote's chamber. When the persons mentioned by the host entered the yard, the four horsemen (who appeared to be gentlemen), having alighted, went to assist the lady to dismount; and one of them taking her in his arms, placed her in a chair near the door of the chamber

* A mode of riding with short stirrups, which the Spaniards took from the Arabs.

† A piece of thin black silk worn before the face in travelling, not for disguise, but to keep off the dust and sun.

to which Cardenio had retired. During all this time not one of the party had taken off their masks, or spoken a word. The lady when seated in a chair heaved a deep sigh, and her arms hung listlessly down, as if she were in a weak and fainting state. When the servants took the horses to the stable, the priest followed and questioned one of them, being curious to know who these people were. "In truth, signor," replied the servant, "I cannot tell you who they are; but they must be people of quality, especially he who took the lady in his arms, because all the rest pay him such respect, and do nothing but what he orders and directs." "And the lady, pray who is she?" asked the priest. "Neither can I tell that," replied the lacquey; "for I have not once seen her face during the whole journey. I often, indeed, hear her sigh, and utter such groans that any one of them was enough to break her heart: but it is no wonder that we cannot tell you any more, as my comrade and I have been only two days in their service; for having met us upon the road, they persuaded us to go with them as far as Andalusia, and promised to pay us well." "Have you heard any of their names?" said the priest. "No, indeed," answered the lad, "for they all travel in so much silence we hear nothing but the sighs and the sobs of the poor lady, which move our pity; and wheresoever she is going, we suspect it is against her will. From her habit she must be a nun, or perhaps going to be made one, and not from her own choice, which makes her so sorrowful." "Very likely," quoth the priest; and then leaving them, he returned to the room where he had left Dorothea, whose compassion being excited by the sighs of the masked lady, she approached her and said, "You seem in distress, dear madam; if it be in the power of woman to render you any service, most willingly I offer you mine." The afflicted lady returned no answer; and although Dorothea renewed her offers, she persisted in her silence until the cavalier in the mask, who seemed to be superior of the party, came up and said to Dorothea, "Trouble not yourself, madam, to offer anything to this woman; for she is very ungrateful; nor endeavour to get an answer from her, unless you wish to hear some falsehood." "No," said the lady, who had hitherto been silent: "on the contrary, it is from my aversion to falsehood that I am thus wretched; for it is my truth alone which makes you act so false and treacherous a part."

These words were distinctly heard by Cardenio, who was very near to the speaker, being separated only by the door of Don Quixote's chamber; and, on hearing them, he cried aloud, "Good Heaven, what do I hear? what voice is that which has reached my ears?" The lady, in much surprise, turned her head at these exclamations; and, not seeing who uttered them, she started up, and was going into the room, when the cavalier detained her, and would not suffer her to move a step. In this sudden commotion her mask fell off, and discovered a face of incomparable beauty, although pale and full of terror; for she looked wildly around her, examining every place with so much eagerness that she seemed distracted, and excited the sympathy of Dorothea and others of the party, who could not conjecture the cause of her agitation. The cavalier held her fast by the shoulders, and his hands being thus engaged he could not keep on his mask, which at length fell to the ground, and Dorothea, who also had her arms round the lady, raising her eyes, discovered in the stranger—her husband, Don Fernando! when instantly, with a long and dismal Oh! she fell backward in a swoon; and had not the barber, who stood close by, caught her in his arms, she would have fallen to the ground. The priest then hastily removed her veil to throw water in her face; upon which Don Fernando recognised her, and seemed petrified at the sight. Nevertheless, he still kept his hold of Lucinda, who was the lady that was endeavouring to release herself from him; for she knew Cardenio's voice, and he well recollected hers. The groan of Dorothea when she fainted was also heard by Cardenio, who believing it came

from his Lucinda, rushed into the room, and the first object he saw was Don Fernando, holding Lucinda in his arms. They all gazed upon each other in silence; for none seemed able to utter a word. Lucinda was the first who recovered the power of speech, and she thus addressed Don Fernando: "Let me go, my lord: I entreat you, as you are a gentleman, that you will suffer me to fly to the protection of him from whom in vain you have endeavoured to separate me. See how mysteriously Heaven has conducted me into the presence of my true husband! You well know, by a thousand proofs, that nothing can shake the faith I have pledged to him. Cease, therefore, your fruitless persecution, or let your love be converted into rage, and destroy me; for then at least I shall die in the presence of my beloved, who by my death will be convinced of my inviolable fidelity."

Dorothea in the mean time had recovered her senses, and hearing what Lucinda said, she conjectured who she was. Seeing that Don Fernando still held her, she approached him, and threw herself at his feet, her lovely face bathed in tears. "Ah, my lord!" said she, "were you not dazzled by that beauty in your arms, you would see the unhappy Dorothea, who is now prostrate at your feet. I am that humble country girl whom you vouchsafed to call yours; she who lived a happy and modest life until, seduced by your importunities, and the apparent sincerity of your affection, she resigned her liberty to you. How you requited her is now too manifest! But do not think that I have followed the path of dishonour: grief and misery alone have attended my steps since your cruel desertion. When I was persuaded to bind myself to you, it was with ties that, changed as your sentiments may be, can never be dissolved. Ah, my lord! will not my tenderness compensate for the beauty and rank of her for whom you abandon me? Recollect that you are mine, and that Lucinda belongs to Cardenio: surely it will be easier for you to revive your own love towards her who adores you, than to inspire with love her who hates you. You were not ignorant of my condition when I consented to become yours on honourable terms: then, as you are a Christian and a gentleman, I claim the fulfilment of your promise, for I am your true and lawful wife. Still, if you refuse to acknowledge me, protect me as your slave, and I will submit; but do not abandon me to the world,—do not afflict the declining years of my parents, who have ever been your faithful vassals. Think not of their meanness—for rank is not essential in a wife; besides, true nobility consists in virtue, and if you forfeit that by wronging me, you degrade yourself below me. But however you may please to act towards me, my lord, I am still your wife—witness your words, witness your letters, and witness Heaven, whom you called upon to sanctify our mutual vows! Lastly, I appeal to your conscience, which will embitter with self-reproach every enjoyment of your life, if you fail to listen to its dictates."

The afflicted Dorothea urged these and other arguments in so affecting a manner that she excited the most lively interest in all present. Don Fernando listened in silence to her words, which were followed by such bursts of overwhelming grief, that no human heart could witness it without emotion. Lucinda longed to comfort her, and condole with her, but she was still detained. Don Fernando at length suddenly disengaged his arms from her, after having gazed awhile on Dorothea. "You have conquered, fair Dorothea!" he exclaimed,—
"you have conquered. There is no resisting you!"

Lucinda was so faint, when released from Don Fernando's embrace, that she was just falling to the ground; but Cardenio hastened to her support: "These arms," said he, "shall protect thee, my beloved, my faithful mistress! Heaven grant you may now find repose!" Lucinda looked up, to be assured that it was indeed her Cardenio, and on seeing his beloved face, regardless of forms, she threw her arms around his neck, and embraced him with the utmost tender-

ness. "Oh, Cardenio! you are my true lord! Whatever the fates may condemn me to suffer, I am for ever yours!"

This was an affecting scene to all present. Dorothea watched Don Fernando, and fearing that he meditated revenge on Cardenio, as he looked agitated, and put his hand to his sword, she clung around him, embracing his knees, and said to him, "What means my love, my only refuge? Behold your true wife at your feet! Lucinda is in the arms of her husband, and even in your presence bedews his bosom with tears of love; how then can you think of uniting yourself to her! For Heaven's sake, and the honour of your name, let their declarations of mutual affection, instead of moving your wrath, induce you to leave them unmolested, to pass their lives happily together; you will thus show to the world that you are not governed by your passions, but have a noble, generous mind."

While Dorothea spoke, Cardenio kept his eyes fixed on Don Fernando, and was prepared to defend himself if assaulted by him. But that nobleman was now surrounded by the whole party, not excepting honest Sancho, who all interceded for Dorothea: and the priest represented to him that so singular a meeting must not be ascribed to chance, but to the special providence of Heaven. He begged him also to consider how vain would be the attempt to separate Cardenio and Lucinda, who would be happy even to die proving each other's faith; and how prudent as well as noble it would be in him to triumph over his passion, and freely leave the two lovers to enjoy the happiness of mutual affection. That he should turn to the lovely Dorothea, who had such strong claims upon him, not only on account of her extreme tenderness for him, but the promises he had made to her, which, as a Christian and a man of honour, he was bound to perform: adding to these arguments, that it would be no derogation to his rank to elevate beauty adorned with virtue.

These truths, so forcibly urged, were not lost upon the mind of Don Fernando, who embraced Dorothea, saying, "Rise, my dear lady, for that is not a posture for the mistress of my soul; and if I have offended against you, surely it has been by the will of Heaven, that I might know your true value, by such proofs of your constancy and affection. I only entreat that you will not reproach me for my involuntary offence, but look at the now happy Lucinda, and her eyes will plead my excuse. May she enjoy long years of happiness with her Cardenio, and Heaven grant me the same with my Dorothea!" Again he pressed her to his heart, and could scarcely forbear showing his emotions of tenderness and repentance by tears: indeed, all the company present were so much affected, that their tears of sympathy might have been mistaken for those of sorrow. Even Sancho Panza wept; though he owned afterwards that it was only because Dorothea turned out to be the queen Micomicona who was to have made his fortune. Cardenio and Lucinda expressed their acknowledgments to Don Fernando for his present conduct, in so feeling a manner, that he was too much moved to find words to reply to them.

Dorothea being now questioned by Don Fernando as to the circumstances which had brought her to that place, she gave a brief detail of what she had before related to Cardenio; and so interesting was her narrative to Don Fernando and his party, and so graceful her delivery, that they even regretted when the story of her misfortunes was ended. Don Fernando then related what he had done after finding in Lucinda's bosom the paper declaring herself the wife of Cardenio. He confessed that his first impulse was to take her life, and that he should actually have done so, had he not been prevented by her parents; upon which he immediately quitted the house, full of shame and fury, determined to seize the first opportunity of revenge. On the following day he heard that she had left her father's house, concealing the place of her retreat;

but after some months he discovered that she had retired to a convent, whither he immediately pursued her, accompanied by the three gentlemen then present. He then watched an opportunity when the convent gate was open to make his entrance, leaving two of his companions to secure the gate ; and having found Lucinda walking in the cloisters, attended only by a nun, they seized her, and bore her away to a place where they had prepared every accommodation necessary for their project. Lucinda, he said, had fainted on seeing herself in his power, and when her senses returned, she wept and sighed, but never spoke a single word. Thus, in silence and sorrow, they had reached that inn, which, he trusted, was the goal of all their earthly misfortunes.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Wherein is continued the history of the famous Infanta Micomicona, with other pleasant adventures.

SANCHO experienced no small grief of mind on thus seeing all his hopes of preferment fast disappearing and vanishing into smoke, by the transformation of the fair princess Micomicona into Dorothea, and the giant into Don Fernando ; while his master, unconscious of what was passing, lay wrapped in profound sleep. Dorothea could not be certain whether the happiness she enjoyed was not a dream ; and Cardenio and Lucinda entertained the same doubts. Don Fernando gave thanks to Heaven for having delivered him from a perilous situation, in which his honour as well as his soul were in imminent danger. In short, all were pleased at the happy conclusion of such intricate and hopeless affairs. The priest, like a man of sense, placed everything in its true light, and congratulated each upon their share of the good fortune that had befallen them. But the landlady was more delighted than all ; as Cardenio and the priest had promised to pay her with interest for every loss she had sustained upon Don Quixote's account.

Sancho alone was afflicted, unhappy, and full of sorrow ; and, with dismal looks, he went in to his master, just then awake, to whom he said : " Your worship may sleep on, signor sorrowful figure, without troubling yourself about killing any giant or restoring the princess to her kingdom, for that is already done and over." " I verily believe it," answered Don Quixote, " for I have had the most monstrous and dreadful battle with the giant that ever I expect to have in the whole course of my life ; with one back stroke I tumbled his head to the ground, and so great was the quantity of blood that gushed from it, that the stream ran along the ground like a torrent of water." " Like red wine, your worship might better say," answered Sancho ; " for I can tell you, if you do not know it already, that the dead giant is a pierced wine-skin, and the blood eighteen gallons of red wine contained in the belly ; and may the devil take all for me !" " What sayest thou, fool ?" replied Don Quixote. " Art thou in thy senses ?" " Pray, get up, sir," quoth Sancho, " and you will see what a fine day's work you have made, and what a reckoning we have to pay ; and you will see, too, the queen converted into a private lady called Dorothea, with other matters which, if you take them rightly, will astonish you." " I shall wonder at nothing," replied Don Quixote : " for, thou mayest remember, the last time we were here, I told thee that all things in this place went by enchantment ; and there can be nothing surprising in it if this were the case again." " I should believe so too," answered Sancho, " if my being

tossed in the blanket had been a matter of this nature : but it was downright real and true ; and I saw the very same innkeeper hold a corner of the blanket, and cant me towards heaven with notable alacrity, laughing too all the time ; and where it happens that we know persons, in my opinion (simple and a sinner as I am), there is no enchantment at all, but much misusage and much mishap." "Well, Heaven will remedy it," quoth Don Quixote : "give me my clothes, that I may go and see the events and transformations thou hast mentioned."

Sancho reached him his apparel : and while he was dressing, the priest gave Don Fernando and his companions an account of Don Quixote's madness, and of the artifice they had used to get him from the barren mountain to which he imagined himself banished through his lady's disdain. He related also most of the adventures which Sancho had communicated to them, to their great diversion and astonishment ; for they, like others, considered it as the most singular species of insanity that ever took possession of the imagination. The priest said further that, since the lady Dorothea's good fortune would not permit her to prosecute their design, it was necessary to contrive some other expedient to get him home. Cardenio offered his assistance, and proposed that Lucinda should personate Dorothea. "No," said Don Fernando, "it must not be so ; for I will have Dorothea herself proceed in her part ; and as this good gentleman's village is not far distant, I shall be glad to contribute to his cure." "It is not above two days' journey," said the priest. "If it were farther," said Don Fernando, "I would undertake it with pleasure for so good a purpose."

Don Quixote now came forth, clad in all his armour ; Mambrino's helmet, though bruised and battered, on his head ; his target braced, and resting on his sapling or lance. His strange appearance greatly surprised Don Fernando and his company, who failed not to observe his long and withered visage of sallow hue, his ill-matched armour, and measured pace. They paused in silent expectation of hearing him speak, when with much gravity and solemnity, fixing his eyes upon the fair Dorothea, he said : "I am informed, fair lady, by this my squire, that your grandeur is annihilated, and your very being demolished ; and that from a queen you are metamorphosed into a private maiden. If this has been done by order of the necromantic king your father, fearing lest I should not afford you the necessary aid, I say he knew not one half of his art, and that he was but little versed in histories of knight-errantry ; for had he read them as attentively as I have read and considered them, he would have known that other knights, of less fame than myself, have achieved still greater difficulties : it being no such mighty business to kill a pitiful giant, arrogant as he may be ; for not many hours are passed since I was engaged with one myself, and—I say no more, lest I should be suspected of falsehood ; but time, the revealer of all things, will declare it when least expected." "It was with a couple of wine-skins, and not a giant," quoth the innkeeper—here he was interrupted by Don Fernando, who commanded him to hold his peace, and in no wise to interrupt Don Quixote's discourse ; who went on, saying, "I assure you, therefore, high and disinherited lady, that if for the cause I have mentioned your father has made this metamorphose in your person, it is perfectly needless : for there is no danger upon earth through which my sword shall not force a way ; and by bringing down the head of your enemy to the ground, shortly place upon your own the crown of your kingdom."

Here Don Quixote ceased, and waited the answer of the princess, who, knowing it to be Don Fernando's desire that she should carry on the deception until Don Quixote's return home, with much dignity and grace replied, "Who-soever told you, valorous knight of the sorrowful figure, that I was changed and

altered from what I was, spoke not the truth ; for I am the same to-day that I was yesterday. It is true, indeed, that certain events, fortunate beyond my hopes, have befallen me since then, yet I do not cease to be what I was before, and to entertain the same thoughts I have ever indulged of availing myself of the valour of your valiant and invincible arm. Therefore, dear sir, with your accustomed goodness, do justice to the honour of my father, and acknowledge his wisdom and prudence, since by his skill he found out so easy and certain a way to remedy my misfortunes ; for I verily believe had it not been for you, sir, I should never have enjoyed my present happiness ; and in this I speak the exact truth, as most of these gentlemen, I am sure, will testify. Let us then proceed on our journey to-morrow (for to-day it is too late) ; and to Heaven and your prowess I trust for a successful issue."

Thus spoke the discreet Dorothea ; whereupon Don Quixote turning to Sancho, said to him, "I tell thee, Sancho, thou art the greatest rascal in Spain ; say, vagabond ! didst thou not tell me just now that this princess was transformed into a damsel called Dorothea ; with other absurdities, which were enough to confound me ? I vow" (and here he looked up to heaven, and gnashed his teeth) "I have a great inclination to make such an example of thee, as shall put sense into the brains of all the lying squires of future times !" "Pray, sir, be pacified," answered Sancho : "for I may have been mistaken as to the change of my lady the princess Micomicona ; but as to the giant's head, or at least the piercing of the skins, and the blood being red wine, I am not deceived, as God liveth ; for there are the skins at your worship's bed's-head, cut and slashed, and the red wine has made a pond of the room : and you will find I speak true when our host demands damages. As for the rest, I rejoice in my heart that my lady-queen is as she was ; for I have my share in it, like every neighbour's child." "I tell thee, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "thou art an ass. Excuse me, that's enough." "It is enough," said Don Fernando, "and let no more be said on the subject : and since the princess hath declared that we are to set forward in the morning, it being too late to-day, let us pass this night in agreeable conversation ; and to-morrow we will all accompany Signor Don Quixote, for we desire to be eye-witnesses of the valorous and unheard-of deeds which he is to perform in the accomplishment of this great enterprise." "It is my part to serve and attend you," answered Don Quixote ; "and much am I indebted to you for your good opinion ; which it shall be my endeavour not to disappoint, even at the expense of my life, or even more, if more were possible."

Many were the compliments, and polite offers of service passing between Don Quixote and Don Fernando, when they were interrupted by the arrival of two other persons at the inn. The one was a man, who by his garb seemed to be a Christian lately come from among the Moors ; for he had on a blue cloth coat, with short skirts, half sleeves, and no collar. His breeches also were of blue cloth, and his cap of the same colour. He had on a pair of date-coloured buskins, and a Moorish scimitar hung in a shoulder-belt across his breast. He was accompanied by a female in a Moorish dress, mounted on an ass, her face veiled, a brocade turban on her head, and covered with a mantle from her shoulders to her feet. The man was of a robust and agreeable figure, rather above forty years of age, of a dark complexion, with large mustachios, and a well-set beard ; in short, his deportment, had he been well-dressed, would have marked him for a gentleman. Upon his entrance he asked for a room, and seemed disconcerted on hearing that there was not one unoccupied ; nevertheless, he assisted his female companion, who was evidently a Moor, to alight. The other ladies, as well as the landlady, her daughter, and maid, all surrounded the stranger, attracted by the novelty of her appearance ; and Dorothea, who

was always obliging and considerate, perceiving they were disappointed at not having an apartment, accosted her, saying, "Do not be distressed, my dear madam, at an inconvenience which must be expected in places of this kind; but if you will please to share with us (pointing to Lucinda) such accommodation as we have, you may perhaps have found worse in the course of your journey." The veiled lady returned her no answer, but, rising from her seat, and laying her hands across her breast, bowed her head and body in token that she thanked her. By her silence they conjectured that she could not speak their language, and were confirmed in their opinion of her being a Moor.

Her companion, who had been engaged out of the room, now entered, and seeing that she was addressed by some of the company, he said, "Ladies, this young person understands scarcely anything of the Spanish language, and is therefore unable to converse with you." "We have only been requesting her to favour us with her company, and share our accommodations," said Lucinda; "and we will show her all the attention due to strangers, who need it, especially those of our own sex." "My dear madam," he replied, "I return you a thousand thanks both for this lady and myself, and am fully sensible of the extent of the favour you offer us." "Allow me to ask you, signor, whether the lady is a Christian or a Moor?" "By birth she is a Moor," replied the stranger; "but in heart she is a Christian, having an ardent wish to become one." "She is not yet baptised, then?" inquired Lucinda. "There has not yet been an opportunity," answered the stranger, "since she left Algiers, her native country; and she has not hitherto been in such imminent danger of death as to make it necessary to have her baptised before she be instructed in all the ceremonies enjoined by our Church; but, if it please Heaven, she will be soon baptised in a manner becoming her rank, which is beyond what either her appearance or mine indicate."

These strangers excited the curiosity of the whole party, who refrained, however, from importuning them with questions; conceiving they would be more inclined to take repose than to satisfy them. Dorothea now took the lady's hand, and, leading her to a seat, placed herself by her, and then requested her to unveil; upon which she gave an inquiring look at her companion; and he having interpreted what had been said to her in Arabic, she removed her veil, and discovered a face so exquisitely beautiful that Dorothea thought she exceeded Lucinda, who, on her part, thought her handsomer than Dorothea; while their admirers all seemed to confess that if either of them could have a rival in beauty it was in this Moorish lady; and, as it is the privilege of beauty to conciliate and attract good-will, they were all eager to show her attention. Don Fernando inquired her name of her companion; "Lela Zoraida," he replied; when she interposed in a sweet, earnest manner—"No, not Zoraida; Maria, Maria"—giving them to understand that her name was Maria, not Zoraida. These words were pronounced in so touching a voice that they were all affected, especially the ladies, who were naturally tender-hearted. Lucinda embraced her most affectionately, saying, "Yes, yes; Maria, Maria;" who answered, "Yes, Maria; Zoraida macange"—meaning not Zoraida.

It being now night, supper was served up (in providing which the landlord had, by Don Fernando's order, exerted himself to the utmost). They seated themselves at a long table, like those in halls; for there was no other, either round or square, in the house. They insisted on Don Quixote's taking the head of the table, though he would have declined it; the princess Micomicona he placed next to him, being her champion; Lucinda and Zoraida seated themselves beside her; opposite them sat Don Fernando and Cardenio; the curate and barber sat next to the ladies, and the rest of the gentlemen opposite to them; and thus they banqueted much to their satisfaction. Don Quixote added

to their amusement, for being moved by the same spirit which had inspired him with eloquence at the goatherd's supper, instead of eating he now harangued as follows:—

“It must certainly be confessed that great and wonderful are the occurrences which befall those who profess the order of knight-errantry. What man existing, who should now enter at this castle-gate, and see us thus seated, could imagine us to be the persons we really are! Who should say that this lady here seated by my side is that great queen we all know her to be, and I that ‘knight of the sorrowful figure,’ so blazoned abroad by the mouth of fame! There no longer remains a doubt that this art and profession exceeds all that have ever been followed by man; and that it is the more honourable inasmuch as it is exposed to more danger. Away with those who say that letters have the advantage over arms! Whoever they may be, I will maintain that they know not what they say; for the reason they usually give, and upon which they usually lay the greatest stress, is that the labours of the brain exceed those of the body, and that arms is simply a corporeal exercise; as if it were the business of porters alone, for which mere strength is required, or as if the profession of arms did not call for the fortitude which depends on a vigorous understanding, or as if the mental powers of the warrior who has an army or the defence of a besieged city committed to his charge, are not called into exertion as well as those of his body! Let it be shown how, by mere corporeal strength, he can penetrate the designs of the enemy, form stratagems, overcome difficulties, and avert threatened dangers!—no, these are all the efforts of the understanding, in which the body has no share. Since, then, arms exercise the mind as well as letters, let us now see whose mind is most exerted; the scholar's or the soldier's. This may be determined by the ultimate object of each; for that pursuit deserves the most esteem which has the noblest aim in view. Now the end and design of letters—I speak not of theology, the aim of which is to guide and elevate the soul of man to heaven, for with that none can be compared; but I speak of human learning, whose end, I say, is to regulate distributive justice, and give to every man his due; to know good laws, and cause them to be strictly observed; an object most certainly generous and exalted, and worthy of high commendation, but not equal to that which is annexed to the profession of arms, whose end and purpose is peace—the greatest blessing man can enjoy in this life; for the first glad tidings the world received was what the angels brought on that night which was our day, when they sang in the clouds, ‘Glory to God on high, and on earth peace, and good-will towards men!’ and the salutation which the Master of earth and of heaven taught His disciples was that, when they entered any house, they should say, ‘Peace be to this house;’ and many times he said, ‘My peace I give unto you, my peace I leave with you; peace be amongst you.’ It is, indeed, a treasure without which there can be no true happiness. To obtain this peace is the legitimate object of war—by war and arms I mean the same thing. Peace, then, being the object of war, it must be granted that in its ultimate aim it is superior to the pursuit of letters. We will now compare the corporeal labours of the soldier and the scholar.”

Don Quixote thus pursued his discourse so rationally, that his auditors could scarcely think him insane; on the contrary, most of them being gentlemen, to whom the exercise of arms properly appertains, they listened to him with particular pleasure while he thus continued: “Among the hardships of the scholar we may, in the first place, name poverty (not that all are poor—but let us suppose the worst); and when I have said that he endures poverty, no more need be said of his misery, for he who is poor is destitute of every good thing; he endures misery in all shapes, in hunger and in cold, sometimes in nakedness, and sometimes in a combination of all. Still, however, he gets something to

eat, either from the rich man's leavings, or the sops of the convent—that last miserable resource of the poor scholar ; nor are they without some neighbour's fire-side or chimney-corner to keep them at least from extreme cold ; and at night they can generally sleep under cover. I will not enlarge upon other trifling inconveniences to which they are exposed ; such as scarcity of linen, want of shoes, thread-bare coats, and the surfeits they are liable to when good fortune sets a plentiful table in their way. This is the hard and rugged path they tread, sometimes falling, then rising and falling again, till they reach the eminence they have had in view ; and after passing these Scyllas and Charybdises, we have seen them from a chair command and govern the world, their hunger converted into satiety, their pinching cold into refreshing coolness, their nakedness into embroidery, and their slumbers on a mat to repose on holland and damask—a reward justly merited by their virtue. But their hardships fall far short of those of the warrior, as I shall soon convince you.”

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

The continuation of Don Quixote's curious oration upon arms and letters.

DON QUIXOTE, after a short pause, continued his discourse thus : “ Since, in speaking of the scholar, we began with his poverty and its several branches, let us see whether the soldier be richer. We shall find that poverty itself is not more poor : for he depends on his wretched pay, which comes late, and sometimes never ; or upon what he can pillage, at the imminent risk of his life and conscience. Such often is his nakedness that his slashed buff-doublet serves him both for finery and shirt ; and in the midst of winter, on the open plain, he has nothing to warm him but the breath of his mouth, which, issuing from an empty place, must needs be cold. But let us wait, and see whether night will make amends for these inconveniences : if his bed be too narrow it is his own fault, for he may measure out as many feet of earth as he pleases, and roll himself thereon at pleasure without fear of rumpling the sheets. Suppose the moment arrived of taking his degree—I mean, suppose the day of battle come : his doctoral cap may then be of lint, to cover some gun-shot wound, which perhaps has gone through his temples, or deprived him of an arm or a leg. And even suppose that Heaven in its mercy should preserve him alive and unhurt, he will probably remain as poor as ever ; for he must be engaged and victorious in many battles before he can expect high promotion ; and such good fortune happens only by a miracle : for you will allow, gentlemen, that few are the number of those that have reaped the reward of their services, compared with those who have perished in war. The dead are countless ; whereas those who survive to be rewarded may be numbered with three figures. Not so with scholars, who by their salaries (I will not say their perquisites), are generally handsomely provided for. Thus the labours of the soldier are greater, although his reward is less. It may be said in answer to this, that it is easier to reward two thousand scholars than thirty thousand soldiers : for scholars are rewarded by employments which must of course be given to men of their profession ; whereas the soldier can only be rewarded by the property of the master whom he serves ; and this defence serves to strengthen my argument.

“ But, waiving this point, let us consider the comparative claims to pre-eminence : for the partizans of each can bring powerful arguments in support of their own cause. It is said in favour of letters that without them arms could not subsist ; for war must have its laws, and laws come within the province of

the learned. But it may be alleged in reply, that arms are necessary to the maintenance of law; by arms the public roads are protected, cities guarded, states defended, kingdoms preserved, and the seas cleared of corsairs and pirates. In short, without arms there would be no safety for cities, commonwealths, or kingdoms. Besides, it is just to estimate a pursuit in proportion to the cost of its attainment. Now it is true that eminence in learning is purchased by time, watching, hunger, nakedness, vertigo, indigestion, and many other inconveniences already mentioned: but a man who rises gradually to be a good soldier endures all these, and far more. What is the hunger and poverty which menace the man of letters compared to the situation of the soldier, who, besieged in some fortress, and placed as sentinel in some ravelin or cavalier, perceives that the enemy is mining towards the place where he stands, and yet must on no account stir from his post or shun the imminent danger that threatens him? All that he can do in such a case is to give notice to his officer of what passes, that he may endeavour to counteract it; in the mean time he must stand his ground, in momentary expectation of being mounted to the clouds without wings, and then dashed headlong to the earth. And if this be thought but a trifling danger, let us see whether it be equalled or exceeded by the encounter of two galleys, prow to prow, in the midst of the white sea, locked and grappled together, so that there is no more room left for the soldier than the two-foot plank at the break-head; and though he sees as many threatening ministers of death before him as there are pieces of artillery pointed at him from the opposite side, not the length of a lance from his body; though he knows that the first slip of his foot sends him to the bottom of the sea; yet, with an undaunted heart, inspired by honour, he exposes himself as a mark to all their fire, and endeavours by that narrow pass to force his way into the enemy's vessel! And, what is most worthy of admiration, no sooner is one fallen, never to rise again in this world, than another takes his place; and if he also fall into the sea, which lies in wait to devour him, another and another succeeds without intermission! In all the extremities of war there is no example of courage and intrepidity to exceed this. Happy those ages which knew not the dreadful fury of artillery!—those instruments of hell (where, I verily believe, the inventor is now receiving the reward of his diabolical ingenuity); by means of which the cowardly and the base can deprive the bravest soldier of life. While a gallant spirit animated with heroic ardour is pressing to glory, comes a chance ball, sent by one who perhaps fled in alarm at the flash of his own accursed weapon, and in an instant cuts short the life of him who deserved to live for ages! When I consider this, I could almost repent having undertaken this profession of knight-errantry in so detestable an age; for though no danger can daunt me, still it gives me some concern to think that powder and lead may suddenly cut short my career of glory. But Heaven's will be done! I have this satisfaction, that I shall acquire the greater fame if I succeed, inasmuch as the perils by which I am beset are greater than those to which the knights-errant of past ages were exposed."

Don Quixote made this long harangue while the rest were eating, forgetting to raise a morsel to his mouth, though Sancho Panza ever and anon reminded him of his supper, telling him he would have time enough afterwards to talk as much as he pleased. His other auditors were concerned that a man who seemed to possess so good an understanding should, on a particular point, be so egregiously in want of it. The priest told him there was great reason in all that he had said in favour of arms, and although himself a scholar and a graduate, he acquiesced in his opinion.

The collation being over, the cloth was removed; and while the hostess and her damsels were preparing the chamber which Don Quixote had occupied for the ladies, Don Fernando requested the stranger to gratify them by relating

his adventures ; since, from the lady who accompanied him, he was certain they must be both interesting and extraordinary. The stranger said that he would willingly comply with their request, though he was afraid his history would not afford them much amusement. The priest and rest of the party thanked him ; and, seeing them all prepared to listen to him with attention, he began his narrative in a modest and agreeable manner, as follows :—

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Wherein the captive relates his life and adventures.

“IN a village among the mountains of Leon my family had its origin ; and, although more favoured by nature than fortune, in that humble region my father was considered wealthy ; and might really have been so, had he known the art of economising rather than squandering his estate. This disposition to profusion proceeded from his having been a soldier in his younger days, for the army is a school in which the miser becomes generous, and the generous prodigal : miserly soldiers are, like monsters, but very rarely seen. Liberality may be carried too far in those who have children to inherit their name and rank : and this was my father’s failing. He had three sons, and being himself aware of this propensity to extravagance, and of his inability to restrain it, he determined to dispose of his property, and by that means effectually deprive himself of the power of lavishing it : he therefore called us one day together, and thus addressed us :—

“My sons, I need not say I love you, for you are my children : and yet you may well doubt my love, since I have not refrained from dissipating your inheritance. But to prove to you that I am not an unnatural father, I have finally resolved upon the execution of a plan which is the result of mature deliberation. You are now of age to establish yourselves in the world, or at least to choose some employment from which you may hereafter reap honour and profit. I intend to divide my property into four parts, three of which you shall equally share, and the fourth I will reserve to subsist upon for the remaining days it may please Heaven to allot me ; it is my wish, however, that each, when in possession of his share, should follow the path that I shall direct. We have a proverb in Spain, in my opinion a very true one, as most proverbs are, being maxims drawn from experience : it is this : “The church, the sea, or the court ;” meaning that whoever would prosper should either get into the church, engage in commerce, or serve the king in his court : for it is also said, that “the king’s morsel is better than the lord’s bounty.” It would, therefore, give me great satisfaction if one of you would follow letters, another merchandise, and the third serve the king in the army ; for it is difficult to get admission into his household ; and though a military career is not favourable to the acquirement of wealth, it seldom fails to confer honour. Within eight days I will give you each your share in money ; and now tell me whether you are disposed to follow my advice.” As I was the eldest, he desired me to answer first. Upon which I entreated him not to part with his estate, but to spend as much as he pleased, for that we were young enough to labour for ourselves ; and I concluded by assuring him that I would do as he desired, and enter the army, to serve God and my king. My second brother complied likewise, and chose to go to the Indies, turning his portion into merchandise. The youngest, and I believe the wisest, said he would take to the church, and for that purpose finish his studies at Salamanca.

"Having determined upon our several professions, my father embraced us, and insisted upon our taking each his share of the estate, which an uncle of ours purchased, that it might not be alienated from the family. The portion of each, I remember, amounted to three thousand ducats. We all took our leave of our good father on the same day; and, thinking it inhuman to leave him at his advanced age with so reduced an income, I prevailed on him to take back two thousand ducats from my share; the remainder being sufficient to equip me with what was necessary for a soldier. My two brothers followed my example, and returned him each a thousand ducats, so that my father now had four thousand in ready money, and the value of three thousand more, which was his share of the land. In short, we separated, not without much grief on all sides, and mutual promises of correspondence; one of my brothers taking the road to Salamanca, the other to Seville, and I to Alicant. It is now two-and-twenty years since I left my father, and in all that time I have heard nothing either of him or of my brothers, although I have sent them many letters. But I shall now briefly relate to you what has befallen me during that period.

"On my arrival at Alicant, finding a vessel bound to Genoa with a cargo of wool, I embarked, and had a good passage to that city. Thence I proceeded to Milan, where I furnished myself with arms and military finery, intending at that time to enter the service of Piedmont; but hearing, on my journey to Alexandria de la Paglia, that the duke of Alva was entering Flanders with an army, I changed my mind, and joined the duke, whom I continued to serve in all his battles, and was present at the death of the Counts D'Egmont and Horn. I procured an ensign's commission in the company of the celebrated captain of Guadalajara, named Diego de Urbina. Soon after my arrival in Flanders, news came of the league concluded between Pope Pius V., of happy memory, and Spain, against the common enemy the Turk; who about the same time had taken the island of Cyprus from the Venetians, a serious loss to that republic. Don John of Austria, natural brother of our good King Philip, was appointed generalissimo of this alliance, and such great preparations for war were everywhere talked of, that I conceived an ardent desire to be present in the expected engagement; therefore, in spite of the assurances I had received of being promoted, I relinquished all, and resolved to go into Italy; and fortunately for my design, Don John passed through Genoa, on his way to Naples, to join the Venetian fleet. In the glorious action which followed I was engaged; and, more from goodhap than merit, was already advanced to the honourable post of captain. But on that day, so happy for Christendom, by showing the fallacy of the prevailing opinion, that the Turks were invincible at sea—on that day, so humiliating to Ottoman pride, I alone remained unfortunate; for surely more happy were the Christians who died on that occasion than the survivors! Instead of receiving a naval crown for my service, I found myself the following night loaded with chains.

"My misfortune was occasioned in this way. Uchali, king of Algiers, a bold and successful corsair, having boarded and taken the captain-galley of Malta, in which three knights' only were left alive, and those desperately wounded, the captain-galley of John Andrea D'Oria came up to her relief, on board of which I was with my company; and acting as my duty enjoined upon this occasion, I leaped into the enemy's galley, expecting to be followed by my men; but the two vessels separating, I was left alone among enemies too numerous for me to resist, and carried off prisoner, after receiving many wounds. Thus Uchali escaped, and I remained his captive—the only mourner on a day of joy,—a slave at the moment when so many were set free!—for fifteen thousand Christians from the Turkish galleys were on that day restored to liberty. I

was carried to Constantinople, where the Grand Signor Selim appointed my master general of the sea for his bravery, and for having brought off the flag of the order of Malta.

"The following year, which was seventy-two, I was at Navarino, rowing in the captain-galley of the *Three Lanthorns*; and there I observed the opportunity that was then lost of taking the whole Turkish fleet in port: for all the Levantines and Janizaries on board took it for granted that they should be attacked in the very harbour, and had their baggage and passamaquas in readiness for making their escape on shore, without intending to resist—such was the terror which our navy had inspired. But it was ordered otherwise; not through any fault in our general, but for the sins of Christendom, and because God ordains that there should always be some scourge to chastise us. In short, Uchali got into Modon, an island near Navarino; and putting his men on shore, he fortified the entrance of the port, and remained quiet until the season forced Don John to return home. In this campaign the galley called the *Prize*, whose captain was the son of the famous corsair Barbarossa, was taken by the *She-wolf*, of Naples, commanded by that thunderbolt of war the fortunate and invincible captain Don Alvara de Basan, marquis of Santa Cruz. I cannot forbear relating what happened at the taking of this vessel. The son of Barbarossa was so cruel, and treated his slaves so ill, that as soon as the rowers saw that the *She-wolf* was ready to board them, they all at once let fall their oars, and seizing their captain, who stood near the poop, they tossed him along from bank to bank, and from the poop to the prow, giving him such blows, that before his body had passed the mainmast his soul was gone to hades; so great was the hatred his cruelty had inspired!

"We returned to Constantinople, where the year following we received intelligence that Don John had taken the city of Tunis from the Turks, and put Muley Hamet in possession of it: thus cutting off the hopes of Muley Hamida, who was one of the bravest but most cruel of Moors. The Grand Turk felt this loss very sensibly; and with that sagacity which is inherent in the Ottoman family, he made peace with the Venetians (to whom it was very acceptable); and the next year he attacked the fortress of Goleta, as well as the fort which Don John had left half finished near Tunis. During all these transactions I was still at the oar, without any hope of redemption: being determined not to let my father know of my captivity. The Goleta and the fort were both lost; having been attacked by the Turks with an army of seventy-five thousand men, besides above four hundred thousand Moors and Arabs; which vast multitude was furnished with immense quantities of ammunition and warlike stores; together with so many pioneers, that each man bringing only a handful of earth might have covered both the Goleta and the fort. Although the Goleta was until then supposed to be impregnable, no blame attached to the defenders; for it was found that, water being no longer near the surface as formerly, the besiegers were enabled to raise mounds of sand that commanded the fortifications: and thus attacking them by a cavalier, it was impossible to make any defence. It has been ignorantly asserted that our troops ought not to have shut themselves up in the Goleta, but have met the enemy at the place of disembarkment—as if so small a number, being scarcely seven thousand men, could have at once defended the works and taken the field against such an overwhelming force! But many were of opinion, and myself among the rest, that the destruction of that place was a providential circumstance for Spain; for it was the forge of iniquity, the sponge, the devourer of countless sums, idly expended for no other reason than because it was a conquest of the invincible Charles the Fifth: as if his immortal fame depended upon the preservation of those ramparts! The fort was also so obstinately defended, that above five-

and-twenty thousand of the enemy were destroyed in twenty-two general assaults; and of three hundred that were left alive, not one was taken unwounded: an evident proof of their unconquerable spirit. A little fort, also in the middle of the lake, commanded by Don John Zanoguera, of Valencia, yielded upon terms. Don Pedro Portocarrero, general of Goleta, was made prisoner, and died on his way to Constantinople, broken-hearted for the loss of the fortress which he had so bravely defended. They also took the commander of the fort, Gabrio Cerbellon, a Milanese gentleman, a great engineer, and a brave soldier. Several persons of distinction lost their lives in these two garrisons: among whom was Pagan D'Oria, knight of Malta, a gentleman well known for his exalted liberality to his brother, the famous John Andrea D'Oria; and his fate was the more lamented, having been put to death by some African Arabs, who upon seeing that the fort was lost, offered to convey him disguised as a Moor to Tabarca, a small haven, or settlement, which the Genoese have on that coast for the coral-fishing. These Arabs cut off his head, and carried it to the general of the Turkish fleet, who made good our Castilian proverb, that 'though we love the treason, we hate the traitor;' for the general ordered those who delivered him the present to be instantly hanged, because they had not brought him alive. Among the Christians taken in the fort was an ensign, whose name was Don Pedro D'Aguilar, an Andalusian, who was a good soldier, as well as a poet. I mention this because it was our fate to be slaves to the same master: we served in the same galley, and worked at the same oar. He composed two sonnets, by way of epitaph,—one upon Goleta, and the other upon the Fort, which I will endeavour to repeat; for I think they will please you."

When the captive named Don Pedro D'Aguilar, Don Fernando looked and smiled at one of his companions; who, when he mentioned the sonnets, said, "I beseech you, sir, before you proceed, tell me what became of that Don Pedro D'Aguilar." "All I know concerning him," answered the captive, "is, that after he had been two years at Constantinople he escaped, disguised as an Arnaut,* with a Greek; and I believe he succeeded in recovering his liberty, but am not certain; for though I saw the Greek about a year after in Constantinople, I had not an opportunity of asking him the success of their journey." "That Don Pedro," said the gentleman, "is my brother; he returned to Spain, and is now married and settled in his native city; he has three children, and is blessed with health and affluence." "Thanks be to Heaven!" exclaimed the captive; "for what transport in life can equal that which a man feels on the restoration of his liberty!" "I well remember those sonnets which you mention," added the gentleman. "Then, pray, sir, repeat them," said the captive; "for you will do it better than I can." The gentleman willingly complied: that upon the Goleta was as follows:—

SONNET.

O happy souls, by death at length set free
 From the dark prison of mortality,
 By glorious deeds, whose memory never dies—
 From earth's dim spot exalted to the skies!
 What fury stood in every eye confess'd!
 What generous ardour fir'd each manly breast,
 Whilst slaughter'd heaps distain'd the sandy shore,
 And the ting'd ocean blush'd with hostile gore!

* A native of Albania.

O'erpower'd by numbers, gloriously ye fell :
 Death only could such matchless courage quell ;
 Whilst dying thus ye triumph o'er your foes—
 Its fame the world, its glory heaven, bestows !

“You have it correctly,” said the captive. “This,” said the gentleman, “if I remember rightly, was the one written on the fort :”—

SONNET.

From 'midst these walls, whose ruins spread around,
 And scatter'd clods that heap th' ensanguin'd ground,
 Three thousand souls of warriors, dead in fight,
 To better regions took their happy flight.
 Long with unconquer'd souls they bravely stood,
 And fearless shed their unavailing blood :
 Till, to superior force compell'd to yield,
 Their lives they quitted in the well-fought field.
 This fatal soil has ever been the tomb
 Of slaughter'd heroes, buried in its womb :
 Yet braver bodies did it ne'er sustain,
 Nor send more glorious souls the skies to gain.

CHAPTER XL.

In which is continued the history of the captive.

AFTER the company had expressed their approbation of the sonnets, the captive pursued his story. “When the Turks had got possession of Goleta, they gave orders for its demolition ; and to lessen their labour, they undermined it in three different places: the new works, erected by the engineer Fratin, came easily down ; but the old walls, though apparently the weakest part, they could not raze. The fleet returned in triumph to Constantinople, and within a few months, Uchali, whose slave I had become, died ; he was called Uchali Fartax, or the leprous renegado, being so nicknamed according to the custom of the Turks, who have but four family surnames, and these descend from the Ottoman race: the rest of the people are named either from their incidental blemishes, or peculiarities of body or mind. This leper had been fourteen years a slave to the grand signor ; and when he was about four-and-thirty years of age, being irritated by a blow he received from a Turk while he was at the oar, he renounced his religion that he might have it in his power to be revenged on him. He rose by his bravery alone, and not by the base intrigues of court ; and became king of Algiers, and afterwards general of the sea, which is the third command in the empire. He was a native of Calabria, a man of good morals, and treated his slaves with humanity. He had three thousand of them, and in his will he left one-half of them among his renegadoes, the other to the grand signor, who is always joint-heir with the heirs of all his subjects. I fell to the lot of a Venetian, who had been cabin-boy in a vessel taken by Uchali, with whom he became a great favourite. His name was Hassan Aga, and one of the most cruel of that apostate class ; he was afterwards king of Algiers, and with him I left Constantinople, pleased at the idea of being nearer to Spain—not that I intended to inform my family of my wretched situation,

but I hoped to find another place more favourable to my schemes of escape, which hitherto I had attempted in vain. In Algiers I purposed to renew my efforts; for notwithstanding my numerous disappointments, the hope of recovering my liberty never abandoned me; no sooner did one expedient fail than I grasped at another, which still preserved my hopes alive.

"By these means I supported existence, shut up in a prison which the Turks call a bath,* where they confine their Christian captives—not only those which belong to the king, but the captives of private individuals. In this place there is also another class, who serve the city in its public works, and in other offices: they are called the slaves of the Almazen; and as they belong to the public, having no particular master, they find it very difficult to regain their liberty; for even when they might procure money, there are none with whom they can negotiate their ransom. The king's slaves do not work with the rest, unless their ransom is slow in coming, in which case they are put upon toilsome labour, to hasten its arrival. As they knew my rank to be that of a captain, in spite of my assurances that I had neither interest nor money, they would place me among those who expected to be redeemed; and the chain I wore was rather as a sign of ransom than to secure my person.

"Thus I passed years of captivity, with other gentlemen of condition from whom ransom was expected. We suffered much both from hunger and nakedness; but these were less painful to endure than the sight of those unparalleled and excessive cruelties which our tyrant inflicted upon his Christian slaves: not a day passed on which one of these unfortunate men was not either hanged, impaled, or mutilated; and often without the least provocation. Even the Turks acknowledged that he acted thus merely for the gratification of his murderous and inhuman disposition.

"One Spanish soldier only, whose name was something de Saavedra,† happened to be in his good graces; and although his enterprises to effect an escape were such as will long be remembered there, he never gave him a blow, nor ordered one to be given him, nor even rebuked him: yet, for the least of many things he did, we all feared he would be impaled alive; so indeed he feared himself, more than once. Did the time allow, I could tell you of some things done by this soldier which would surprise you more than my own narrative.

"But to return. The court-yard of our place of confinement was overlooked by the windows of a house belonging to a Moor of distinction, which, as is usual there, were rather peep-holes than windows, and even these had thick and close lattices. It happened that one day, as I was upon a terrace belonging to our prison with three of my companions, trying by way of pastime who could leap farthest with his chains, I accidentally looked up, and observed a cane held out from one of the windows above us; a handkerchief was fastened to the end of it, which waving, seemed to invite us to take hold of it. One of my comrades seeing it, placed himself under the cane, expecting it would be dropped; but as he approached, the cane was drawn back again. Upon his retiring, the cane was again lowered as before. Another of our party then went towards it, but was rejected in the same manner. The third then tried it, but without any better success. Upon which I determined to try my fortune; and I had no sooner placed myself under the cane, than it fell at my feet. I immediately untied the handkerchief, and in a knot at one corner found ten cianis—a sort of

* The baths of the Christian captives are large courtyards, the interiors of which are surrounded by small chambers. Within these the captives who are not under strict confinement are enclosed at night; the others are confined in dungeons.

† The Saavedra here mentioned is Miguel de Cervantes himself, who in this passage only speaks expressly of himself; the hero of the captive's tale being captain Viedma, who was a fellow-sufferer with him under the tyranny of Asan Aga.

base gold coin used by the Moors, each piece worth about ten reals of our money. You will conceive that I felt no less pleasure than surprise at this singular circumstance, especially as it was so obvious that the favour was intended exclusively for me. I took my money, returned to the terrace, looked again to the window, and perceived a very white hand hastily open and close it. Thence we conjectured that it must be some woman residing in that house who had been thus charitable; and to express our thanks we made our reverences after the Moorish fashion, inclining the head, bending the body, and laying the hands on the breast.

“Soon after, a small cross made of cane was held out of the window, and then drawn in again. On this signal we concluded that it must be some Christian woman who was a captive in that house; but the whiteness of the hand, and the bracelet on the wrist, seemed to oppose this idea. Then again we imagined it might be a Christian renegade, whom their masters often marry; for they value them more than the women of their own nation. But our reasonings and conjectures were wide of the truth. From this time we continued to gaze at the window with great anxiety, as to our polar star; but fifteen days elapsed without having once seen either the hand or any other signal; and though in this interval we had anxiously endeavoured to procure information as to the inhabitants of that house, we never could learn more than that the house belonged to a rich Moor, named Agi-Morato, who had been alcaide of the part of Bata, an office among them of great authority. At length the cane and handkerchief again appeared, with a still larger knot; and at a time when, as before, all the other captives were absent except myself and three companions. We repeated our former trial, each of my three companions going before me; but the cane was not let down until I approached. The knot, I found, contained Spanish crowns in gold, and a paper written in Arabic, which was marked with a large cross. I kissed the cross, took the crowns, and returned to the terrace, where we all made our reverences. Again the hand appeared; I made signs that I would read the paper, and the window closed.

“We were very impatient to know the contents of the paper, but none of us understood Arabic, and it was difficult to find an interpreter. I determined at length to confide in a renegado, a native of Murcia, who had professed himself friendly towards me, and whom, from an interchange of confidence, I could safely trust: for it is usual with these men, when they wish to return to Christendom, to procure certificates from captives of distinction, attesting their character as good Christians. These certificates are, however, sometimes employed for artful purposes. For instance, if on their piratical excursions they happen to be shipwrecked or taken, they produce their written characters, pretending that they had only joined the pirates to effect their escape into a Christian country, and by this means live unmolested until they have an opportunity of returning to Barbary to resume their former course of life. But my friend was not of this number. With a good design he had obtained certificates, in which we had spoken of him in the highest terms; and, had the Moors found these papers upon him, they would certainly have burnt him alive. I knew that this man was well acquainted with the Arabic language; but before I entrusted to him the whole affair, I desired him to read the paper, which I pretended to have found by chance in a hole of my cell. He opened it, and stood for some time studying and translating it to himself. I asked him if he understood it. ‘Perfectly,’ he said, ‘and if I would provide him with pen and ink, he would give me an exact translation.’ We instantly supplied him with what he required, and he wrote down a literal translation of the Moorish paper, observing to us that the words *Lella Maryem* signified our Lady the Virgin Mary. We read the paper, which was nearly in these words:—

“ ‘When I was a child, my father had a woman slave who instructed me in the Christian worship, and told me many things of Lella Maryem. This Christian died, and I know she did not go to the fire, but to Alla; for I saw her twice afterwards, and she bid me go to the country of the Christians to see Lella Maryem, who loved me very much. I know not how it is, though I have seen many Christians from this window, none has looked like a gentleman but thyself. I am very beautiful, and young, and have a great deal of money to carry away with me. Try if thou canst find means for us to get away, and thou shalt be my husband, if it please thee; and if otherwise, I shall not care, for Lella Maryem will provide me a husband. I write this myself: be careful who reads it. Trust not any Moor, for they are all treacherous. I am full of tears, and would not have thee trust anybody; for if my father hears of it, he will immediately throw me into a well, and cover me with stones. I will fasten a thread to the cane; tie thy answer to it, and if thou hast nobody that can write Arabic, tell me by signs—Lella Maryem will enable me to understand them. Both she and Alla protect thee! and this cross too, which I often kiss; for so the captive instructed me.’ ”

“ ‘Conceive, gentlemen, our emotion at the contents of this paper! Being indeed so manifest, the renegado clearly perceived that it could not have been found by accident, but was actually written to one of us; and he therefore entreated us, if his conjectures were true, to confide in him; for he would venture his life for our liberty. As he spoke, he drew from his bosom a crucifix of brass, and with tears swore by the Deity that image represented, in whom, though a sinner, he firmly believed, that he would faithfully keep secret whatever we should reveal to him: for he hoped that through the same means by which we regained our liberty he should be restored to the bosom of our holy church, from which, like a rotten member, he had been separated through his ignorance and sin. This was spoken with such evident marks of sincerity that we agreed to tell him the truth; and therefore communicated to him the whole affair, without reserve. We showed him the window, out of which the cane had appeared, and he determined to find out the owner of the house. Having considered that it would be proper to answer the lady's billet, the renegado instantly wrote what I dictated to him, which I can repeat correctly to you: for not one of the material circumstances which befel me in this adventure has yet escaped my memory, nor ever will, as long as I live. My answer to the Moor was this:—

“ ‘The true Alla preserve thee, dear lady, and that blessed Maryem, the true mother of God! who, because she loves thee, has inspired thee with a desire to go into the land of Christians. Pray that she will instruct thee how to obey her commands, and she is so good that she will not deny thee. As for myself and the Christians with me, we are ready to hazard our lives to serve thee. Fail not to write and inform me of thy resolutions, and I will always answer thee: for, thanks to the great Alla! we have a Christian captive who is well acquainted with thy language; and thou mayest, without fear, communicate anything to us. I promise thee, on the name of a good Christian, to make thee my wife, as soon as we reach a Christian country; and be assured the Christians perform their promises. Alla and Maryem his mother protect thee, dear lady!’ ”

“ ‘My letter being thus prepared, I waited for two days, when an opportunity again offered of being alone on the terrace; and the cane soon made its appearance, though I could not see by whom it was held. I found the thread

already attached to the end of it to receive my letter, which I immediately fastened to it. Shortly after the handkerchief was dropped, in which I now found gold and silver coin to the amount of fifty crowns—a joyful sight, when regarded as the means of obtaining liberty. On the same evening we were told by our renegado that this house was inhabited by a very rich Moor, named Agi-Morato; and that he had an only daughter, heiress to his whole property, who was considered the most beautiful woman in all Barbary: and that several of the viceroys who had been sent thither had sought her in marriage, but that she had rejected them. He also learned that she had a Christian woman-slave, who died some time before: all which agreed perfectly with the contents of the paper. We then consulted with the renegado on what measure we should take to carry off the Moorish lady, and make our escape into Christendom: and it was finally agreed that we should wait for a second letter from Zoraida (the name of her who now desires to be called Maria); for it was obvious that she was in possession of the surest means of effecting our design. During the four following days, the bath was constantly full of people; but the first time it was vacant, the cane again appeared with the prolific handkerchief. The billet I then received contained these words:—

“ ‘I do not know, dear signor, how we are to get to Spain; nor has Lella Maryem informed me, although I have asked her. The only means I can think of is to convey to thee through this window a large sum of money, with which thou mayest redeem thyself and friends; one of whom may then procure a bark from the land of the Christians, and return to the rest. I will be ready in my father’s garden, at the Babazon-gate, close to the sea-side—thou mayest safely convey me thence to the bark; but remember thou art to be my husband; otherwise I will pray to Maryem to punish thee. If thou canst trust nobody to go for the bark, ransom thyself and go; for I shall be secure of thy return, as thou art a gentleman and a Christian. Take care not to mistake the garden; when I see thee walking there, I shall conclude thou art alone, and will furnish thee with money. Alla preserve thee, dear signor!’

“ On hearing the proposal contained in this letter, each offered himself to be the ransomed person; promising faithfully to return with the boat. But the renegado would not trust any of us: for he said he well knew, by experience, how seldom promises made in slavery are remembered after a release from bondage. Many captives of distinction, he said, had tried this expedient: ransoming one, to send with money to Valencia or Majorca, in order to procure a vessel for the conveyance of others; but none ever returned to fulfil his engagement; for the dread of again falling into captivity effaces from the memory every other obligation. In confirmation of what he said, he related to us many extraordinary instances of the kind; and he concluded with saying that the best way would be to give the money intended for the ransom of a Christian, to him, that he might purchase a vessel there, in Algiers, under pretence of turning merchant, and trading to Tetuan, and along the coast; that when master of the vessel he could easily contrive means to get us from the bath, and put us on board; especially if the Moor would furnish money enough to redeem us all. The greatest difficulty, he said, was that the Moors do not allow a renegado to have any but large vessels fitted for piratical uses, as they suspect their real motives, if they purchase small ones: but he thought this objection might be removed by taking in a Tagarin Moor as a partner in his mercantile concern. Having once got a vessel at their command, he assured us we might consider everything as accomplished.

“ Although my companions and myself would have preferred sending for the vessel to Majorca, as the Moorish lady proposed, yet we dared not contradict

him, lest he should betray our project, and by discovering the clandestine correspondence of Zoraida, endanger her life, for whom we would willingly have sacrificed our own: we therefore resolved to commit ourselves into the hands of God, and trust the renegado. He instantly wrote my answer to Zoraida, saying that we would do all she advised, for she had directed as well as if Lella Maryem herself had inspired her; that the delay or immediate execution of the plan depended solely upon herself; and I repeated my promise to become her husband. The next day, therefore, when the bath was clear, she at various times, with the help of the cane and handkerchief, gave us two thousand crowns in gold, and a paper informing me that on the first Juma, that is Friday, she was to go to her father's garden, and that before she went she would give us more money: desiring us to tell her if it was not sufficient, as she could give us any sum; having such abundance under her care that her father would never miss it.

"We immediately gave five hundred crowns to the renegado, to buy the vessel. With eight hundred I ransomed myself, and deposited the money with a merchant of Valencia then at Algiers, who redeemed me from the king; passing his word for me that by the first ship from Valencia my ransom should be paid: for had he paid him then, it would have made the king suspect that it had lain some time in his hands, and that he had employed it to his own use. Indeed it would have been by no means safe, with a master of such a disposition as mine, to have paid the money immediately. The Thursday preceding the Friday on which the fair Zoraida was to go to the garden, she gave us a thousand crowns more, with a billet entreating me when I was ransomed to seek her father's garden, and take every opportunity of seeing her. I promised her in a few words that I would not fail, and begged that she would recommend us in her prayers to Lella Maryem. We now concerted the means for redeeming our three companions, lest if I were ransomed without them they might feel uneasy, and be tempted by the devil to do something to the prejudice of Zoraida: I therefore ransomed them in the same way, and placed the whole amount in the hands of the merchant, that he might have no fear in becoming responsible for us; although we did not admit him into our confidence.

CHAPTER XLI.

Wherein the captive continues his story.

"OUR renegado about fifteen days afterwards purchased a very good bark, large enough to hold thirty persons; and to prevent suspicion he made a short voyage to a place called Sargel, thirty leagues from Algiers, towards Oran—a place of great trade for dried figs. Two or three times he made this trip, accompanied by his Tagarin partner. The Moors of Arragon are in Barbary called Tagarins, and those of Granada, Mudejares; and in the kingdom of Fez the Mudejares are called Elches, who are principally employed by the king in military service. Each time that he arrived with his bark, he cast anchor in a little creek very near to the garden where Zoraida waited for us; and there he either performed the zala with his Moorish rowers, or contrived some way of practising in jest their future project, in order to elude suspicion. He would also occasionally visit Zoraida's garden, and beg some fruit, which her father often gave him, without knowing who he was. His object was to speak to Zoraida, and tell her that he was the person whom I had entrusted to convey

her to Christendom, and that she might feel in perfect security. But this was impossible, as the Moorish women never suffer themselves to be seen either by Moor or Turk, unless by the command of their husbands or fathers; though Christian slaves, it is true, are allowed to converse with them, and perhaps even with too much freedom. I should have been sorry if he had spoken to her, as she might have been alarmed at the affair having been entrusted to a renegado; but he had no opportunity of effecting his design. Finding that he could now safely go to and from Sargel, and anchor where he pleased, and that the Tagarin, his partner, was wholly subservient to him—in short, that nothing was wanting but some Christians to assist at the oar—he desired me to determine on our party, and be ready on the following Friday. I immediately engaged twelve Spaniards, all able rowers, whom just at that time it was no easy matter to procure; for there were twenty corsairs out on pirating excursions, and they had taken almost all the rowers with them. All I said to them was, that they must steal privately out of the town on the following Friday, in the dusk of the evening, and wait for me near Agi-Morato's garden; and with this caution, which I gave to each separately, that if they should see any other Christians there, they had only to say I ordered them to stay for me in that place.

“After these steps were taken, one thing was yet wanting, and that the most essential of all, namely, to apprise Zoraida of our intended movements, that she might not be alarmed if we rushed upon her without previous warning. I went, therefore, myself, on the day preceding our departure, to the garden, under pretence of gathering herbs. The first person I met was her father, who addressed me in a jargon which is used over all Barbary, and even at Constantinople, among the captives and Moors. It is neither Morisco nor Castilian, nor the language of any other nation, but a medley of several, and is very generally understood. He asked me what I sought for in that garden, and to whom I belonged? I told him that I was a slave of Arnaut Mami, his friend, and that I came to request herbs for his table. He then asked me if I was upon ransom? At this moment the fair Zoraida, having observed me in the garden, had quitted the house, and came towards us. Her father seeing her slowly approach, called her to him. It would be in vain for me to attempt to describe the beautiful creature who then appeared before my eyes. More jewels hung about her lovely neck, and were suspended from her ears, or scattered over her tresses, than she had hairs on her head. Her ankles were, according to custom, bare, and encircled by carcaxes, or foot-bracelets, of the purest gold, and so studded with diamonds that, as she told me since, her father valued them at ten thousand pistoles; and those she wore on her arms were of equal value. Pearls of the finest quality were strewed about her in profusion: those precious gems, indeed, form one of the principal embellishments of the Moorish ladies, and are, therefore, in great request among the natives. Zoraida's father was said to have possessed them in abundance, and other wealth to the amount of two hundred thousand crowns: of all which she who is now mine was once sole mistress. Whether or not she then appeared beautiful thus adorned, and in the days of her prosperity, may be conjectured by what remains after so many fatigues; for it is well known that beauty is often at the mercy of accident as well as liable to be improved or impaired by the passions. In short, I gazed upon her as the most lovely object my eyes had ever beheld. Indeed, when I considered my obligations to her, I could only regard her as an angel descended from heaven for my deliverance.

“When she had come up to us, her father told her in his own language, that I was a captive belonging to his friend Arnaut Mami. She then asked me, in that medley speech which I mentioned to you, whether I was a gentleman, and why I did not ransom myself. I told her that I was already ransomed, and by

the sum which was to be paid she might judge how my master ranked me, whose demand had been fifteen hundred pieces of eight. 'Truly,' said she, 'had you belonged to my father, he should not have parted with you for twice that sum: for you Christians always deceive in the account you give of yourselves, pretending to be poor, in order to cheat the Moors.' 'It may be so, signora,' answered I, 'but, in truth, I dealt sincerely with my master, and shall ever do the same by everybody.' 'And when do you go away?' said Zoraida. 'I believe to-morrow,' said I: 'for there is a French vessel which is expected to sail then, and I intend to go in her.' 'Would it not be better,' replied Zoraida, 'to stay until some ships come from Spain, and go with one of them, rather than with the French, who are not your friends?' 'I think not, signora,' replied I: 'but should the late intelligence of the arrival of a Spanish ship prove true, I would perhaps stay a short time longer; it is, however, more probable that I shall depart to-morrow: for I so ardently desire to be in my own country, and with the persons I love, that I am impatient of any delay.' 'You are, perhaps, married,' said Zoraida, 'and therefore anxious to return, and be at home with your wife?' 'No, indeed,' I replied, 'but I am under an engagement to marry as soon as I return.' 'And is the lady to whom you are engaged beautiful?' said Zoraida. 'So beautiful,' answered I, 'that to compliment her, and say the truth, she is very like yourself.' Her father laughed heartily at this, and said, 'By the Prophet, Christian, she must be beautiful, indeed, if she resembles my daughter, who is the handsomest woman in this kingdom! Observe her well, and you will see that I speak the truth.' Zoraida's father was our interpreter in most of this conversation, being better acquainted than she was with the language; for, though she knew something of it, she expressed her meaning more by signs than words.

"While we were thus engaged, a Moor came running to us, crying aloud that four Turks had leaped over the wall of the garden, and were gathering the fruit, though it was not yet ripe. The old man, as well as Zoraida, was much alarmed; for the Moors are afraid of the Turks, especially their soldiers, whose conduct towards them is insolent and imperious: even more so than to their slaves. Zoraida's father therefore said to her, 'Daughter, make haste into the house, and lock yourself in, while I go and speak to these dogs; and you, Christian, gather your herbs, and begone in peace, and Alla send you safe to your own country.' I made my obeisance, and he went after the Turks. Zoraida also retired, but as soon as her father was out of sight she returned to me, and said, with her eyes full of tears, 'Ataméji, Christiano? Ataméji?' that is, 'Art thou going away, Christian? Art thou going?' 'Yes, dearest lady,' said I, 'but not without you. Expect me the next Juma, and be not alarmed when you see us; for we will convey you safely to a Christian land.' She understood all that I said; and, throwing her arm about my neck, she began with faltering steps to move towards the house; when, unfortunately as it might have proved, her father returned and saw us in that attitude. We were aware that he had seen us, and Zoraida had the presence of mind not to take her arm from my neck, but rather held me closer; and letting her head fall upon my breast, and bending her knees, she pretended to be fainting: so that I appeared to be under the necessity of supporting her. Her father came running to us, and seeing his daughter in that situation, inquired the cause. But as she made no reply, he said, 'These dogs have certainly terrified her;' and taking her from me, he supported her in his arms; and she, heaving a deep sigh, with her eyes still full of tears, said, 'Amexi, Christiano, amexi!' 'Begone, Christian. begone!' Her father said, 'There is no occasion, child, for the Christian to go away; he has done you no harm, and the Turks are gone off. Be not alarmed, for there is no danger.' 'They have indeed frightened her very much,'

said I, 'and as she desires me to go, I will not disobey; but with your leave, I will come again to this garden for herbs. Peace be with you.' 'Come whenever you please,' said Agi-Morato; 'for my daughter does not say this as having been offended by you or any other Christian.' I now took my leave of them both; and she looking as if her soul had been rent from her, went away with her father, while I, under pretence of gathering herbs, carefully surveyed the whole garden, examining all the inlets and outlets, the strength of the house, and whatever might tend to facilitate our business.

"Having finished my observations, I communicated to the renegado and my companions all that had passed, anxiously wishing for the hour when I might securely enjoy the happiness which fortune presented to me in the company of the beautiful Zoraida.

"The appointed day at length arrived; and, strictly following the rules and directions we had previously settled, everything proceeded with the fairest prospect of success. The day following my interview with Zoraida, our renegado, at the close of the evening, cast anchor almost opposite her residence; and the Christians who were to be employed at the oar were ready, and concealed about the neighbourhood, anxiously waiting for me, and eager to surprise the bark, which was lying within view; for they knew nothing of our plan, but thought they were to regain their liberty by force and by killing the Moors who were on board the vessel: they joined us, therefore, the moment we made our appearance. The critical time was now arrived, the city gates being shut, and not a person to be seen abroad; we therefore deliberated whether it would be better to go first to Zoraida, or secure the Moors who rowed the vessel. In the meantime, our renegado came to us, asking us why we delayed? for that now was the time, all his Moors being thoughtless of danger and most of them asleep. When we told him what we were consulting about, he assured us that it was necessary first to seize the vessel, which might be done with the utmost ease and safety; and then we might go for Zoraida. We all approved his counsel, and guided by him immediately proceeded to the vessel; when he leaping in first drew his cutlass, and said in Morisco, 'Let not one man of you stir, or he shall instantly die.' All the Christians quickly followed their leader; and the Moors, who were cowardly fellows, in great alarm and without making any resistance (for indeed they had few or no arms), quietly suffered themselves to be bound, which was done in a moment; the Christians still threatening that if they made the least noise they would instantly put them all to death.

"This being done, and half our number left on board to guard them, the remainder, led on by the renegado, went to Agi-Morato's garden. Fortunately the door opened as easily to us as if it had not been locked; and we came up to the house in profound silence. The lovely Zoraida was waiting for us at a window; and hearing us approach, she asked in a low voice whether we were Nazareni—that is, Christians. I answered in the affirmative, and desired her to come down. She knew my voice, and instantly obeyed the summons, appearing to us beautiful beyond description, and in the richest attire. I took her hand, and, kissing it, the renegado and the rest of our party followed my example, thinking that I only meant to express our thanks and acknowledgments to her as the instrument of our deliverance. The renegado asked her in Morisco whether her father was in the house. She said that he was, but that he was asleep. 'Then we must awake him,' replied the renegado, 'and carry him and all his treasures with us.' 'No,' said she, 'my father shall not be touched; and there is nothing of much value but what I have with me, which is sufficient to satisfy and enrich you all: wait a moment and you shall see.' She then went in again, promising to return quickly, and entreating us to be silent. The renegado having told me what had passed, I insisted that she

should be obeyed in every thing. Zoraida soon returned with a little trunk so full of gold crowns that she could scarcely carry it.

"In the meantime the father of Zoraida unfortunately awoke, and hearing a noise in the garden, looked out at the window and saw the Christians. Upon which he cried out as loud as he could in Arabic, 'Christians, Christians! thieves, thieves!' His outcry threw us all into the utmost consternation. The renegado, perceiving our danger and the necessity of prompt exertion, rushed up with several others to the chamber of Agi-Morato; while I remained below, not daring to quit Zoraida, who had fainted in my arms. They acquitted themselves so well that in a moment they came down with their prisoner, his hands tied, and his mouth stopped with a handkerchief, and threatening if he made the least noise, that it would cost him his life. When Zoraida saw her father, she covered her eyes, to avoid the sight of him; and he was astonished to see her with us, but little thought how willingly she had put herself into our hands. We hastened with all possible speed to the bark, where our comrades were waiting for us with impatience; and scarcely two hours of the night had passed when we were all safely on board. We now untied the hands of Zoraida's father, and took the handkerchief out of his mouth; but the renegado again warned him, at peril of his life, not to speak a word. When he saw his daughter, he began to sigh piteously; especially when he observed that I held her closely embraced, without resistance or complaint on her part; nevertheless he remained silent, lest we should put the renegado's threat into execution.

"When Zoraida saw that we were on the point of leaving the coast, she begged the renegado to communicate to me her wish that I would unbind the Moors, and set her father at liberty, for that she would sooner throw herself into the sea than behold a parent who loved her so tenderly carried away captive before her eyes, and upon her account. The renegado told me her request, and I desired that she might be gratified; but he refused to comply, saying that if they were put on shore at that place they would immediately raise the country and despatch armed vessels to pursue us; and, thus beset by sea and land, it would be impossible for us to escape: all, therefore, that could be done was to give them their liberty at the first Christian country we should touch at. In this opinion we all concurred; and Zoraida was herself satisfied, on hearing our determination, with the reasons why we could not then grant her request. With glad silence and cheerful diligence, our brave rowers now handled their oars; and recommending ourselves to God with all our hearts, we began to make towards the island of Majorca, which is the nearest Christian land. But the north wind beginning to blow freshly, and the sea being somewhat rough, it was found impossible to steer our course to Majorca, and we were compelled to keep along shore towards Oran; though not without great apprehensions of being discovered from the town of Sargel, which lies on that coast, about sixty miles from Algiers. We were afraid, likewise, of meeting in our passage with some of the galleots which bring merchandise from Tetuan; though, unless it was a cruiser, we trusted we should be able to defend ourselves, if not capture some vessel wherein we might more securely pursue our voyage. During this time Zoraida kept her head constantly upon my breast, that she might not look at her father; and I could hear her continually calling Lella Maryem to assist us.

"We had rowed about thirty miles when morning dawned, and we found ourselves near a shore which seemed to be quite a desert, and no human creature to be seen. However, by labouring hard at the oars, we got a little out to sea, which had now become more calm: and having made about two leagues, we ordered the rowers to rest by turns, in order to recruit themselves with the food, of which we had abundance; but they refused to quit their oars,

saying that it was not a time to repose, but that they could eat and row at the same time, if those who were unemployed would supply them. This was done; but soon the wind began to blow a brisk gale, which compelled us to lay aside our oars: therefore, hoisting sail, we steered directly to Oran, as it was impossible to hold any other course; and we proceeded with great rapidity, without any other fear than that of meeting some corsair. We gave provisions to the Moorish prisoners, comforting them with the assurance that they were not slaves, but should have their liberty the first opportunity; and we promised the same to Zoraida's father. 'I might hope for much,' he replied, 'from your liberality and generous treatment, O Christians! but I am not so simple as to expect my liberty, or that you would expose yourselves to danger in robbing me of it without some view to my ransom; however, you have only to name the sum you require for myself and this my unhappy daughter, who is the better part of my soul.' He then wept so bitterly that we were moved to compassion; and Zoraida looking up and seeing her father in tears, left me to throw herself into his arms. Nothing could be more affecting than the scene. The father now observing her rich attire, said, 'How is this, daughter?—last night, I saw you dressed as usual, and now you are adorned in your gayest apparel!' She answered not a word. The renegado interpreted to us what the Moor had said, for he had spoken in his own language. He then noticed the casket in which his daughter kept her jewels, and being still more perplexed, he asked how it had come into our hands, and what it contained. The renegado now interposed, saying, 'Do not trouble yourself with so many questions, signor; for in a word I can answer all—your daughter is a Christian, and has been the means of filing off our chains and restoring us to liberty. She is here with her own consent, and I believe, well pleased: like one who goes out of darkness into light, from death to life, and from suffering to glory.' 'Is this true, daughter?' said the Moor. 'It is,' answered Zoraida. 'You are then become a Christian,' replied the old man, 'and have thrown your father into the power of his enemies?' To which Zoraida answered: 'I am indeed a Christian, but I never thought of doing you harm; I only wished to do myself good.' 'And what good have you done yourself, my daughter?' 'Ask that,' answered she, 'of Lella Maryem, who can tell you better than I can.' On hearing his daughter speak thus, the Moor with sudden impetuosity threw himself headlong into the sea, and would certainly have been drowned had not the wide and cumbrous garments he wore kept him a short time above water. Zoraida called out to us to save him, and we all hastened to his assistance, and dragged him out half-drowned and senseless, a sight which so much affected Zoraida that she lamented over him as if he were dead. We placed him so that he might disgorge the water he had swallowed, and in about two hours he recovered his senses. In the meantime, the wind changing, we were obliged to ply our oars to avoid running upon the shore; and by good fortune we came to a creek by the side of a small promontory, which by the Moors is called the Cape of Cava Rumia, meaning in our language 'The wicked Christian woman;' for the Moors have a tradition that Cava,* who occasioned the loss of Spain, lies buried there. Although they reckon it an ill omen to be forced to anchor at this place, it proved a safe harbour to us, considering how high the sea ran. We placed sentinels on shore, and never dropped our oars; and after partaking of the refreshments which the renegado had provided, we prayed devoutly to God and to our Lady for assistance and protection in the happy accomplishment of our enterprise. Order was given, at Zoraida's entreaty, to set her father on shore, and also the rest of the Moors, who until now had been fast bound; for her tender heart could not endure to see her father and countrymen

* The daughter of Count Julian, who was the cause of bringing the Moors into Spain.

under confinement. We promised her it should be done when we put to sea again, since we ran no risk in leaving them in so desolate a place. Our prayers were not in vain : for the wind presently changed in our favour, and the sea was calm, inviting us to prosecute our voyage.

“ We now unbound the Moors, and sent them one by one on shore, to their great surprise ; but when we came to Zoraida’s father, who was then perfectly in his senses, he said, ‘ Why, Christians, is this wicked woman desirous of my being set at liberty ? Think you it is out of filial piety ? No, certainly : it is because my presence would disturb her in the indulgence of her evil inclinations. Nor think she is moved to change her religion because she thinks it better than ours ; no, because she knows that there is more licentiousness in your country.’ Then, turning to Zoraida, while we held him fast, lest he should do her any violence, he said, ‘ Thou ill-advised, thou infamous girl ! whither art thou blindly going with these dogs, our natural enemies ? Cursed be the hour wherein I begat thee, and cursed the indulgence and luxury in which I brought thee up !’ Finding him not disposed to be soon silent, I hurried him ashore, where he continued his execrations and wailings, praying to Mahomet that he would beseech Heaven to destroy, confound, and annihilate us ; and when we had got too far off to hear his words, we could see him tearing his beard, plucking off his hair, and rolling himself on the ground : so high he once raised his voice that these words reached us, ‘ Come back, beloved daughter ! come back, and I will forgive thee all ! Let those men keep the money they have, but do thou come back, and comfort thy wretched father, who must perish in this desert land if thou forsake him !’ All this Zoraida heard—all this she felt and bewailed ; but could only say in reply, ‘ May it please Alla, my dear father, that Lella Maryem, who has been the cause of my turning Christian, may comfort you in your affliction ! Alla well knows that I could not do otherwise than I have done, and that these Christians owe me no thanks for any favour to them, since my mind would never have had rest until I had performed this work, which to me seems as good as you, my dearest father, think it bad.’ But her father could no longer see or hear her. I said all I could to console her as we proceeded on our voyage, and happily the wind was so favourable that we made no doubt of being next morning upon the coast of Spain.

“ But as good seldom or never comes unmingled with evil, it happened unfortunately, or perhaps through the curses the Moor bestowed on his daughter (for a father’s curse is always to be dreaded, whatever he may be)—I say it happened that about the third hour of the night, when we were far out to sea, and under full sail, we discovered by the light of the moon a round vessel with all her sails out, a little ahead of us, but so near that to avoid running foul of her we were forced to strike sail, and they also put the helm hard up, to enable us to pass. The men had posted themselves on the quarter-deck, to ask who we were, whither we were going, and whence we came : but as their inquiries were in French, our renegado said, ‘ Let no one answer, for these are certainly French corsairs, who plunder everything that falls in their way.’ Upon this caution all were silent, and we continued our course, their vessel being to the windward ; but we had not proceeded far when they suddenly fired two guns, and both, as it appeared, with chain shot, for one cut our mast through the middle, which together with the sail fell into the sea, and the other at the same instant came through the middle of our bark, laying it quite open, though without wounding any of us. But finding ourselves sinking, we began to cry aloud for help, and entreated them to save us from drowning. They then struck their sails, and sent out a boat, with twelve Frenchmen on board, well armed with muskets, and their matches lighted ; but seeing how few we were, and that our vessel was sinking, they took us in, and told us that we had suffered for our incivility in returning

them no answer. Our renegado took the trunk containing Zoraida's treasure, and unperceived threw it into the sea. In short, we all passed into the French ship, where, having gained from us all the information they wanted, they proceeded to treat us as enemies, stripping us of everything, even of the bracelets which Zoraida wore upon her ankles. But I suffered most from apprehensions lest they should rob her of the most precious jewel of all. But the desires of these kind of men seldom extend farther than to money, in the pursuit of which they are insatiable. They would have taken away even the clothes we wore as slaves, had they thought them of the smallest value. Some of them proposed throwing us all overboard, wrapped up in a sail : for their object was to trade in some of the Spanish ports, pretending to be of Brittany ; and should they carry us with them they would there be seized and punished for the robbery. But the captain, who had plundered my dear Zoraida, said he was contented with what he had already got, and that he would not touch at any part of Spain, but pass the Straits of Gibraltar by night, and make the best of his way for Rochelle, whence he came ; and therefore they finally agreed to provide us with a boat and what was necessary for so short a voyage as we had to make. This they did on the following day, when in view of the Spanish coast, at the sight of which all our troubles were forgotten—so great is the delight of regaining liberty ! It was about noon when they dismissed us, with two barrels of water and some biscuit. The captain was even so far moved by compassion as to give Zoraida about forty crowns in gold, at the same time forbidding his soldiers to strip her of her clothes, the same which she now wears.

“We expressed to them more gratitude for what they refrained from doing than resentment for what we had suffered from them ; and thus we separated, they steering towards the Straits, and we towards the land before us, rowing so hard that we hoped to reach it before morning. Some of our party thought it unsafe to land at dark upon a coast with which we were unacquainted ; while others were so impatient, that they were for making the attempt even though among rocks, rather than be exposed to the corsairs of Tetuan, who are often at night in Barbary and the next morning on the coast of Spain, where they usually make some prize, and return to sleep at their own homes. It was agreed at last that we should row gently towards the shore, and, if the sea proved calm, land where we could : and before midnight we found ourselves close to a large and high mountain, at the foot of which there was a convenient landing-place. We ran our boat into the sand, leaped on shore, and kissed the ground : thanking God with tears of joy for the happy termination of our perilous voyage. We dragged our boat on shore, and then climbed the mountain, scarcely crediting that we were really upon Christian ground. We were anxious for day-break ; but having at length gained the top of the mountain, whence we had hoped to discover some village or shepherd's hut, we could see no indications of human abode ; we therefore proceeded farther into the country, trusting we should soon meet with some person to inform us where we were. But what most troubled me was to see Zoraida travel on foot through those craggy places ; for though I sometimes carried her in my arms, she was more distressed than relieved by my labour. I therefore led her by the hand, and she bore the fatigue with the utmost patience and cheerfulness.

“Thus we proceeded for about a quarter of a league, when the sound of a little bell reached our ears, which was a signal that flocks were near ; and eagerly looking around us, we perceived a young shepherd at the foot of a cork-tree, quietly shaping a stick with his knife. We called out to him, upon which he raised his head and hastily got up ; and, the first who presented themselves to his sight being the renegado and Zoraida, in Moorish habits, he thought all the Moors in Barbary were upon him ; making, therefore, towards the wood with

incredible speed, he cried out, as loud as he could, "Moors! the Moors are landed! Moors, Moors! arm, arm!" We were perplexed at first how to act; but considering that he would certainly alarm the country, and that the militia of the coast would soon be out to see what was the matter, we agreed that the renegado should strip off his Turkish habit, and put on a jerkin, or slave's cassock, which one of our party immediately gave him, leaving himself only in his shirt. Then recommending ourselves to Heaven, we pursued the same road that the shepherd had taken, expecting every moment that the coast-guard would be upon us. Nor were we deceived in our apprehensions, for not long afterwards, when we were descending into the plain, we discovered above fifty horsemen advancing at a half-gallop; upon which we stood still to wait their approach: but as they drew near and found, instead of the Moors they had expected, a party of poor Christian captives, they were not a little surprised; and one of them asked us whether we had been the cause of the alarm spread in the country. I told him that I believed so, and was proceeding to inform him whence we came, and who we were, when one of our party recognised the horseman who had questioned us; and interrupting me, he exclaimed, 'God be praised for bringing us to this part of the country! for if I am not mistaken, the ground we stand upon is the territory of Velez Malaga; and if long captivity has not impaired my memory, you, sir, who now question us, are Pedro de Bustamente, my uncle.' Scarcely had the Christian captive ceased speaking, when the horseman threw himself from his horse, and ran to embrace the young man, saying to him, 'Dear nephew of my soul, I well remember you! How often have I bewailed your loss, with your mother and kindred, who are still living to enjoy the pleasure of seeing you again! We knew you were in Algiers; and by your dress, and that of your companions, I conjecture that you must have recovered your liberty in some miraculous manner.' 'It is so, indeed,' answered the young man, 'and when an opportunity offers you shall know the whole story.' As soon as the horsemen understood that we were Christian captives, they alighted, and each of them invited us to accept of his horse to carry us to the city of Velez Malaga, which was a league and a half distant. Some of them went back to convey the boat to the town, on being informed where we had left it; others took us up behind them, and Zoraida rode behind our captive's uncle. The news of our coming having reached the town before us, multitudes came out to greet us. They were not much surprised by the sight of liberated captives, or Moors made slaves, for the people of that coast are accustomed to both; but they were struck by the beauty of Zoraida, which then appeared in perfection; for the exercise of walking, and the delight of being safe in Christendom, produced such a complexion that, if my affection did not deceive me, the world never saw a more beautiful creature.

"We went directly to the church, to return thanks for the mercy of our deliverance; and Zoraida, upon first entering, said the images there were very like that of Lella Maryem. The renegado told her that she was right, and explained to her as well as he could what they signified, that she might adore them as the representations of that very Lella Maryem who had spoken to her: nor was she slow in comprehending him, for she had good sense, and a ready apprehension. After this they accommodated us in different houses of the town; and the Christian, our companion, took the renegado, Zoraida, and myself, to the house of his parents, who treated us with the same kindness they showed towards their own son. We stayed in Velez six days; when the renegado, having gained all necessary information on the subject, repaired to the city of Granada, there to be re-admitted, by means of the holy Inquisition, into the bosom of our church. The rest of the freed captives each went their own way, leaving Zoraida and myself to pursue ours, with no other worldly

wealth than the crowns which the courtesy of the Frenchman had bestowed on her; some of which proved useful in purchasing the animal on which she rides. I have hitherto attended her as a father and esquire, not as a husband; and we are going to see if my father be yet alive, or whether my brothers have been more fortunate than myself: though since Heaven has given me Zoraida, I cannot conceive that any better fortune could have befallen me. The patience with which she bears the inconveniences attendant on poverty, and the fervour of her piety, excites my warmest admiration; and I consider myself bound to serve her all the days of my life: yet the delight I feel in knowing her to be mine is sometimes disturbed by an uncertainty whether I shall find any corner in my own country wherein to shelter her; and also whether time or death may not have made such alterations in my family that I shall find none left to acknowledge me.

"This, gentlemen, is my story; whether it has been entertaining or uncommon, you are the best judges: I can only say, for my own part, that I would willingly have been more brief; and, indeed, I have omitted many circumstances lest you should think me tedious."

CHAPTER XLII.

Which treats of other occurrences at the inn; and of various things worthy to be known.

AS soon as the captive ceased speaking, "Truly, captain," said Don Fernando, "your narrative has been so interesting to us, both from the extraordinary nature of the events themselves, and your manner of relating them, that we should not have been wearied, had it lasted till to-morrow." The whole party now offered their services with such expressions of kindness and sincerity, that the captain felt highly gratified. Don Fernando in particular offered, if he would return with him, to prevail with the marquis his brother to stand godfather at Zoraida's baptism; and promised on his own part to afford him all the assistance necessary for his appearance in his own country with the dignity and distinction due to his person. The captive thanked him most courteously, but declined his generous offers.

Night was now advanced, and a coach arrived at the inn, with some horsemen. The travellers wanted lodging for the night, but the hostess told them that there was not an inch of room disengaged in the whole inn. "Notwithstanding that," said one of the men on horseback, "there must be room made for my lord judge here in the coach." On hearing this, the hostess was disturbed, and said: "Sir, the truth is, I have no bed; but if his worship, my lord judge, brings one with him, let him enter, in Heaven's name; for I and my husband will quit our own chamber to accommodate his honour."

"Be it so," quoth the squire; and by this time a person had alighted from the coach, whose garb immediately showed the nature and dignity of his station: for his long gown and tucked-up sleeves denoted him to be a judge, as his servant had said. He led by the hand a young lady, apparently about sixteen years of age, in a riding-dress, so lovely and elegant in her person, that all were struck with so much admiration, that had they not seen Dorothea, Lucinda, and Zoraida, they would never have believed that there was such another beautiful damsel in existence. Don Quixote was present at their entrance, and he thus addressed them: "Your worship may securely enter, and range this castle; for however confined and inconvenient it may be, place will

always be found for arms and letters ; especially when, like your worship, they appear under the patronage of beauty : for to this fair maiden not only castles should throw open wide their gates, but rocks divide and separate, and mountains bow their lofty heads in salutation. Enter, sir, into this paradise ! for here you will find suns and stars worthy of that lovely heaven you bring with you. Here you will find arms in their zenith, and beauty in perfection !” The judge marvelled greatly at this speech, and he earnestly surveyed the knight, no less astonished by his appearance than his discourse, and was considering what to say in reply, when the other ladies made their appearance, attracted by the account the hostess had given of the beauty of the young lady. Don Fernando, Cardenio, and the priest, paid their compliments in a more intelligible manner than Don Quixote, and all the ladies of the castle welcomed the fair stranger. In short, the judge easily perceived that he was in the company of persons of distinction ; but the mien, visage, and behaviour of Don Quixote confounded him. After mutual courtesies and inquiries as to what accommodation the inn afforded, the arrangements previously made were adopted : namely, that all the women should lodge in the large chamber, and the men remain without, as their guard. The judge was content that the young lady, who was his daughter, should accompany the other ladies, and she herself readily consented : thus, with part of the innkeeper’s narrow bed, together with that which the judge had brought with him, they accommodated themselves during the night better than they had expected.

The captive, from the moment he saw the judge, felt his heart beat, from an impression that this gentleman was his brother. He therefore inquired his name and country of one of the servants, who told him that he was the licentiate John Perez de Viedma, and he had heard that his native place was in a town in the mountains of Leon. This account confirmed him in the opinion that this was indeed that brother who, by the advice of his father, had applied himself to letters. Agitated and overjoyed, he called aside Don Fernando, Cardenio, and the priest, and communicated to them his discovery. The servant had also told him that he was going to the Indies, as judge of the courts of Mexico, and that the young lady was his daughter, whose mother had died in giving her birth, but had left her a rich inheritance. He asked them how they thought he had best make himself known, or how he could ascertain whether his brother, seeing him so poor, would not be ashamed to own him, or receive him to his bosom with affection. “Leave me to make that experiment,” said the priest ; “not that I make any doubt, signor captain, of your meeting with a kind reception ; for there is an appearance of worth and good sense in your brother which neither implies arrogance nor inability to appreciate duly the accidents of fortune.” “Nevertheless,” said the captain, “I would rather not discover myself abruptly to him.” “Leave all to me,” answered the priest, “and I will manage the affair to your satisfaction.”

A collation being now ready, they all sat down to table, except the captain, to partake of it, and also the ladies, who remained in their own chamber. The priest took this opportunity of speaking to the judge : “My lord, I had a comrade of your name in Constantinople, where I was a slave some years. He was a captain, and one of the bravest soldiers in the Spanish infantry ; but he was as unfortunate as brave.” “Pray, what was this captain’s name ?” said the judge. “He was called,” answered the priest, “Ruy Perez de Viedma, and was born in a village in the mountains of Leon. He related to me a circumstance which, from a person of less veracity than himself, I should have taken for a tale such as old women tell by a winter’s fire-side. He told me that his father had divided his estate equally between himself and his three sons, and after giving them certain precepts better than those of Cato, he proposed to

them the choice of three professions. My friend adopted that of arms, and I can assure you that he was so successful, that in a few years, without any other aid than his own bravery and merit, he rose to the rank of a captain of foot, and was in the high-road to preferment, when fortune proved adverse, and he lost her favours, together with his liberty, in that glorious action which gave freedom to so many—I mean the battle of Lepanto. I was myself taken in Goleta, and afterwards, by different adventures, we became comrades in Constantinople. He was afterwards sent to Algiers, where he met with one of the strangest adventures in the world." The priest then briefly related to him what had passed between his brother and Zoraida. He was listened to by the judge with extreme attention; but he proceeded no farther than to that point where the Christians were plundered by the French, and his comrade and the beautiful Moor left in poverty; pretending that he knew not what became of them afterward, whether they ever reached Spain, or were carried by their captors to France.

The captain stood listening at some distance, and watching all the emotions of his brother, who when the priest had finished his story sighed profoundly, and with tears in his eyes said, "Oh, sir, you know not how nearly I am affected by what you have communicated! That gallant captain you mention is my elder brother, who, having entertained more elevated thoughts than my younger brother or myself, chose the honourable profession of arms, which was one of the three pursuits proposed to us by our father. I applied myself to letters, which, by the blessing of Heaven and my own exertions, has raised me to my present rank. My younger brother is in Peru, abounding in riches, and has amply repaid the sum he took out with him. He has enabled my father to indulge his liberal disposition, and supplied me with the means of prosecuting my studies with every advantage, until I attained the rank which at present I enjoy. My father is still living, and continually prays to God that his eyes may not be closed in death before he has once again beheld his first-born son. It surprises me that he never communicated his situation to his family, for had either of us known of it, he need not have waited for the miracle of the cane to have obtained his ransom. My anxiety is now about the treatment he may have met with from those Frenchmen; this uncertainty as to his fate will render my voyage most sad and melancholy. Oh, my brother! if I knew but where to find thee, I would deliver thee at any risk. Ah, who shall bear the news to our aged father that thou art living? Wert thou buried in the deepest dungeon of Barbary, his wealth and that of thy brothers should redeem thee! O lovely and bountiful Zoraida! who can repay thy kindness to my brother? Who shall be so happy as to witness thy regeneration by baptism, and be present at thy nuptials, which would give us all so much delight?" The judge affected all his auditors by these and other demonstrations of sorrow and fraternal affection.

The priest, finding he had gained his point according to the captain's wish, would no longer protract their pain, and rising from the table, he went into the adjoining chamber, and led out Zoraida, who was followed by the other ladies; he took also the hand of the captain, and introduced them both to the judge, saying: "My lord, cease your lamentations, for here is your brother and good sister-in-law, Captain Viedma, and the beautiful Moor, to whom he owes so much. They have been reduced to poverty by the French, only to have an opportunity of proving a brother's liberality." The captain ran towards his brother, who first held back to look at him; then, recognising him, he pressed him to his heart, while his eyes overflowed with tears of joy. The meeting was indeed affecting beyond description. From time to time their mutual inquiries were suspended by renewed demonstrations of fraternal love: often the judge

embraced Zoraida, and as often returned her to the caresses of his daughter: and a most pleasing sight it was to see the mutual embraces of the fair Christian and lovely Moor.

Don Quixote was all this time a silent but attentive observer, satisfied at the correspondence of these singular events with the annals of chivalry. It was agreed that the captain and Zoraida should go with their brother to Seville; and acquaint their father of his return, so that the old man might be present at the baptism and nuptials of Zoraida, as it was impossible for the judge to defer his journey beyond a month. The night being now far advanced, they proposed retiring to repose during the remainder, Don Quixote offering his service to guard the castle, lest some giant, or rather miscreant errant, tempted by the treasure of beauty there enclosed, should presume to make an attack upon it. His friends thanked him, and took occasion to amuse the judge with an account of his strange frenzy. Sancho Panza alone was out of all patience at sitting up so late. However, he was better accommodated than any of them, upon the accoutrements of his ass, for which he dearly paid, as shall be hereafter related. The ladies having retired to their chamber, and the rest accommodated as well as they could be, Don Quixote, according to promise, sallied out of the inn to take his post at the castle gate.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Which treats of the agreeable history of the young muleteer; with other strange accidents that happened at the inn.

JUST before daybreak a voice reached the ears of the ladies, so sweet and melodious that it forcibly arrested their attention, especially that of Dorothea, by whose side slept Donna Clara de Viedma, the daughter of the judge. The voice was unaccompanied by any instrument, and they were surprised at the skill of the singer. Sometimes they fancied that the sound proceeded from the yard, and at other times from the stable. While they were in this uncertainty, Cardenio came to the chamber-door, and said, "If you are not asleep, pray listen; and you will hear one of the muleteers singing enchantingly." Dorothea told him that they had heard him; upon which Cardenio retired. Then listening with much attention, Dorothea plainly distinguished the following words:—

Toss'd in a sea of doubts and fears,
Love's hapless mariner, I sail
Where no inviting port appears,
To screen me from the stormy gale.

At distance view'd, a cheering star
Conducts me through the swelling tide;
A brighter luminary far
Than Palinurus e'er descried.

My soul, attracted by its blaze,
Still follows where it points the way,
And, while attentively I gaze,
Considers not how far I stray.

But female pride, reserved and shy,
 Like clouds that deepen on the day,
 Oft shrouds it from my longing eye,
 When most I need the guiding ray.

O lovely star, so pure and bright !
 Whose splendour feeds my vital fire,
 The moment thou deny'st thy light,
 Thy lost adorer will expire.

Dorothea thought it was a great loss to Donna Clara not to hear such excellent singing, she therefore gave her a gentle shake and awoke her : " Excuse me, my dear, for disturbing you," she said, " since it is only that you may have the pleasure of hearing the sweetest voice which perhaps you ever heard in your life !" Clara, half awake, was obliged to ask Dorothea to repeat what she had said to her ; after which she endeavoured to command her attention, but had no sooner heard a few words of the song than she was seized with a fit of trembling as violent as the attack of a quartan ague : and, clinging round Dorothea, she cried, " Ah, my dear lady ! why did you wake me ? The greatest service that could be done me would be for ever to close both my eyes and ears, that I might neither see nor hear that unhappy musician." " What do you say, my dear ?" answered Dorothea : " is it not a muleteer who is singing ?" " Oh no," replied Clara ; " he is a young gentleman of large possessions, and so much master of my heart that, if he reject me not, it shall be his eternally." Dorothea was surprised at the passionate expressions of the girl, which she would not have expected from one of her tender years. She therefore said to her, " Your words surprise me, Signora Clara : explain yourself farther ; what is this you say of hearts and possessions—and who is this musician, whose voice affects you so much ? But stay—do not speak just yet : he seems to be preparing to sing again, and I must not lose the pleasure of hearing him." Clara, however, stopped her own ears with both her hands, to Dorothea's great surprise, who listened attentively to the following

SONG.

Unconquer'd hope, thou bane of fear,
 And last deserter of the brave,
 Thou soothing ease of mortal care,
 Thou traveller beyond the grave ;
 Thou soul of patience, airy food,
 Bold warrant of a distant good,
 Reviving cordial, kind decoy ;
 Though fortune frowns and friends depart,
 Though Silvia flies me, flattering joy,
 Nor thou, nor love, shall leave my doting heart.

No slave, to lazy ease resign'd,
 E'er triumph'd over noble foes :
 The monarch fortune most is kind
 To him who bravely dares oppose.
 They say, Love rates his blessing high,
 But who would prize an easy joy ?
 My scornful fair then I'll pursue,
 Though the coy beauty still denies ;
 I grovel now on earth, 'tis true,
 But, raised by her, the humble slave may rise.

Here the musician ceased to sing, and Donna Clara again began to sigh, both of whom excited Dorothea's curiosity, and she pressed her to explain what she had just before said. Clara embraced her, and putting her face close to her ear, she whispered, lest she should be overheard by Lucinda—"That singer, my dear madam," said she, "is the son of an Arragonian gentleman who is lord of two towns, and when at court lives opposite to my father. Although my father kept his windows covered with canvas in the winter and lattices in summer, it happened by some chance that this young gentleman saw me—whether at church, or where it was, I know not, but in truth he fell in love with me; and expressed his passion from the window of the house by so many signs and so many tears, that I was forced to believe him, and even to love him too. Among other signs, he often joined one hand with the other, signifying his desire to marry me; and though I should have been very glad if it might have been so, yet being alone, and having no mother, I knew not who to speak to on the subject; and therefore let it rest, without granting him any other favour than, when his father and mine were abroad, to lift up the lattice of my window just to show myself, at which he seemed so delighted that you would have thought him mad. When the time of my father's departure drew near, he heard of it, though not from me, for I never had an opportunity to speak to him, and soon after he fell sick, as I was told, for grief; so that on the day we came away I could not see him to say farewell, though it were only with my eyes. But after we had travelled two days, on entering a village about a day's journey hence, I saw him at the door of an inn, in the habit of a muleteer, so disguised that, had not his image been deeply imprinted in my heart, I could not have known him. I was surprised and overjoyed at the sight of him, and he stole looks at me, unobserved by my father, whom he carefully avoids when he passes either on the road or at the inns. When I think who he is, and how he travels on foot, bearing so much fatigue for love of me, I am ready to die with pity, and cannot help following him with my eyes. I cannot imagine what his intentions are, or how he could leave his father, who loves him passionately, having no other heir, and also because he is so very deserving, as you will perceive when you see him. I can assure you, besides, that all he sings is of his own composing; for I have heard that he is a great scholar and a poet. Every time I see him, or hear him sing, I tremble all over with fright lest my father should recollect him, and discover our inclinations. Although I never spoke a word to him in my life, yet I love him so well that I can never live without him. This, dear madam, is all I can tell you about him whose voice has pleased you so much; by that alone you may easily perceive that he is no muleteer, but master of hearts and towns, as I have already told you."

"Enough, my dear Clara," said Dorothea, kissing her a thousand times: "you need not say more: compose yourself till morning, for I hope to be able to manage your affair so that the conclusion may be as happy as the beginning is innocent." "Ah, signora!" said Donna Clara, "what conclusion can be expected, since his father is of such high rank and fortune that I am not worthy to be his servant, much less his wife? As to marrying without my father's knowledge, I would not do it for all the world. I only wish this young man would go back, and leave me: absence, perhaps, may lessen the pain I now feel; though I fear it will not have much effect. What a strange sorcery this love is! I know not how it came to possess me, so young as I am—in truth, I believe we are both of the same age, and I am not yet sixteen, nor shall I be, as my father says, until next Michaelmas." Dorothea could not forbear smiling at Donna Clara's childish simplicity; however, she entreated her again to sleep the remainder of the night, and to hope for everything in the morning.

Profound silence now reigned over the whole house; all being asleep except

the innkeeper's daughter and her maid Maritornes, who, knowing Don Quixote's weak points, determined to amuse themselves by playing him some trick while he was keeping guard without doors. There was no window on that side of the house which overlooked the field, except a small opening to the straw-loft, where the straw was thrown out. At this hole the pair of damsels planted themselves, whence they commanded a view of the knight on horseback, leaning on his lance, and could hear him ever and anon heaving such deep and mournful sighs that they seemed torn from the very bottom of his soul. They could also distinguish words, uttered in a soft, soothing, amorous tone ; such as "O my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso ! perfection of all beauty, quintessence of discretion, treasury of wit, and pledge of modesty ! what may now be thy sweet employment ? Art thou, peradventure, thinking of thy captive knight, who voluntarily exposes himself to so many perils for thy sake ! O thou triformed luminary, bring me swift tidings of her ! Perhaps thou art now gazing at her, envious of her beauty, as she walks through some gallery of her sumptuous palace, or leans over some balcony, considering how she may without offence to her virtue or dignity assuage the torment which this poor afflicted heart of mine endures for her ! or meditating on what glory she shall bestow on my sufferings, what solace to my cares, or recompense to my long services ! And thou, O sun ! who must now be preparing to harness thy steeds, to come forth and visit my adorable lady, salute her, I entreat thee, in my name : but beware thou dost not kiss her face, for I shall be more jealous of thee than thou wert of that swift ingrate who made thee sweat and run over the plains of Thessaly, or along the banks of Peneus—I do not exactly remember over which it was thou ranst so jealous and so enamoured."

Thus far Don Quixote had proceeded in his soliloquy, when the innkeeper's daughter softly called to him, saying : "Pray, sir, come a little this way." Don Quixote turned his head, and perceiving by the light of the moon, which then shone bright, that some person beckoned him towards the spike-hole, which to his fancy was a window with gilded bars, suitable to the rich castle he conceived the inn to be, and his former visions again recurring, he concluded that the fair damsel of the castle, irresistibly enamoured of him, had now come to repeat her visit. Unwilling, therefore, to appear discourteous or ungrateful, he approached the aperture, and replied, "I lament, fair lady, that you should have placed your affections where it is impossible for you to meet with that return which your great merit and beauty deserve : yet ought you not to blame an unfortunate knight whom love has already enthralled. Pardon me, dear lady ; retire, and do not by any farther disclosure of your sentiments make me appear yet more ungrateful ; but if I can repay you by any other way than a return of passion, I entreat that you will command me, and I swear, by that sweet absent enemy of mine, to gratify you immediately, though you should require a lock of Medusa's hair, which was composed of snakes, or the sunbeams enclosed in a vial." "Sir," quoth Maritornes, "my lady wants none of these." "What then doth your lady require, discreet duenna ?" answered Don Quixote. "Only one of your beautiful hands," quoth Maritornes, "whereby partly to satisfy that longing which brought her to this window, so much to the peril of her honour, that if her lord and father should know of it he would whip off at least one of her ears." "Let him dare to do it !" cried Don Quixote ; "fatal should be his punishment for presuming to lay violent hands on the delicate members of an enamoured daughter." Maritornes, not doubting but that he would grant the request, hastened down into the stable, and brought back the halter belonging to Sancho's dapple, just as Don Quixote had got upon Rozinante's saddle to reach the gilded window at which the enamoured damsel stood ; and giving her his hand, he said : "Accept, madam, this hand, or rather this

scourge of the wicked : accept, I say, this hand, which that of woman never before touched, not even hers who has the entire right of my whole person. I offer it not to be kissed, but that you may behold the contexture of its nerves, the firm knitting of its muscles, the largeness and spaciousness of its veins, whence you may infer what must be the strength of that arm which belongs to such a hand." "We shall soon see that," quoth Maritornes. Then, making a running-knot in the halter, she fixed it on his wrist, and tied the other end of it fast to the staple of the hay-loft door. Don Quixote, feeling the harsh rope about his wrist, said, "You seem rather to rasp than grasp my hand—pray do not treat it so roughly, since that it is not to blame for my adverse inclination : nor is it just to vent your displeasure thus : indeed, this kind of revenge is very unworthy of a lover." But his expostulations were unheard ; for as soon as Maritornes had tied the knot, they both went laughing away, having fastened it in such a manner that it was impossible for him to get loose.

Thus he remained standing upright on Rozinante, his hand close to the hole, and tied by the wrist to the bolt of the door ; and in the utmost alarm lest Rozinante should move on either side, and leave him suspended. He durst not, therefore, make the least motion ; though indeed he might well have expected, from the sobriety and patience of Rozinante, that he would remain in that position an entire century. In short, Don Quixote, finding himself thus situated and the ladies gone, concluded that it was an affair of enchantment, like others which had formerly happened to him in the same castle. He then cursed his own indiscretion for having entered it a second time : since he might have learnt from his chivalry that when a knight was unsuccessful in an adventure, it was a sign that its accomplishment was reserved for another, and that second trials were always fruitless. He made many attempts to release himself, though he was afraid of making any great exertion lest Rozinante should stir ; but his efforts were all in vain, and he was compelled either to remain standing on the saddle or to tear off his hand. Now he wished for Amadis's sword, against which no enchantment had power, and now he cursed his fortune. Sometimes he expatiated on the loss the world would sustain during the period of his enchantment ; other moments were devoted to his beloved Dulcinea del Toboso ; and some to his good squire Sancho Panza, who, stretched on his ass's pannel and buried in sleep, was dreaming of no such misfortune ; nor did he fail to invoke the aid of the sages Lirgandeo and Alquife, and call upon his special friend Urganda. Thus the morning found him, like a bull, roaring with despair ; for he expected no relief with the dawn, fearing his enchantment was eternal ; and he was the more induced to believe it, as Rozinante made not the least motion, and he verily thought himself and his horse must remain in the same posture, without eating, drinking, or sleeping, until the evil influence of the stars had passed over, or some more powerful sage should disenchant him.

But he was mistaken ; for it was scarcely daylight, when four men on horseback stopped at the inn, well appointed and accoutred, with carbines hanging on their saddle-bows. Not finding the inn-door open, they called aloud and knocked very hard ; upon which Don Quixote called out from the place where he stood sentinel, in an arrogant and loud voice, "Knights, or squires, or whoever ye are, desist from knocking at the gate of this castle ; for at this early hour its inmates are doubtless sleeping ; at least they are not accustomed to open the gates of their fortress until the sun has spread his beams over the whole horizon : retire until brighter daylight shall inform us whether it be proper to admit you or not." "What the devil of a fortress or castle is this," quoth one of them, "that we are obliged to observe all this ceremony ? If you are the innkeeper, make somebody open the door, for we are travellers, and

only want to bait our horses, and go on, as we are in haste." "What say ye, sirs—do I look like an innkeeper?" said Don Quixote. "I know not what you look like," answered the other; "but I am sure you talk preposterously to call this inn a castle." "A castle it is," replied Don Quixote, "and one of the best in the whole province; and at this moment contains within its walls persons who have had crowns on their heads and sceptres in their hands." "You had better have said the reverse," quoth the traveller; "the sceptre on the head, and the crown in the hand: but perhaps some company of strolling players are here, who frequently wear such things; this is not a place for any other sort of crowned heads." "Your ignorance must be great," replied Don Quixote, "if you know not that such events are very common in chivalry." The other horseman, impatient at the dialogue, repeated his knocks with so much violence that he roused not only the host but all the company in the house.

Just at that time it happened that the horse of one of the travellers was seized with an inclination to smell at Rozinante, who, sad and spiritless, was then supporting his distended lord; but being in fact a horse of flesh, although he seemed to be one of stone, he could not be insensible to the compliment, nor refuse to return it with equal kindness. But scarcely had he stirred a step, when Don Quixote's feet slipped from the saddle, and he remained suspended by the arm, in so much torture that he fancied his wrist or his arm was tearing from his body; and he hung so near the ground that he could just reach it with the tips of his toes, which only made his situation the worse; for feeling how near he was to the ground, he stretched and strained with all his might to reach it; like those who are tortured by the strappado, and who, being placed in the same dilemma, aggravate their sufferings by their fruitless efforts to stretch themselves.



CHAPTER XLIV.

A continuation of the extraordinary adventures that happened in the inn.

EXERTING his lungs to the utmost, Don Quixote roared so loudly that the host opened the inn-door, in great alarm, to discover the cause of the outcry. Maritornes, being awakened by the noise, and guessing the cause, went to the straw-loft and privately untied the halter which held up Don Quixote, who immediately came to the ground. Without answering a word to the many inquiries that were made to him by the innkeeper and travellers, he slipped the rope from off his wrist, and springing from the earth, mounted Rozinante, braced his target, couched his lance, and taking a good compass about the field, came up at a half gallop, saying, "Whoever shall dare to affirm that I was fairly enchanted, I say he lies; and provided my sovereign lady, the princess Micomicona, gives me leave, I challenge him to single combat." The new comers were amazed at Don Quixote's words, till the innkeeper explained the wonder, by telling them that he was disordered in his senses. They then inquired of the host whether there was not in the house a youth about fifteen years old, habited like a muleteer—in short, describing Donna Clara's lover. The host said that there were so many people in the inn, that he had not observed such a person as they described. But one of them just then seeing the judge's coach, said, "He must certainly be here, for there is the coach which he is said to have followed. Let one of us remain here, and the rest go in search for him; and it would not be amiss for one of us to ride round the

house, in case he should attempt to escape over the pales of the yard." All this they immediately did, much to the innkeeper's surprise, who could not guess the meaning of so much activity.

It was now full daylight, and most of the company in the house were rising; among the first, were Donna Clara and Dorothea, who had slept but indifferently; the one from concern at being so near her lover, and the other from a desire of seeing him. Don Quixote, finding that the four travellers regarded neither him nor his challenge, was furious with rage; and, could he have found a precedent among the ordinances of chivalry for engaging in a new adventure after he had pledged his word to forbear until the first had been accomplished, he would now have fiercely attacked them all, and compelled them to reply: but reflecting that he was bound in honour first to reinstate the princess on her throne, he endeavoured to tranquillize himself. In the mean time the men pursued their search after the youth, and at last found him peaceably sleeping by the side of a muleteer. One of them pulling him by the arm, said, "Upon my word, Signor Don Louis, your dress is very becoming a gentleman like you, and the bed you lie on is very suitable to the tenderness with which your mother brought you up!" The youth was roused from his sleep, and looking earnestly at the man who held him, he soon recollected him to be one of his father's servants, and was so confounded that he could not say a word. "Signor Don Louis," continued the servant, "you must instantly return home, unless you would cause the death of my lord your father, he is in such grief at your absence." "Why, how did my father know," said Don Louis, "that I came this road, and in this dress?" "He was informed by a student, to whom you mentioned your project, and who was induced to disclose it from compassion at your father's distress. There are four of us here at your service, and we shall be rejoiced to restore you to your family." "That will be as I shall please, or as Heaven may ordain," answered Don Louis. "What, signor, should you please to do, but return home?" rejoined the servant: "indeed, you cannot do otherwise."

The muleteer who had been Don Louis's companion hearing this contest, went to acquaint Don Fernando and the rest of the company with what was passing: telling them that the man had called the young lad Don, and wanted him to return to his father's house, but that he refused to go. They all recollected his fine voice, and being eager to know who he was, and to assist him if any violence were offered to him, they repaired to the place where he was contending with his servant. Dorothea now came out of her chamber, with Donna Clara: and, calling Cardenio aside, she related to him in a few words the history of the musician and Donna Clara. He then told her of the search that had been made after the young man by the servants, and although he whispered, he was overheard by Donna Clara, who was thrown into such an agony by the intelligence, that she would have fallen to the ground if Dorothea had not supported her. Cardenio advised her to retire with Donna Clara, while he endeavoured to make some arrangements in their behalf. Don Louis was now surrounded by all the four servants, entreating that he would immediately return to comfort his father. He answered that he could not possibly do so until he had accomplished that on which his life, his honour, and his soul depended. The servants still urged him, saying that they would certainly not go back without him, and that they must compel him to return if he refused. "That you shall not do," replied Don Louis; "at least you shall not take me living." This contest had now drawn together most of the people in the house, Don Fernando, Cardenio, the judge, the priest, the barber; and even Don Quixote had quitted his post of castle-guard. Cardenio, already knowing the young man's story, asked the men why they would take away the youth against

his will? "To save his father's life," replied one of them; "which is in danger from distress of mind." "There is no occasion to give an account of my affairs here," said Don Louis; "I am free, and will go back if I please; otherwise, none of you shall force me." "But reason will prevail with you," answered the servant; "and if not, we must do our duty." "Hold!" said the judge; "let us know the whole of this affair." The man (who recollected him) answered, "Does not your worship know this gentleman? He is your neighbour's son, and has absented himself from his father's house, in a garb very unbecoming his quality, as your worship may see." The judge, after looking at him with attention, recognised him, and accosted him in a friendly manner: "What childish frolic is this, Signor Don Louis," said he, "or what powerful motive has induced you to disguise yourself in a manner so unbecoming your rank?" The eyes of the youth were filled with tears, and he could not say a word. The judge desired the servants to be quiet, promising that all should be well; and, taking Don Louis by the hand, he led him aside and questioned him.

In the mean time a great uproar was heard at the inn-door, which was occasioned by two guests who had lodged there that night, and who, seeing everybody engaged, had attempted to go off without paying their reckoning: but the host, being more attentive to his own business than to that of other people, laid hold of them as they were going out of the door, and demanded his money: giving them such hard words for their evil intention, that they were provoked to return him an answer with their fists, and so much to the purpose that the poor innkeeper was forced to call for help. The hostess and her daughter seeing none more proper to give him succour than Don Quixote, applied to him: "Sir Knight," said the daughter, "I beseech you, by the valour which God has given you, to come and help my poor father, whom a couple of wicked fellows are beating without mercy." Don Quixote, very leisurely and with much phlegm, replied, "Fair maiden, your petition cannot be granted at present, because I am incapacitated from engaging in any other adventure until I have accomplished one for which my word is already plighted; all that I can do in your service is to advise you to go and desire your father to maintain the fight as well as he can, and by no means allow himself to be vanquished; in the mean time I will request permission of the princess Micomicona to relieve him in his distress, which, if she grants me, rest assured I will forthwith deliver him." "As I am a sinner," quoth Maritornes, who was present, "before your worship can do all that, my master may be gone into the other world." "Suffer me, madam, to obtain that permission," answered Don Quixote; "and if I procure it, it matters not though he be in the other world; for thence would I liberate him, in spite of the other world itself: or at least I will take such ample revenge on those who sent him thither, that you shall be entirely satisfied." Then, without saying another word, he approached Dorothea, and throwing himself on his knees before her, in chivalrous terms he entreated that her grandeur would vouchsafe to give him leave to succour the governor of the castle, who was in grievous distress. The princess very graciously consented; when, bracing on his target and drawing his sword, he proceeded to the inn-door, where the two guests were still maltreating the poor host; but before he came there, he suddenly stopped short and stood irresolute, though Maritornes and the hostess asked him why he delayed helping their master. "I delay," said Don Quixote, "because it is not lawful for me to draw my sword against plebeians; but call hither my squire, Sancho Panza, for to him doth this matter more properly belong." In the mean time the conflict at the door of the inn continued without intermission, very much to the disadvantage of the innkeeper, and the rage of Maritornes, the hostess, and her

daughter, who were ready to run distracted to see the cowardice of Don Quixote, and the injury done to their lord and master.

But here we must leave him: for somebody will no doubt come to his relief: if not, let him suffer for being so foolhardy as to engage in such an unequal contest: and let us remove some fifty paces off, to hear what Don Louis replied to the judge, whom we left questioning him as to the cause of his travelling on foot so meanly apparelled. The youth clasping his hands, as if some great affliction wrung his heart, and shedding tears in abundance, said in answer: "I can only say, dear sir, that from the moment Heaven was pleased by means of our vicinity to give me a sight of Donna Clara, your daughter, she became sovereign mistress of my affections; and if you, my true lord and father, do not oppose it, this very day she shall be my wife. For her I left my father's house, and for her I assumed this garb, to follow her wheresoever she might go. She herself knows no more of my passion than what she may have perceived by occasionally seeing, at a distance, my eyes full of tenderness and tears. You know, my lord, the wealth and rank of my family, of whom I am the sole heir; if these circumstances can plead in my favour, receive me immediately for your son: for though my father, influenced by other views of his own, should not approve my choice, time may reconcile him to it." Here the enamoured youth was silent, and the judge remained in suspense: no less surprised by the ingenious confession of Don Louis than perplexed how to act in the affair; in reply, therefore, he only desired him to be calm for the present, and not let his servants return that day, that there might be time to consider what was most expedient to be done. Don Louis kissed his hands with vehemence, bathing them with tears, that might have softened a heart of marble, much more that of the judge, who, being a man of sense, was aware how advantageous this match would be for his daughter. Nevertheless, he would rather, if possible, that it should take place with the consent of Don Louis's father, who he knew had pretensions to a title for his son.

By this time the innkeeper and his guests had made peace, more through the persuasions and arguments of Don Quixote than his threats; and the reckoning was paid. And now the devil, who never sleeps, so ordered it that at this time the very barber entered the inn who had been deprived of Mambrino's helmet by Don Quixote, and of the trappings of his ass by Sancho Panza; and as he was leading his beast to the stable he espied Sancho Panza, who at that moment was repairing something about the self-same pannel. He instantly fell upon him with fury: "Ah, thief!" said he, "have I got you at last!—give me my basin and my pannel, with all the furniture you stole from me!" Sancho finding himself thus suddenly attacked and abused, secured the pannel with one hand, and with the other made the barber such a return that his mouth was bathed in blood. Nevertheless, the barber would not let go his hold; but raised his voice so high that he drew everybody around him, while he called out, "Justice, in the king's name! This rogue and highway-robber here would murder me for endeavouring to recover my own goods." "You lie!" answered Sancho, "I am no highway-robber; my master, Don Quixote, won these spoils in fair war." Don Quixote was now present and not a little pleased to see how well his squire acted both on the offensive and defensive; and regarding him thenceforward as a man of mettle, he resolved in his mind to dub him a knight the first opportunity that offered, thinking the order of chivalry would be well bestowed upon him.

During this contest the barber made many protestations. "Gentlemen," said he, "this pannel is as certainly mine as the death I owe to God; I know it as well as if it were made by myself; and yonder stands my ass in the stable, who will not suffer me to lie—pray do but try it, and if it does not fit him to a hair,

let me be infamous : and moreover, the very day they took this from me, they robbed me likewise of a new brass basin, never hanselled, that cost me a crown." Here Don Quixote could not forbear interposing ; and separating the two combatants, he made them lay down the pannel on the ground to public view, until the truth should be decided. "The error of this honest squire," said he, "is manifest, in calling that a basin which was, is, and ever shall be, Mambrino's helmet—that helmet which I won in fair war, and am therefore its right and lawful possessor. With regard to the pannel, I decline any interference ; all I can say is, that my squire, Sancho, asked my permission to take the trappings belonging to the horse of this conquered coward, to adorn his own withal. I gave him leave—he took them, and if from horse-trappings they are metamorphosed into an ass's pannel, I have no other reasons to give than that these transformations are frequent in affairs of chivalry. In confirmation of what I say, go, Sancho, and bring hither the helmet which this honest man terms a basin." "In faith, sir," quoth Sancho, "if we have no better proof than that your worship speaks of, Mambrino's helmet will prove as errant a basin as the honest man's trappings are a pack-saddle." "Do what I command," replied Don Quixote ; "for surely all things in this castle cannot be governed by enchantment." Sancho went for the basin, and returning with it, he gave it to Don Quixote. "Only behold, gentlemen !" said he ; "how can this squire have the face to declare that this is a basin, and not the helmet which I have described to you ? By the order of knighthood which I profess, I swear that this very helmet is the same which I took from him, without addition or diminution." "There is no doubt of that," quoth Sancho, "for from the time my master won it, until now, he has fought but one battle in it, which was when he freed those unlucky galley-slaves ; and had it not been for that same basin-helmet he would not have got off so well from the showers of stones which rained upon him in that skirmish.

CHAPTER XLV.

In which the dispute concerning Mambrino's helmet and the pannel is decided ; with other adventures that really and truly happened.

"GOOD sirs," quoth the barber, "hear what these gentlefolks say ! They will have it that this is no basin, but a helmet !" "Aye," said Don Quixote, "and whoever shall affirm the contrary, I will convince him, if he be a knight, that he lies ; and if a squire, that he lies and lies again, a thousand times." Our barber, Master Nicholas, who was present, wishing to carry on the jest for the amusement of the company, addressed himself to the other barber, and said ;—"Signor barber, or whoever you are, know that I also am of your profession, and have had my certificate of examination above these twenty years, and am well acquainted with all the instruments of barber-surgery, without exception. I have likewise been a soldier in my youth, and therefore know what a helmet is, and what a morion or cap of steel is, as well as a casque with its beaver, and other matters relating to soldiery—I mean to the arms commonly used by soldiers. And I say, with submission always to better judgments, that the piece before us, which that gentleman holds in his hand, not only is not a barber's basin, but is as far from being so as white is from black, and truth from falsehood. At the same time I say that although it be a helmet, it is not a complete helmet." "Certainly not," said Don Quixote ; "for one-half of it is wanting, namely the beaver." "Undoubtedly," said the priest, who perceived his friend the

barber's design; and Cardenio, Don Fernando, and his companions, all confirmed the same: even the judge, had not his thoughts been engrossed by the affair of Don Louis, would have taken some share in the jest; but in the perplexed state of his mind he could attend but little to these pleasantries.

"Mercy on me!" quoth the astonished barber, "how is it possible that so many honourable gentlemen should maintain that this is not a basin, but a helmet! This would be enough to astonish a whole university, be it ever so wise. Well, if the basin be a helmet, then the pannel must needs be a horse's furniture, as the gentleman has said." "To me, indeed, it seems to be a pannel," said Don Quixote; "but I have already told you I will not interfere on that subject." "Whether it be the pannel of an ass, or the caparison of a horse," said the priest, "must be left to the decision of Signor Don Quixote: for in matters of chivalry, all these gentlemen and myself submit to his judgment." "By all that is holy! gentlemen," said Don Quixote, "such extraordinary things have befallen me in this castle, that I dare not vouch for the certainty of anything that it may contain; for I verily believe that all is conducted by the powers of enchantment. During my first visit, I was tormented by an enchanted Moor, while Sancho fared no better among some of his followers: and this night I have been suspended for nearly two hours by my arm, without knowing either the means or the cause of my persecution: it would be rash in me, therefore, to give my opinion in an affair of so much perplexity. As to the question whether this be a basin or a helmet, I have already answered; but with regard to the pannel, gentlemen, not daring myself to pronounce a definitive sentence, I refer it to your wisdom to decide. Perhaps, as you are not knights-errant, the enchantments of this place may not have the same power over you; and, your understandings remaining free, you may judge of things as they really are, and not as they appear to me." "There is no doubt," answered Don Fernando, "but that Signor Don Quixote is right in leaving the decision of this case to us; and that we may proceed in it upon solid grounds, I will take the votes of these gentlemen in secret, and then give you a clear and full account of the result."

To those acquainted with Don Quixote, all this was choice entertainment; while to others it seemed the height of folly, among whom were Don Louis, his servants, and three other guests, troopers of the holy brotherhood, who just then arrived at the inn. As for the barber, he was quite raving to see his basin converted into Mambrino's helmet before his eyes, and he made no doubt but his pannel would undergo a like transformation. It was diverting to see Don Fernando walking round and taking the opinion of each person at his ear, whether that precious object of contention was a pannel or caparison; and after he had taken the votes of all those who knew Don Quixote, he said aloud to the barber, "In truth, honest friend, I am weary of collecting votes; for I propose the question to nobody who does not say in reply, that it is quite ridiculous to assert that this is an ass's pannel, and not the caparison of a horse, and even of a well-bred horse; and as you have given us no proofs to the contrary, you must have patience and submit, for in spite of both you and your ass, this is no pannel." "Let me never enjoy a place in heaven!" exclaimed the barber, "if your worships are not all mistaken; and so may my soul appear in heaven as this appears to me a pannel, and not a caparison: but so go the laws:—I say no more: and verily I am not drunk, for I am as yet fasting from everything but sin."

The barber's simplicity caused no less merriment than the vagaries of the knight, who now said, "As sentence is passed, let each take his own; and him to whom God giveth, may St. Peter bless." One of Don Louis's four servants now interposed. "How is it possible," said he, "that men of common

understanding should say that this is not a basin nor that a pannel? But since you do actually affirm it, I suspect that there must be some mystery in obstinately maintaining a thing so contrary to the plain truth: for by—(and out he rapped a round oath) all the votes in the world shall never persuade me that this is not a barber's basin and that a jackass's pannel." "May it not be that of a she-ass?" quoth the priest. "That is all one," said the servant; "the question is only whether it be or be not a pannel." One of the officers of the holy brotherhood, who had overheard the dispute, cried out, full of indignation, "It is as surely a pannel as my father is my father; and whoever says, or shall say, to the contrary, must be drunk." "You lie, like a pitiful scoundrel!" answered Don Quixote; and lifting up his lance, which was still in his hand, he aimed such a blow at the trooper, that, had he not slipped aside, he would have been levelled to the ground. The lance came down with such fury that it was shivered to pieces. "Help! help the holy brotherhood!" cried out the other officers. The innkeeper, being himself one of that body, ran instantly for his wand and sword, to support his comrades. Don Louis's servants surrounded their master, lest he should escape during the confusion. The barber perceiving the house turned topsy-turvy, laid hold again of his pannel, and Sancho did the same. Don Quixote drew his sword, and fell upon the troopers: and Don Louis called out to his servants to leave him, that they might assist Don Quixote, Cardenio, and Don Fernando, who both took part with the knight. The priest cried out, the hostess shrieked, her daughter wept, Maritornes roared, Dorothea was alarmed, Lucinda stood amazed, and Donna Clara fainted away. The barber cuffed Sancho, and Sancho pummelled the barber. Don Louis gave one of his servants, who had presumed to hold him by the arm lest he should escape, such a blow with his fist that his mouth was bathed in blood: which caused the judge to interpose in his defence. Don Fernando got one of the troopers down, and laid on his blows most unmercifully; while the innkeeper bawled aloud for help to the holy brotherhood; thus was the whole inn filled with cries, wailings, and shrieks, dismay, confusion, and terror, kicks, cudgellings, and effusion of blood. In the midst of this chaos and hurly-burly Don Quixote suddenly conceived that he was involved over head and ears in the discord of king Agramante's camp, and he called out in a voice which made the whole inn shake, "Hold, all of you! Put up your swords; be pacified, and listen all to me, if ye would live!" His vehemence made them desist, and he went on saying: "Did I not tell you, sirs, that this castle was enchanted, and that some legion of devils must inhabit it? Behold the confirmation of what I said! Mark with your own eyes how the discord of Agramante's camp is transferred hither amongst us!—there they fight for the sword, here for the horse, yonder for the eagle, here again for the helmet: we all fight, and no one understands another. Let, then, my lord judge and his reverence the priest come forward, the one as king Agramante, the other as king Sobrino, and restore us to peace; for by the powers divine it were most disgraceful and iniquitous that so many gentlemen of our rank should slay each other for such trivial matters." The troopers not understanding Don Quixote's language, and finding themselves still roughly handled by Don Fernando, Cardenio, and their companions, would not be pacified; but the barber submitted: for both his beard and his pannel were demolished in the scuffle; and Sancho, like a dutiful servant, obeyed the least word of his master. Don Louis's four servants were also quiet, seeing how unprofitable it was to interfere. The innkeeper, still refractory, insisted that the insolence of that madman ought to be chastised, who was continually turning his house upside down. At length the tumult subsided; the pannel was to remain a caparison, and the basin a helmet, and the inn a castle. at least in Don Quixote's imagination, until the day of judgment.

Amity and peace being now restored by the interposition of the judge and the priest, the servants of Don Louis renewed their solicitations for his return. The judge having in the mean time informed Don Fernando, Cardenio, and the priest, of what had passed between himself and the young man, he consulted with them on the affair, and it was finally agreed that Don Fernando should make himself known to Don Louis's servants, and inform them that it was his desire that the young gentleman should accompany him to Andalusia, where he would be treated by the marquis his brother in a manner suitable to his quality; for his determination was at all events not to return just at that time into his father's presence. The servants being apprised of Don Fernando's rank, and finding Don Louis resolute, agreed among themselves that three of them should return to give his father account of what had passed, and that the other should stay to attend Don Louis, and not leave him until he knew his lord's pleasure. Thus was this complicated tumult appeased by the authority of Agramante and the prudence of Sobrino.

But the enemy of peace and concord finding himself foiled and disappointed in the scanty produce of so promising a field, resolved to try his fortune once more, by contriving new frays and disturbances. The officers of the holy brotherhood, on hearing the qualities of their opponents, retreated from the fray, thinking that whatever might be the issue they were likely to be losers. But one of this body, who had been severely handled by Don Fernando, happened to recollect that among other warrants in his possession he had one against Don Quixote, whom his superiors had ordered to be taken into custody for releasing galley-slaves: thus confirming Sancho's just apprehensions. In order to examine whether the person of Don Quixote answered the description, he drew forth a parchment scroll from his doublet, and began to read it slowly (for he was not much of a scholar), ever and anon as he proceeded fixing his eyes on Don Quixote, comparing the marks in his warrant with the lines of his physiognomy. Finding them exactly to correspond, and being convinced that he was the very person therein described, he held out the warrant in his left hand, while with his right he seized Don Quixote by the collar with so powerful a grasp as almost to strangle him, at the same time crying aloud—"Help the holy brotherhood! and that you may see I require it in earnest, read this warrant, wherein it is expressly ordered that this highway-robber should be apprehended." The priest took the warrant, and found what the trooper said was true; the description exactly corresponding with the person of Don Quixote. The knight, finding himself so rudely handled by this scoundrel, was exasperated to the highest pitch, and trembling with rage caught the trooper by the throat with both hands; and had he not been immediately rescued by his comrades, he would certainly have been strangled before Don Quixote had loosed his hold. The innkeeper, who was bound to aid his brother in office, ran instantly to help him. The hostess, seeing her husband again engaged in battle, again exalted her voice; her daughter and Maritornes added their pipes to the same tune, calling upon heaven and all around them for assistance. "As God shall save me!" exclaimed Sancho, "what my master says is true about the enchantments of this castle; for it is impossible to live an hour quietly in it." Don Fernando at length parted the officer and Don Quixote; and, to the satisfaction of both, unlocked their hands from the doublet-collar of the one and from the wind-pipe of the other. Nevertheless, the troopers persisted in claiming their prisoner; declaring that the king's service and that of the holy brotherhood required it; and in whose name they again demanded help and assistance in apprehending that common robber and highway thief. Don Quixote smiled at these expressions, and with great calmness said, "Come hither, base and ill-born crew: call ye it robbing on the highway to loosen the chains of the captive, to

set the prisoner free, to succour the oppressed, to raise the fallen, and relieve the needy and wretched? Ah, scoundrel race! undeserving, by the meanness and baseness of your understandings, that Heaven should reveal to you the worth inherent in knight-errantry, or make you sensible of your own sin and ignorance in not revering the shadow much more the presence of any knight-errant! Tell me, ye rogues in a troop; not troopers, but highway marauders under licence of the holy brotherhood—tell me, who was the blockhead that signed the warrant for apprehending such a knight as I am? Who was he who knew not that knights-errant are exempt from all judicial authority; that their sword is their law, valour their privilege, and their own will their edicts? Who was the madman, I say again, who knew not that there is no patent of gentility which contains so many privileges and exemptions as are required by the knight-errant on the day he devotes himself to the rigorous exercise of chivalry? What knight-errant ever paid custom, poll-tax, subsidy, quit-rent, portorage, or ferry-boat? What tailor ever brought in a bill for making his clothes? What governor that lodged him in his castle ever made him pay for his entertainment? What king did not seat him at his table? What damsel was not enamoured of him, and did not yield herself up entirely to his will and pleasure? Finally, what knight-errant ever did, or shall exist, who has not courage, with his single arm, to bestow a hundred bastinadoes on any four hundred troopers of the holy brotherhood who shall dare to oppose him?"

CHAPTER. XLVI.

In which is finished the notable adventure of the holy brotherhood; with an account of the ferocity of our good knight Don Quixote.

THUS eloquently did Don Quixote harangue the officers, while at the same time the priest endeavoured to persuade them that since the knight, as they might easily perceive, was deranged in his mind, it was useless for them to proceed farther in the affair: for if they were to apprehend him, he would soon be released as insane. But the trooper only said in answer that it was not his business to judge of the state of Don Quixote's intellects, but to obey the order of his superior; and that when he had once secured him, they might set him free as often as they pleased. "Indeed," said the priest, "you must forbear this once; nor do I think that he will suffer himself to be taken." In fact, the priest said so much, and Don Quixote acted so extravagantly, that the officers would have been more crazy than himself had they not desisted after such evidence of his infirmity. They judged it best, therefore, to be quiet, and endeavour to make peace between the barber and Sancho Panza, who still continued their scuffle with great rancour. As officers of justice, therefore, they compounded the matter, and pronounced such a decision that, if both parties were not perfectly contented, at least they were in some degree satisfied; it being settled that they should exchange pannels, but neither girths nor halters. As for Mambrino's helmet, the priest, unknown to Don Quixote, paid the barber eight reals, for which he received a discharge in full, acquitting him of all fraud thenceforth and for evermore.

Thus were these important contests decided: and fortune seemed to smile on all the heroes and heroines of the inn; even the face of Donna Clara betrayed the joy of her heart, as the servants of Don Louis had acquiesced in his wishes. Zoraida, although she could not understand everything, looked sad or gay in conformity to the expressions she observed in their several countenances,

especially that of her Spaniard, on whom not only her eyes but her soul rested. The innkeeper, observing the recompense the priest had made the barber, claimed also the payment of his demands upon Don Quixote, with ample satisfaction for the damage done to his skins, and the loss of his wine; and swore that neither Rozinante nor the ass should stir out of the inn until he had been paid the uttermost farthing. The priest, however, endeavoured to soothe him; and, what was more, Don Fernando settled the knight's account, although the judge would fain have taken the debt upon himself. Peace was, therefore, entirely restored; and the inn no longer displayed the confusion of Agramante's camp, as Don Quixote had called it; but rather the tranquillity of the days of Octavius Cæsar. Thanks to the mediation and eloquence of the priest, and the liberality of Don Fernando.

Don Quixote now finding himself disengaged, thought it was time to pursue his journey, and accomplish the grand enterprise for which he had been elected. Accordingly, he approached the princess, and threw himself upon his knees before her; but she would not listen to him in that posture; and, therefore, in obedience to her he arose, and thus addressed her: "It is a common adage, fair lady, that 'diligence is the mother of success;' and experience constantly verifies its truth. The active solicitor brings the doubtful suit to a happy issue; but this truth is never more obvious than in military operations, where expedition and despatch anticipate the designs of the enemy, and victory is secured before he is prepared for defence. I am induced to make these remarks, most exalted lady, because our abode in this castle seems no longer necessary, and may, indeed, be prejudicial; for who knows but your enemy the giant may, by secret spies, get intelligence of my approach, and thus gain time to fortify himself in some impregnable fortress, against which my vigilance and the force of my indefatigable arm may be ineffectual. Therefore, sovereign lady, that his designs may be prevented by our diligence, let us depart quickly in the name of that good fortune which will be yours the moment I come face to face with your enemy." Here Don Quixote was silent, and with dignified composure awaited the answer of the beautiful infanta, who, with an air of majesty, and in a style corresponding with that of her knight, thus replied: "I am obliged to you, sir knight, for the zeal you testify in my cause, so worthy of a true knight whose office and employment it is to succour the orphan and distressed; and Heaven grant that our desires may be soon accomplished, that you may see that all women are not ungrateful. As to my departure, let it be instantly; for I have no other will but yours. Dispose of me entirely at your pleasure: for she who has committed the defence of her person and the restoration of her dominions into your hands must not oppose what your wisdom shall direct." "By Heaven!" exclaimed Don Quixote, "I will not lose the opportunity of exalting a lady who thus humbleth herself. I will replace her on the throne of her ancestors. Let us depart immediately: for the ardour of my zeal makes me impatient: nor hath Heaven created nor earth seen aught of danger that can daunt or affright me. Sancho, let Rozinante be saddled; get ready thine own beast, and also her majesty's palfrey; let us take our leave of the governor of the castle and these nobles, that we may set forth instantly."

Sancho, who had been present all the time, shook his head, saying, "Ah, master of mine! there are more tricks in the town than are dreamt of; with all respect be it spoken." "What tricks can there be to my prejudice in any town or city in the world, thou bumpkin?" said Don Quixote. "If your worship puts yourself into a passion," answered Sancho, "I will hold my tongue, and not say what I am bound to say as a faithful squire and a dutiful servant." "Say what thou wilt," replied Don Quixote; "but think not to intimidate me: for it is thy nature to be faint-hearted—mine to be proof against all fear."

"As I am a sinner to Heaven," answered Sancho, "I mean nothing of all this; I mean only that I am sure and positively certain this lady who calls herself queen of the great kingdom of Micomicon is no more a queen than my mother; for if she were so she would not be nuzzling at every turn and in every corner with a certain person in the company." Dorothea's colour rose at Sancho's remark; for it was indeed true that her spouse, Don Fernando, now and then by stealth had snatched with his lips an earnest of that reward which his affections deserved; and Sancho, having observed it, thought this freedom very unbecoming the queen of so vast a kingdom. As Dorothea could not contradict Sancho, she remained silent, and suffered him to continue his remarks. "I say this, sir, because supposing after we have travelled through thick and thin, and passed many bad nights and worse days, one who is now enjoying himself in this inn should chance to reap the fruit of our labours, there would be no use in my hastening to saddle Rozinante, or get ready the ass and the palfrey; therefore we had better be quiet. Let every drab mind her spinning, and let us to dinner." Good Heaven! how great was the indignation of Don Quixote on hearing his squire speak in terms so disrespectful! It was so great that, with a faltering voice and stammering tongue, while living fire darted from his eyes, he cried, "Scoundrel! unmannerly, ignorant, ill-spoken, foul-mouthed, impudent, murmuring and back-biting villain! How darest thou utter such words in my presence, and in the presence of these illustrious ladies! How darest thou to entertain such rude and insolent thoughts in thy confused imagination! Avoid my presence, monster of nature, treasury of lies, magazine of deceits, storehouse of rogueries, inventor of mischiefs, publisher of absurdities, and foe to all the honour due to royalty! Begone!—appear not before me on pain of my severest indignation!" And as he spoke he arched his eyebrows, swelled his cheeks, stared around him, and gave a violent stamp with his right foot on the ground; plainly indicating the fury that raged in his breast. Poor Sancho was so terrified by the storm of passion, that he would have been glad if the earth had opened that instant and swallowed him up. He knew not what to say or do; so he turned his back and hastened out of the presence of his furious master.

But the discreet Dorothea, perfectly understanding Don Quixote, in order to pacify his wrath, said, "Be not offended, sir knight of the sorrowful figure, at the impertinence of your good squire, for perhaps he has not spoken without some foundation; nor can it be suspected, considering his good sense and Christian conscience, that he would bear false witness against anybody; it is possible that since, as you affirm yourself, sir knight, the powers of enchantment prevail in this castle, Sancho may, by the same diabolical illusion, have seen what he has affirmed so much to the prejudice of my honour." "By the Omnipotent, I swear," quoth Don Quixote, "your highness has hit the mark!—some evil apparition must have appeared to this sinner, and represented to him what it was impossible for him to see any other way; for I am perfectly assured of the simplicity and innocence of the unhappy wretch, and that he is incapable of slandering any person living." "So it is, and so it shall be," said Don Fernando: "therefore, Signor Don Quixote, you ought to pardon him and restore him to your favour, *sicut erat in principio* before these illusions turned his brain." Don Quixote having promised his forgiveness, the priest went for Sancho, who came in with much humility, and on his knees begged his master's hand, which was given to him; and after he had allowed him to kiss it, he gave him his blessing, adding, "Thou wilt now, son Sancho, be thoroughly convinced of what I have often told thee, that all things in this castle are conducted by enchantment." "I believe so, too," quoth Sancho, "except the business of the blanket, which really fell out in the ordinary way."

"Believe not so," answered Don Quixote; "for in that case I would have revenged thee at the time, and even now; but neither could I then, nor can I now, find on whom to resent the injury." To gratify the curiosity which this remark had excited, the innkeeper gave a very circumstantial account of Sancho Panza's excursion in the air, which, though it entertained the rest, would have distressed the feelings of the squire, if his master had not given him fresh assurances that it was all a matter of enchantment. However, Sancho's faith was never so strong but that he shrewdly suspected it to be a downright fact, and no illusion at all, that he had been tossed in a blanket by persons of flesh and blood, and by no visionary phantoms.

This illustrious company had now passed two whole days in the inn; and thinking it time to depart, they considered how the priest and barber might convey the knight to his home without troubling Dorothea and Don Fernando to accompany them; and for that purpose, having first engaged a waggoner who happened to pass by with his team of oxen, they proceeded in the following manner. They formed a kind of cage, with poles grate-wise, large enough to contain Don Quixote at his ease; then, by the direction of the priest, Don Fernando and his companions, with Don Louis's servants, the officers of the holy brotherhood, and the innkeeper, covered their faces, and disguised themselves so as not to be recognised by Don Quixote. This done, they silently entered the room where the knight lay fast asleep, reposing after his late exertions, and secured him with cords; so that when he awoke, he stared about in amazement at the strange visages that surrounded him, but found himself totally unable to move. His disordered imagination operating as usual, immediately suggested to him that these were goblins of the enchanted castle, and that he was entangled in its charms, since he felt himself unable to stir in his own defence, a surmise which the curate, who projected the stratagem, had anticipated. Sancho alone was in his own proper figure: and though he wanted but little of being infected with his master's infirmity, yet he was not ignorant who all these counterfeit goblins were; but he thought it best to be quiet until he saw what was intended by this seizure and imprisonment of his master. Neither did the knight utter a word, but submissively waited the issue of his misfortune. Having brought the cage into the chamber, they placed him within it, and secured it so that it was impossible he could make his escape. In this situation he was conveyed out of the house; and on leaving the chamber a voice was heard, as dreadful as the barber could form (not he of the pannel, but the other), saying: "O knight of the sorrowful figure! let not thy present confinement afflict thee, since it is essential to the speedy accomplishment of the adventure in which thy great valour hath engaged thee, which shall be finished when the furious Manchegan lion shall be coupled with the white Tobosian dove, after having submitted their stately necks to the soft matrimonial yoke; from which wonderful conjunction shall spring into the light of the world brave whelps who shall emulate the ravaging claws of their valorous sire. And this shall come to pass before the pursuer of the fugitive nymph shall have made two circuits to visit the bright constellations, in his rapid and natural course. And thou, O the most noble and obedient squire that ever had sword in belt, beard on face, and smell in nostrils, be not dismayed nor afflicted to see the flower of knight-errantry carried thus away before thine eyes; for ere long, if it so please the great Artificer of the world, thou shalt see thyself so exalted and sublimated as not to know thyself; and thus will the promises of thy valorous lord be fulfilled. Be assured, moreover, in the name of the sage Mentironiana,* that thy wages shall be punctually paid thee. Follow, therefore, the valorous and enchanted knight, for it is

* A word framed from "*mentira*," a lie.

expedient for thee to go where ye both may find repose. More I am not permitted to say. Heaven protect thee! I now go—I well know whither!” As he delivered this solemn prediction, the prophet first raised his voice high, then gradually lowered it to so pathetic a tone, that even those who were in the plot were not unmoved.

Don Quixote was much comforted by this prophecy, quickly comprehending the whole signification thereof; for he saw that it promised him the felicity of being joined in holy wedlock with his beloved Dulcinea del Toboso, from whom should issue the whelps his sons, to the everlasting honour of La Mancha. Upon the strength of this conviction, he exclaimed, with a deep sigh, “O thou, whoever thou art, who hast prognosticated me so much good, I beseech thee to intercede in my behalf with the sage enchanter who hath the charge of my affairs, that he suffer me not to perish in the prison wherein I am now enclosed, before these promises of joyful and heavenly import are fulfilled. Let them but come to pass, and I shall glory in the pains of my imprisonment, enjoy the chains with which I am bound, and imagine this hard couch whereon I lie a soft bridal bed of down. On the affectionate attachment of my squire, Sancho Panza, I have too much reliance to think that he will desert me, whatever be my fortunes; and though it should even happen, through his or my evil destiny, that I were unable to give him the island, or something equivalent, according to my promise, at least he shall not lose his salary; for in my will, which is already made, I have settled that point; not, indeed, proportionate to his many and good services, but according to my own ability.” Sancho Panza bowed with great respect, and kissed both his master’s hands; for one alone he could not, as they were both tied together. The goblins then took the cage on their shoulders, and placed it on the waggon.

CHAPTER XLVII.

Of the strange and wonderful manner in which Don Quixote de la Mancha was enchanted, with other remarkable occurrences.

“LEARNED and very grave historians of knights-errant have I read,” said Don Quixote, on finding himself thus cooped up and caged; “but I never read, saw, nor heard of enchanted knights being transported in this manner, and so slowly as these lazy, heavy animals seem to proceed; for they were usually conveyed through the air with wonderful speed, enveloped in some thick and dark cloud, or on some fiery chariot, or mounted upon a hippogriff, or some such animal. But to be carried upon a team drawn by oxen—before Heaven, it overwhelms me with confusion! Perhaps, however, the enchantments of these our times may differ from those of the ancients; and it is also possible that as I am a new knight in the world, and the first who revived the long-forgotten exercise of knight-errantry, new modes may have been invented. What thinkest thou of this, son Sancho?” “I do not know what to think,” answered Sancho, “not being so well read as your worship in scriptures-errant; yet I dare affirm and swear that these hobgoblins here about us are not altogether catholic.” “Catholic my father!” answered Don Quixote: “how can they be catholic, being devils who have assumed fantastic shapes to effect their purpose, and throw me into this state?” To convince thyself of this, try to touch and feel them, and thou wilt find their bodies have no substance, but are of air, existing only to the sight.” “Fore Heaven, sir!” replied Sancho, “I have already touched them; and this devil, who is so very busy

here about us, is as plump as a partridge, and has another property very different from what your devils are wont to have—for it is said, they all smell of brimstone, and other bad scents; but this spark smells of amber, at half a league's distance." Sancho spoke of Don Fernando, who, being a cavalier of rank, must have been perfumed as Sancho described. "Wonder not at this, friend Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "for thou must know that devils are cunning; and although they may carry perfumes about them, they have no scent themselves, being spirits; or, if they do smell, it can be of nothing but what is foul and offensive, since wherever they are they carry hell about them, and have no respite from their torments. Now, perfumes being pleasing and delicious, it is quite impossible that they should have such an odour; or if, to thy sense, one smelleth of amber, either thou deceivest thyself, or he would mislead thee, that thou mightest not know him for a fiend."

Thus were the knight and squire discoursing together when Don Fernando and Cardenio, fearing lest Sancho should see into the whole of their plot, being already not far from it, resolved to hasten their departure; and, calling the innkeeper aside, they ordered him to saddle Rozinante, and pannel the ass, which he did with great expedition. In the meanwhile the priest engaged to pay the troopers of the holy brotherhood to accompany Don Quixote home to his village. Cardenio fastened the buckler on one side of the pommel of Rozinante's saddle, and the basin on the other; then, after placing the two troopers with their carbines on each side of the waggon, he made signs to Sancho to mount his ass, and lead Rozinante by the bridle. But before the car moved forward, the hostess, her daughter, and Maritornes, came out to take their leave of Don Quixote, pretending to shed tears for grief at his misfortune. "Weep not, my good ladies," said the knight, "for disasters of this kind are incident to those of my profession; and if such calamities did not befall me, I should not account myself a distinguished knight-errant, for these events never occur to the ignoble, but to those whose valour and virtue excite the envy of princes and knights, who seek by evil machinations to defame whatever is praiseworthy and good. Notwithstanding which, so powerful is virtue, that of herself alone, in spite of all the necromantic skill of the first enchanter, Zoroaster, she will come off victorious in every attack, and spread her lustre over the world, as the sun illumines the heavens. Pardon me, fair ladies, if I have through inadvertence given you any offence—for intentionally I never offended any person; and I beseech you to pray Heaven for my deliverance from my present thralldom; and if ever I find myself at liberty, I shall not forget the favours you have done me in this castle, but shall acknowledge and requite them as they deserve."

While this passed between the ladies of the castle and Don Quixote, the priest and the barber took their leave of Don Fernando and his companions, the captain, and of all the ladies, now supremely happy. Don Fernando requested the priest to give him intelligence of Don Quixote, assuring him that nothing would afford him more satisfaction than to hear of his future proceedings; and he promised, on his part, to inform him of whatever might amuse or please him respecting his own marriage, the baptism of Zoraida, and the return of Lucinda to her parents, and also the issue of Don Louis's amour. The priest engaged to perform all that was desired of him with the utmost punctuality; after which they separated, with many expressions of mutual cordiality and good-will. Just before the priest left the house, the innkeeper brought him some papers which he said he had found in the lining of the wallet that contained the novel of the "Curious Impertinent;" and since the owner had never returned to claim them, and he could not read himself, he might take them away with him. The priest thanked him; and opening the

papers, found them to be a novel, entitled "*Rinconete and Cortadillo*;" and, concluding that it was by the same author as that of the "*Curious Impertinent*," was inclined to judge favourably of it: he therefore accepted the manuscript, intending to peruse it the first opportunity that offered. He and the barber then joined the cavalcade, which was arranged in the following order:—In the front was the car, guided by the owner, and on each side the troopers with their matchlocks; then came Sancho upon his ass, leading Rozinante by the bridle; and in the rear the priest and his friend Nicholas, mounted on their stately mules; and thus the whole moved on with great solemnity, regulated by the slow pace of the oxen. Don Quixote sat in the cage, with his hands tied and his legs stretched out, leaning against the bars as silently and patiently as if he had been not a man of flesh and blood, but a statue of stone. In this manner they travelled about two leagues, when they came to a valley which the waggoner thought a convenient place for resting and baiting his cattle; but on his proposing it, the barber recommended that they should travel a little farther, as beyond the next rising ground there was a vale that afforded much better pasture; and this advice was followed.

The priest, happening about this time to look back, perceived behind them six or seven horsemen, well mounted and accoutred, who soon came up with them; for they were not travelling with the phlegmatic pace of the oxen, but like persons mounted on good ecclesiastical mules, and eager to reach a place of shelter against the midday sun. The speedy overtook the slow, and each party courteously saluted the other. One of the travellers, who was a canon of Toledo, and master to those who accompanied him, observing the orderly procession of the waggon, the troopers, Sancho, Rozinante, the priest, and the barber, and especially Don Quixote caged up and imprisoned, could not forbear making some inquiries; though, on observing the badges of the holy brotherhood, he concluded that they were conveying some notorious robber, or other criminal, whose punishment belonged to that fraternity. "Why the gentleman is carried in this manner," replied one of the troopers who was questioned, "he must tell you himself; for we know nothing about the matter." Upon which Don Quixote (having overheard what passed) said: "If perchance, gentlemen, you are conversant in the affairs of chivalry, I will acquaint you with my misfortunes; but if not, I will spare myself that trouble." The priest and the barber perceiving that the travellers were speaking with Don Quixote, rode up to them, lest anything should pass that might frustrate their plot. The canon, in answer to Don Quixote, said: "In truth, brother, I am more conversant in books of chivalry than in Villalpando's Summaries; you may, therefore, freely communicate to me whatever you please." "With Heaven's permission, then," replied Don Quixote, "be it known to you, signor cavalier, that I am enchanted in this cage through the envy and fraud of wicked necromancers; for virtue is more persecuted by the wicked than beloved by the good. A knight-errant I am: not one of those whose names fame has forgotten to eternize, but one who, in despite of envy itself, and of all the magicians of Persia, the Brahmins of India, and the gymnosophists of Ethiopia, shall enrol his name in the temple of immortality, to serve as a model and mirror to future ages, whereby knights-errant may see the track they are to follow, if they are ambitious of reaching the honourable summit and pinnacle of true glory." "Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha says the truth," said the priest; "for he is conveyed in that enchanted state not through his own fault or demerit, but the malice of those to whom virtue is odious, and courage obnoxious. This, sir, is the knight of the sorrowful figure, whose valorous exploits and heroic deeds shall be recorded on solid brass and everlasting marble, in despite of all the efforts of

envy and malice to conceal and obscure them." The canon, upon hearing not only the imprisoned but the free man talk in such a style, crossed himself in amazement, nor were his followers less surprised; and Sancho now coming up, to mend the matter, said: "Look ye, gentlemen, let it be well or ill taken, I will out with it: the truth of the case is, my master, Don Quixote, is just as much enchanted as my mother; he is in his perfect senses—he eats, drinks, and does everything else like other men, and as he did yesterday, before they cooped him up. This being so, will you persuade me he is enchanted? The enchanted, I have heard say, neither eat, nor sleep, nor speak; but my master here, if nobody stops him, will talk ye more than thirty baristers." Then, turning to the priest, he went on saying: "Ah, master priest, master priest, do I not know you? And think you that I cannot guess what these new enchantments drive at? Let me tell you I know you, though you do hide your face, and understand you, too, sly as you may be. But the good cannot abide where envy rules, nor is generosity found in a beggarly breast. Evil befall the devil! Had it not been for your reverence, before this time his worship had been married to the princess Micomicona, and I had been an earl at least; for I could expect no less from my master's bounty, and the greatness of my services. But I find the proverb true, that 'the wheel of fortune turns swifter than a mill-wheel,' and they who were yesterday at the top are to-day at the bottom. I am grieved for my poor wife and children; for when they might reasonably expect to see their father come home a governor or viceroy of some island or kingdom, they will now see him return a pitiful groom. All this I say, master priest, only to make your paternity feel some compunction in regard to what you are doing with my master; take heed that you are not called to an account in the next life for this imprisonment of my lord, and all the good he might have done during this time of his confinement be required at your hands." "Snuff me these candles!" quoth the barber, interrupting the squire; "what! art thou, Sancho, of thy master's fraternity? As Heaven shall save me, I begin to think thou art likely to keep him company in the cage, for thy share of his humour and his chivalry. In an evil hour wert thou puffed up by his promises, and thy head filled with islands." "I am not puffed up at all," answered Sancho, "nor am I a man to suffer myself to become so by the promises of the best king that may be: and though I am a poor man, I am an old Christian, and owe nobody anything; and if I covet islands, there are others who covet worse things; and every one is the son of his own works: and being a man, I may come to be pope, and much more easily, governor of an island; especially since my master may win so many, that he may be at a loss where to bestow them. Take heed, master barber, what you say; for shaving beards is not all, and there is some difference between Pedro and Pedro. I say this because we know one another, and there is no putting false dice upon me. As for my master's enchantment, Heaven knows the truth, and let that rest—it is the worse for stirring." The barber would not answer Sancho, lest his simplicity should betray them; and for the same reason the priest desired the canon to go on a little before, saying he would let him into the mystery of the imprisonment, with other particulars that would amuse him.

The canon and his servants then rode on before with the priest, who entertained him with a circumstantial account of Don Quixote, from the first symptoms of his derangement to his present situation in the cage. The canon was surprised at what he heard. "Truly," said he to the curate, "those tales of chivalry are very prejudicial to the common-weal; and, though led away by an idle and false taste, I have read in part almost all that are printed, I could never get through the whole of any one of them—they are all so much alike. In my opinion, this kind of writing and composition falls under the head of what are called Milesian

fables, which are extravagant stories calculated merely to amuse, and very unlike those moral tales which are no less instructive than entertaining ; and though the principal object of such books is to please, I know not how they can attain that end by such monstrous absurdities : for the mind receives pleasure from the beauty and consistency of what is presented to the imagination, not from that which is incongruous and unnatural. Where is the sense or consistency of a tale in which a youth of sixteen hews down a giant as tall as a steeple, and splits him in two as if he were made of paste ? Or how are we to be interested in the detail of a battle, when we are told that the hero contends alone against a million of adversaries, and obtains the victory by his single arm ? Then what shall we say to the facility with which a queen or empress throws herself into the arms of an errant and unknown knight ? What mind, not wholly barbarous and uncultivated, can feel satisfied in reading that a vast tower, full of knights, is launched upon the ocean, and sailing like a ship before the wind, is to-night in Lombardy, and to-morrow morning in the country of Prester John, in the Indies, or in some other that Ptolemy never discovered, or Marco Paolo ever saw ? It may be said that these being professedly works of invention, should not be criticised for inaccuracy : but I say that fiction should be probable, and that in proportion as it is so, it is pleasing. Fables should not be composed to outrage the understanding ; but by making the wonderful appear possible, and creating in the mind a pleasing interest, they may both surprise and entertain : which cannot be effected where no regard is paid to probability. I have never yet found a regular, well-connected fable in any of our books of chivalry—they are all inconsistent and monstrous ; the style is generally bad ; and they abound with incredible exploits, lascivious amours, absurd sentiment, and miraculous adventures : in short, they should be banished every Christian country."

The priest listened attentively to these observations of the canon, which he thought were perfectly just ; and he told him that he also had such enmity to those tales of chivalry that he had destroyed all that Don Quixote had possessed, which were not a few in number ; and he amused the canon very much by his account of the formal trial and condemnation through which they had passed. "Notwithstanding all that I have said against this kind of books," said the canon, "I think they certainly have the advantage of affording an ample field for the exercise of genius : there is such scope for descriptive powers, in storms, shipwrecks, and battles ; and also for the delineation of character, for instance, in the military hero—his foresight in anticipating the stratagems of his adversary, his eloquence in encouraging or restraining his followers, his wisdom in council, his promptitude in action. Now the author paints a sad and tragical event, and now one that is joyful ; sometimes he expatiates on a valiant and courteous knight, at others on a rude and lawless barbarian ; now on a warlike and affable prince, then a good and loyal vassal. He may show himself to be an excellent astronomer or geographer, a musician, or a statesman ; and if he pleases, may even dilate on the wonders of necromancy. He may describe the subtlety of Ulysses, the piety of Æneas, the bravery of Achilles, the misfortunes of Hector, the treachery of Sinon, the friendship of Euryalus, the liberality of Alexander, the valour of Cæsar, the clemency and probity of Trajan, the fidelity of Zopyrus, the wisdom of Cato, and finally all those qualities which constitute the perfect hero ; either uniting them in a single person or distributing them among many ; and if all this be done in a natural and pleasing style, a web of various and beautiful contexture might surely be wrought, that would be equally delightful and instructive. The freedom, indeed, of this kind of composition is alike favourable to the author, whether he would display his powers in epic (for there may be epic in prose as well as verse), or in lyric, in tragedy or comedy—in short, in every department of the delicious arts of poetry and oratory."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

In which the canon continues his discourse on books of chivalry, with other subjects worthy of his genius.

“VERY true—it is exactly as you say, sir,” said the priest to the canon; “and, therefore, those who have hitherto composed such books are the more deserving of censure for their entire disregard to good sense, and every rule by which they might have become the rivals in prose of the two princes of Greek and Latin poetry.” “I have myself made an attempt to write a book of knight-errantry on a better plan,” said the canon; “and, to confess the truth, I have not written less than a hundred sheets, which I have shown to some learned and judicious friends, as well as to others less cultivated and more likely to be pleased with extravagance; and from all I met with encouragement. Notwithstanding this, I have never proceeded in the work, partly from an idea that it was foreign to my profession, and partly from the consideration of what a great majority of fools there is in the world; and, although I know that the approbation of the judicious few should far outweigh the censure of the ignorant, yet I feel averse to exposing myself to vulgar criticism. I was discouraged, too, whenever I reflected on the present state of the drama, and the absurdity and incoherence of most of our modern comedies, whether fictitious or historical: for the actor and author both say that they must please the people, and not produce compositions which can only be appreciated by a half-score of men of sense; and that they would rather gain subsistence by the many than reputation by the few. What other fate, then, could I expect, but that, after racking my brains to produce a reasonable work, I should get nothing but my labour for my pains? I have occasionally endeavoured to persuade theatrical managers that they would not only gain more credit but eventually find it more advantageous to produce better dramas; but they will not listen to reason. Conversing one day with a fellow of this kind, I said, ‘Do you not remember that a few years since three tragedies were produced which were universally admired; that delighted both the ignorant and the wise, the vulgar as well as the cultivated; and that by those three pieces the players gained more than by thirty of the best which have since been represented?’ ‘I suppose you mean the “Isabella,” “Phyllis,” and “Alexandra,”’ he replied. ‘The same,’ said I, ‘and pray recollect, that although they were written in strict conformity to the rules of art, they were successful: the whole blame, therefore, is not to be ascribed to the taste of the vulgar. There is nothing absurd, for instance, in the play of “Ingratitude Revenged,” nor in the “Numantia,” nor in the “Merchant Lover,” much less in the “Favourable Enemy;” or in some others, composed by ingenious poets, to their own renown and the profit of those who acted them.’ To these I added other arguments, which I thought in some degree perplexed him, but were not so convincing as to make him reform his erroneous practice.”

“Signor canon,” said the priest, “you have touched upon a subject which has revived in me an old grudge I have borne against our modern plays, scarcely less than that I feel towards books of chivalry; for though the drama, according to Cicero, ought to be the mirror of human life, an exemplar of manners, and an image of truth, those which are now produced are mirrors of inconsistency, patterns of folly, and images of licentiousness. What, for instance, can be more absurd than the introduction in the first scene of the first act of a child in swaddling-clothes, that in the second makes his appearance as a bearded man? or to represent an old man valiant, a young man cowardly, a footman a

rhetorician, a page a privy-counsellor, a king a water-carrier, and a princess a scullion? Nor are they more observant of place than of time. I have seen a comedy, the first act of which was laid in Europe, the second in Asia, and the third in Africa; and had there been four acts, the fourth would doubtless have been in America. If truth of imitation be an important requisite in dramatic writing, how can any one with a decent share of understanding bear to see an action which passed in the time of king Pepin or Charlemagne, ascribed to the emperor Heraclius, who is introduced carrying the cross into Jerusalem, or recovering the holy sepulchre, like Godfrey of Boulogne, though numberless years had elapsed between these actions? and, when the piece is founded on fiction, to see historical events mingled with facts relating to different persons and times?—and all this without any appearance of probability, but, on the contrary, full of the grossest absurdity? And yet there are people who think all this perfection, and call everything else mere pedantry. The sacred dramas too—how they are made to abound with false and incomprehensible events: frequently confounding the miracles of one saint with those of another: indeed, they are often introduced in plays on profane subjects, merely to please the people. Thus is our natural taste degraded in the opinion of cultivated nations, who, judging by the extravagance and absurdity of our productions, conceive us to be in a state of ignorance and barbarism. It is not a sufficient excuse to say that the object in permitting theatrical exhibitions being chiefly to provide innocent recreation for the people, it is unnecessary to limit and restrain the dramatic author within strict rules of composition; for I affirm that the same object is, beyond all comparison, more effectually attained by legitimate works. The spectator of a good drama is amused, admonished, and improved, by what is diverting, affecting, and moral in the representation: he is cautioned against deceit, corrected by example, incensed against vice, stimulated to the love of virtue. Such are the effects produced by dramatic excellence, but they are not to be expected on our present stage: although we have many authors perfectly aware of the prevailing defects, but who justify themselves by saying that, in order to make their works saleable, they must write what the theatre will purchase. We have a proof of this even in the happiest genius of our country, who has written an infinite number of dramatic works with such vivacity and elegance of style, such loftiness of sentiment and richness of elocution, that his fame had spread over the world; nevertheless, in conforming occasionally to the bad taste of the present day, his productions are not all equally excellent. Besides the errors of taste, some authors have indulged in public and private scandal, insomuch that the actors have been obliged to abscond. These and every other inconvenience would be obviated if some intelligent and judicious person of the court were appointed to examine all plays before they are acted, and without whose approbation none should be performed. Thus guarded, the comedian might act without personal risk, and the author would write with more circumspection; and by such a regulation works of merit might be more frequent, to the benefit and honour of the country. And in truth were the same or some other person appointed to examine all future books of chivalry, we might hope to see some more perfect productions of this kind to enrich our language, and which, superseding the old romances, would afford rational amusement not to the idle alone, but to the active: for the bow cannot remain always bent, and relaxation both of body and mind is indispensable to all."

The canon and the priest were now interrupted in their dialogue by the barber, who, coming up to them, said, "This is the spot where I proposed we should rest ourselves; and the cattle will find here plenty of grass." The canon hearing this, determined to halt likewise, induced by the beauty of the place and the pleasure he found in the priest's conversation; besides, he was curious

to see and hear more of Don Quixote. He ordered some of his attendants to go to the nearest inn and bring provisions for the whole party; but he was told by one of them that their sumpter-mule, which had gone forward, carried abundance of refreshment, and that they should want nothing from the inn but barley; upon which he despatched them in haste for the mule.

During the foregoing conversation between the canon and the curate, Sancho perceiving that he might speak to his master without the continual presence of the priest and the barber, whom he looked upon with suspicion, came up to his master's cage, and said to him: "Sir, to disburden my conscience, I must tell you something about this enchantment of yours; and it is this, that those who are riding along with us with their faces covered are the priest and the barber of our town; and I fancy they have played you this trick and are carrying you in this manner out of pure envy of your worship for surpassing them in famous achievements. Now supposing this to be true, it is plain that you are not enchanted, but cheated and fooled; for proof whereof I would ask you one thing; and if you answer me, as I believe you must, you shall lay your finger upon this cheat, and find that it is just as I say." "Ask what thou wilt, son Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "for I will satisfy thee to the full without reserve. But as to thy assertion that those persons who accompany us are the priest and the barber, our townsmen and acquaintance—however they may appear to thee, thou must in nowise believe it. Of this thou mayest be assured, that if they appear to be such they have only assumed their semblance; for enchanters can easily take what forms they please, and they may have selected those of our two friends in order to mislead and involve thee in such a labyrinth of fancies that even the clue of Theseus could not extricate thee. Besides, they may also have done it to make me waver in my judgment, and prevent me from suspecting from what quarter this injury comes. For, if on the one hand, thou sayest that the priest and barber of our village are our companions, and on the other I find myself locked up in a cage, and am conscious that supernatural force alone would have power to imprison me—what can I say or think but that the manner of my enchantment is more extraordinary than any that I have ever read of in history? Rest assured, therefore, that these are no more the persons thou sayest than I am a Turk. As to thy queries—make them; for I will answer thee, though thou shouldst continue asking until to-morrow morning." "Blessed Virgin!" answered Sancho, raising his voice, "is your worship so thick-skulled and devoid of brains that you do not see what I tell you to be the very truth, and that there is more roguery than enchantment in this mishap of yours, as I will clearly prove? Now tell me, as Heaven shall deliver you from this trouble, and as you hope to find yourself in my Lady Dulcinea's arms when you least think of it—" "Cease conjuring me," said Don Quixote, "and ask what questions thou wilt, for I have already told thee that I will answer them with the utmost precision." "That is what I want," replied Sancho; "and all I crave is that you would tell me, without adding or diminishing a tittle, and with that truth which is expected from all who exercise the profession of arms, as your worship does, under the title of knights-errant—" "I tell thee I will lie in nothing," answered Don Quixote: "therefore speak; for in truth, Sancho, I am wearied with so many salvos, postulatus, and preparatives." "I say," replied Sancho, "that I am fully satisfied of the goodness and veracity of my master; and therefore, it being quite to the purpose in our affair, I ask (with respect be it spoken), whether since you have been cooped up, or as you call it enchanted, in this cage, your worship has had any natural inclinations?" "I do not understand thee, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "explain thyself, if thou wouldst have me give thee a direct answer." "Is it possible," quoth Sancho, "your worship should

not understand that phrase, when the very children at school are weaned with it? You must know, then, it means, whether you have not had an inclination to lighten your stomach of exhausted matters?" "Ay, now I comprehend thee, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "and in truth I have often had such inclination."

CHAPTER XLIX.

Of the ingenious conference between Sancho Panza and his master Don Quixote.

"AH!" quoth Sancho, "now I have caught you: this is what I longed to know with all my heart and soul. Come on, sir; can you deny what is in everybody's mouth, when a person is in the dumps? It is always then said, 'I know not what such an one ails—he neither eats, nor drinks, nor sleeps, nor answers to the purpose, like other men—surely he is enchanted.' Wherefore it is clear that such, and such only, are enchanted who neither eat, nor drink, nor sleep, and not they who eat and drink when they can get it, and answer properly to all that is asked them." "Thou art right, Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "but I have already told thee that there are sundry sorts of enchantments, and it is probable that in process of time they may have changed, and that now it may be usual for those who are enchanted to do as I do, though it was formerly otherwise: it is impossible to argue or draw conclusions from the varying customs of different periods. I know and am verily persuaded that I am enchanted; and that is sufficient for my conscience, which would be heavily burdened if I thought I was not so, but suffered myself to lie in this cage like a coward, defrauding the necessitous and oppressed of succour, when perhaps at this very moment they may be in extreme want of my aid and protection." "But for all that," replied Sancho, "I say, for your greater and more abundant satisfaction, that your worship will do well to endeavour to get out of this prison; and I will endeavour to help you with all my might. You may then once more mount your trusty Rozinante, who seems as if he was enchanted too, he looks so melancholy and dejected; and we may again try our fortune in search of adventures: and if matters turn out not quite to our hearts' content, we can come back to the cage; and I promise you, on the faith of a good and loyal squire, to shut myself up in it with your worship." "I am content to follow thy advice, brother Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "and when thou seest an opportunity for effecting my deliverance, I will be guided entirely by thee; but be assured, Sancho, thou wilt find thyself mistaken as to the nature of my misfortune."

In such conversation the knight-errant and the evil-errant squire were engaged, until they came to the place where the priest, the canon, and the barber were already alighted and waiting for them. The waggoner then unyoked the oxen from his team, and turned them loose upon that green and delicious spot, the freshness of which was inviting, not only to those who were enchanted, like Don Quixote, but to discreet and enlightened persons like his squire, who besought the priest to permit his master to come out of the cage for a short time; otherwise that prison would not be quite so clean as decency required in the accommodation of such a knight as his master. The priest understood him, and said that he would readily consent to his request; but he feared lest his master, finding himself at liberty, should play his old pranks, and be gone where he might never be seen more. "I will be security for his not running away," replied Sancho. "And I also," said the canon, "if he

will give his parole of honour." "I give it," said Don Quixote; "especially as those who like myself are enchanted have no power over their own persons, for their persecutors may render them motionless during three centuries; you may, therefore, safely release me." He then intimated farther that his removal might prove more agreeable to all the party on another account. The canon took him by the hand, though he was still manacled, and upon his faith and word they uncaged him, to his great satisfaction. The first thing that he did was to stretch himself; after that he went up to Rozinante, and giving him a couple of slaps on the hinder parts with the palm of his hand, he said: "I yet trust in Heaven, O thou flower and pattern of steeds! that we shall both soon see ourselves in that state which is the desire of our hearts—thou with thy lord on thy back, and I mounted upon thee, exercising the function for which Heaven destined me!" The knight then, attended by Sancho, retired to some little distance; whence he came back, much relieved, and still more eager to put in execution what his squire had projected. The canon contemplated him with surprise; for he displayed in conversation a very good understanding, and seemed, as it hath been before observed, only to lose his stirrups on the theme of chivalry; and while they were waiting for the return of the sumpter-mule, he was induced, out of compassion to his infirmity, to address him on the subject.

"Is it possible, worthy sir," said the canon, "that the disgusting and idle study of books of chivalry should so powerfully have affected your brain as to make you believe that you are now enchanted, with other fancies of the same kind, as far from truth as falsehood itself? Is it possible that human reason can credit the existence of all that infinite tribe of knights—the Amadisés, the emperors of Trapisonda, Felixmartes of Hyrcania, all the palfreys, damsels-errant, serpents, dragons, giants; all the wonderful adventures, enchantments, battles, furious encounters; enamoured princesses, ennobled squires, witty dwarfs, billets-doux, amours, Amazonian ladies—in short, all the absurdities which books of chivalry contain? For my own part, I confess, when I read them without reflecting on their falsehood and folly, they gave me some amusement; but when I consider what they are, I dash them against the wall, and even commit them to the flames when I am near a fire, as well deserving such a fate, for their want of common sense, and their injurious tendency in misleading the uninformed. Nay, they may even disturb the intellects of sensible and well-born gentlemen, as is manifest by the effect they have had on your worship, who is reduced by them to such a state that you are forced to be shut up in a cage and carried on a team from place to place, like some lion or tiger exhibited for money. Ah, Signor Don Quixote! have pity on yourself! shake off this folly, and employ the talents with which Heaven has blessed you in the cultivation of literature more subservient to your honour, as well as profitable to your mind. If a strong natural impulse still leads you to books containing the exploits of heroes, read in the Holy Scriptures the book of Judges, where you will meet with wonderful truths, and achievements no less heroic than true. Portugal had a Viriatus, Rome a Cæsar, Carthage a Hannibal, Greece an Alexander, Castile a Count Fernando Gonzolez, Valencia a Cid, Andalucia a Gonzalo Fernandez, Estramadura a Diego Garcia de Paredes, Xerez a Garcia Perez de Vargas, Toledo a Garcilaso, and Seville a Don Manuel de Leon; the memoirs of whose heroic deeds afford a rational source of amusement and pleasure. This, indeed, would be a study worthy of your understanding, my dear sir, by which you would become well instructed in history, enamoured of virtue, familiar with goodness, improved in morals; and would acquire valour without rashness, and caution without cowardice; which would at the same time redound to the glory of God, your own profit,

and the fame of La Mancha, whence I have been informed you derive your birth and origin."

Don Quixote listened with great attention to the canon till he had ceased speaking, and then, looking steadfastly in his face, he replied: "I conceive, sir, that you mean to insinuate that there never were knights-errant in the world; that all books of chivalry are false, mischievous, and unprofitable to the commonwealth; and that I have done ill in reading, worse in believing, and still worse in imitating them, by following the rigorous profession of knight-errantry, as by them exemplified; and also that you deny that there ever existed the Amadis either of Gaul or of Greece, or any of those celebrated knights?" "I mean precisely what you say," replied the canon. "You also were pleased to add, I believe," continued Don Quixote, "that those books had done me much prejudice, having injured my brain, and occasioned my imprisonment in a cage; and that it would be better for me to change my course of study by reading other books more true, more pleasant, and more instructive?" "Just so," quoth the canon. "Why, then," said Don Quixote, "in my opinion, sir, it is yourself who are deranged and enchanted, since you have dared to blaspheme an order so universally acknowledged in the world, and its existence so authenticated that he who denies it merits that punishment you are pleased to say you inflict on certain books. To assert that there never was an Amadis in the world, nor any other of the knights-adventurers of whom so many records remain, is to say that the sun does not enlighten, the frost produce cold, nor the earth yield sustenance. What human ingenuity can make us doubt the truth of that affair between the Infanta Floripes and Guy of Burgundy? and that of Fierabras at the bridge of Mantible, which occurred in the time of Charlemagne?—I vow to God, they are as true as that it is now daylight! If these are fictions, it must be denied also that there ever was a Hector or an Achilles, or a Trojan war, or the twelve peers of France, or King Arthur of England, who is still wandering about, transformed into a raven, and is every moment expected in his kingdom. They will even dare to affirm that the history of Guarino Mezquino, and that of the acquisition of the Santo Grial, are lies; and that the amour of Sir Tristram and the queen Iseo, as well as those of Ginebra and Lancelot, are also apocryphal: although there are persons who almost remember to have seen the duenna Quintanona, who was the best wine-skinner in Great Britain. And this is so certain, that I remember my grandmother by my father's side, when she saw any duenna reverently coifed, would say to me, 'That woman, grandson, looks like the duenna Quintanona;' whence I infer that she must either have known her, or at least seen some true effigy of her. Then who can deny the truth of the history of Peter of Provence and the fair Magalona, since even to this day you may see in the king's armoury the very peg where-with the valiant Peter steered the wooden horse that bore him through the air; which peg is somewhat larger than the pole of a coach; and near it lies the saddle of Babieca? In Roncesvalles, too, there may be seen Orlando's horn, the size of a great beam. It is, therefore, evident that there were the twelve peers, the Peters, the Cids, and all those knights commonly termed adventurers: and if that be doubted, it will be said too that the valiant Portuguese, John de Merlo, was no knight-errant; he who went to Burgundy, and in the city of Ras fought the famous lord of Charni, Monseigneur Pierre; and afterwards, in the city of Basil, Monseigneur Enrique of Remestan: coming off conqueror in both engagements. They will deny also the challenges and feats performed in Burgundy by the valiant Spaniards, Pedro Barba and Gutierrez Quixada (from whom I am lineally descended), who vanquished the sons of the count San Polo. Let them deny, likewise, that Don Fernando de Guevara

travelled into Germany in quest of adventures, where he fought with Messire George, a knight of the duke of Austria's court. Let them say that the jousts of Suero de Quinones of the Pass were all mockery; and the enterprises of Monseigneur Louis de Falces against Don Gonzalo de Guzman, a Castilian knight, with many other exploits performed by Christian knights of these and other kingdoms:—all so authentic and true, that I say again whoever denies them must be wholly destitute of sense and reason."

The canon was astonished at Don Quixote's medley of truth and fiction, as well as at the extent of his knowledge on affairs of chivalry: and he replied, "I cannot deny, Signor Don Quixote, but that there is some truth in what you say, especially with regard to the knights-errant of Spain; I grant, also, that there were the twelve peers of France: but I can never believe that they performed all the deeds ascribed to them by Archbishop Turpin. The truth is, they were knights chosen by the kings of France, and called peers from being all equal in quality and prowess—at least it was intended that they should be so; and in this respect they were similar to the religious order of Saint Jago or Calatrava, all the professors of which, it is presumed, are noble, valiant, and virtuous; and were called Knights of St. John, or of Alcantara, just as those of the ancient order were termed Knights of the Twelve Peers. That there was a Cid no one will deny, and likewise a Bernardo del Carpio: but that they performed all the exploits ascribed to them I believe there is great reason to doubt. As to Peter of Provence's peg, and its standing near Babieca's saddle in the king's armoury, I confess my sin in being so ignorant or short-sighted that, though I have seen the saddle I never could discover the peg—large as it is, according to your description." "Yet, unquestionably, there it is," replied Don Quixote; "and they say, moreover, that it is kept in a leathern case, to prevent rust." "It may be so," answered the canon; "but by the holy orders I have received, I do not remember to have seen it. Yet, even granting it, I am not therefore bound to believe all the stories of so many Amadis, and the whole tribe of knights-errant; and it is extraordinary that a gentleman possessed of your understanding and talents should give credit to such extravagance and absurdity."

CHAPTER L.

Of the ingenious contest between Don Quixote and the canon, with other incidents.

"VASTLY fine!—a good jest, truly," said Don Quixote, "that books printed with the licence of kings and the approbation of the examiners, read with general pleasure, and applauded by great and small, poor and rich, learned and ignorant, nobles and plebeians—in short, by people of every state and condition, should be all lies, and at the same time appear so much like truth! For do they not tell us the parentage, the country, the kindred, the age, with a particular detail of every action of this or that knight? Good sir, be silent, and utter not such blasphemies; and believe me serious when I advise you to think on this subject more like a man of sense: only peruse these memoirs, and they will abundantly repay your trouble. What more delightful than to have, as it were, before our eyes a vast lake of boiling pitch, with a prodigious number of serpents, snakes, crocodiles, and divers other kinds of fierce and dreadful creatures, floating in it; and from the midst of the lake to hear a most dreadful voice saying, 'O knight, whosoever thou art, now surveying this tremendous

lake, if thou wouldst possess the treasure that lies concealed beneath these sable waters, show the valour of thy undaunted breast, and plunge thyself headlong into the midst of the black and burning liquid ; if not, thou wilt be unworthy to see the mighty wonders enclosed therein, and contained in the seven castles of the seven enchanted nymphs who dwell beneath this horrid blackness.' And scarcely has the knight heard these terrific words when, without farther consideration or reflection upon the danger to which he exposes himself, and even without putting off his cumbrous armour, he commends himself to Heaven and his mistress, and plunges headlong into the boiling pool ; when unexpectedly he finds himself in the midst of flowery fields, with which those of Elysium can bear no comparison, where the sky seems far more clear and the sun shines with greater brightness. Beyond it appears a forest of beautiful and shady trees, whose verdure regales the sight, whilst the ears are entertained with the sweet and artless notes of an infinite number of little birds of various hues, hopping among the intricate branches. Here he discovers a little brook, whose clear waters, resembling liquid crystal, run murmuring over the fine sands and snowy pebbles, which rival sifted gold and purest pearl. There he sees an artificial fountain of variegated jasper and polished marble. Here he beholds another of rustic composition, in which the minute shells of the muscle, with the white and yellow wreathed houses of the snail, arranged in orderly confusion, interspersed with pieces of glittering crystal and pellucid emeralds, compose a work of such variety that art, imitating nature, seems here to surpass her. Then suddenly he descries a strong castle or stately palace, the walls of which are massy gold, the battlements composed of diamonds, and the gates of hyacinths ; in short, the structure is so admirable that, though the materials whereof it is framed are no less than diamonds, carbuncles, rubies, pearls, gold, and emeralds, yet the workmanship is still more precious. And after this, can anything be more charming than to behold, sallying forth at the castle-gate, a goodly troop of damsels, in such rich and gorgeous attire, that were I to attempt the minute description that is given in history, the task would be endless ; and then she who appears to be the principal takes by the hand the daring knight who threw himself into the burning lake, and silently leads him into the rich palace or castle ; and stripping him as naked as when he first came into the world, bathes him in temperate water, and then anoints him with odoriferous essences, and puts on him a shirt of the finest lawn, all sweet-scented and perfumed. Then comes another damsel, and throws over his shoulders a mantle worth a city, at least. He is afterwards led into another hall, where he is struck with wonder and admiration at the sight of tables spread in beautiful order. Then to see him wash his hands in water distilled from amber and sweet-scented flowers ! To see him seated in a chair of ivory ! To behold the damsels waiting upon him, all preserving a marvellous silence ! Then to see such a variety of delicious viands, so savourily dressed that the appetite is at a loss where to direct the hand ! To hear soft music while he is eating, without knowing whence the sounds proceed ! And when the repast is finished, and the tables removed, the knight reclines on his seat, and perhaps is picking his teeth, when suddenly the door of the saloon opens, and lo ! a damsel enters more beautiful than any of the former, who, seating herself by the knight's side, begins to give him an account of that castle, and to inform him how she is enchanted in it, with sundry other matters which amaze the knight and all those who read his history. I will enlarge on this no farther ; for you must be convinced, from what I have said, that every part of every history of a knight-errant must yield wonder and delight. Study well these books, signor ; for, believe me, you will find that they will exhilarate and improve your mind. Of myself I can say, that since I have been a knight-errant I am become valiant,

polite, liberal, well-bred, generous, courteous, daring, affable, patient, a sufferer of toils, imprisonments, and enchantment; and although so lately enclosed within a cage, like a maniac, yet do I hope, through the valour of my arm, and the favour of Heaven, to see myself in a short time king of some kingdom, when I may display the gratitude and liberality enclosed in this breast of mine; for upon my faith, sir, the poor man is unable to exercise the virtue of liberality; and the gratitude which consists only in inclination is a dead thing, even as faith without works is dead. I shall, therefore, rejoice when fortune presents me with an opportunity of exalting myself, that I may show my heart in conferring benefits on my friends, especially on poor Sancho Panza here, my squire, who is one of the best men in the world; and I would fain bestow on him an earldom, as I have long since promised; although I am somewhat in doubt of his ability in the government of his estate."

Sancho, overhearing his master's last words, said, "Take you the trouble, signor Don Quixote, to procure me that same earldom, which your worship has so often promised, and I have been so long waiting for, and you shall see that I shall not want ability to govern it. But even if I should, there are people, I have heard say, who farm these lordships; and, paying the owners so much a year, take upon themselves the government of the whole, while his lordship lolls at his ease, enjoying his estate, without concerning himself any farther about it. Just so will I do, and give myself no more trouble than needs must, but enjoy myself like any duke, and let the world rub." "This, brother Sancho," said the canon, "may be done, as far as regards the management of your revenue; but the administration of justice must be attended to by the lord himself; and requires capacity, judgment, and, above all, an upright intention, without which nothing prospers: for Heaven assists the good intent of the simple, and disappoints the evil designs of the cunning." "I do not understand these philosophies," answered Sancho; "all that I know is, that I wish I may as surely have the earldom as I should know how to govern it; for I have as large a soul as another, and as large a body as the best of them; and I should be as much king of my own dominion as any other king: and, being so, I would do what I pleased; and, doing what I pleased, I should have my will; and, having my will, I should be contented; and, being content, there is no more to be desired; and when there is no more to desire, there is an end of it, and let the estate come; so Heaven be with ye, and let us see it, as one blind man said to another." "These are no bad philosophies, as you say, Sancho," quoth the canon: "nevertheless, there is a great deal more to be said upon the subject of earldoms." "That may be," observed Don Quixote; "but I am guided by the numerous examples offered on this subject by knights of my own profession; who, in compensation for the loyal and signal services they had received from their squires, conferred upon them extraordinary favours, making them absolute lords of cities and islands: indeed, there was one whose services were so great, that he had the presumption to accept of a kingdom. But why should I say more, when before me is the bright example of the great Amadis de Gaul, who made his squire knight of the Firm Island? Surely I may, therefore, without scruple of conscience, make an earl of Sancho Panza, who is one of the best squires that ever served knight-errant." With all this methodical raving the canon was no less amused than astonished.

The servants who went to the inn for the sumpter-mule had now returned; and, having spread a carpet over the green grass, the party seated themselves under the shade of some trees, and there enjoyed their repast, while the cattle luxuriated on the fresh pasture. As they were thus employed, they suddenly heard a noise and the sound of a little bell from a thicket near them; at the same instant a beautiful she-goat, speckled with black, white, and grey, ran

out of the thicket, followed by a goatherd, calling to her aloud, in the usual language, to stop and come back to the fold. The fugitive animal, trembling and affrighted, ran to the company, claiming, as it were, their protection; but the goatherd pursued her, and seizing her by the horns, addressed her as a rational creature, "Ah, wanton, spotted thing! how hast thou strayed of late! What wolves have frightened thee, child? Wilt thou tell me, pretty one, what this means? But what else can it mean, but that thou art a female, and therefore canst not be quiet! A plague on thy humours, and all theirs whom thou resemblest! Turn back, my love, turn back; for though not content, at least thou wilt be more safe in thine own fold, and among thy companions; for if thou, who shouldst protect and guide them, go astray, what must become of them?"

The party were very much amused by the goatherd's remonstrances, and the canon said, "I entreat you, brother, not to be in such haste to force back this goat to her fold; for, since she is a female, she will follow her natural inclination in spite of all your opposition. Come, do not be angry, but eat and drink with us, and let the wayward creature rest herself." At the same time he offered him the hinder quarter of a cold rabbit on the point of a fork. The goatherd thanked him, and accepted his offer, and being then in a better temper, he said, "Do not think me a fool, gentlemen, for talking so seriously to this animal: for, in truth, my words were not without a meaning; and though I am a rustic, I know the difference between conversing with men and beasts." "I doubt it not," said the priest; "indeed, it is well known that the mountains breed learned men, and the huts of shepherds contain philosophers." "At least, sir," replied the goatherd, "they contain men who have some knowledge gained from experience; and if I shall not be intruding, I will tell a circumstance which confirms it."

"Since this affair," said Don Quixote, "bears somewhat the semblance of an adventure, for my own part, friend, I shall listen to you most willingly: I can answer also for these gentlemen, who are persons of sense, and will relish the curious, the entertaining, and the marvellous, which, I doubt not, your story contains: I entreat you, friend, to begin it immediately." "I shall take myself away to the side of yonder brook," said Sancho, "with this pasty, of which I mean to lay in enough to last three days at least: for I have heard my master, Don Quixote, say that the squire of a knight-errant should eat when he can, and as long as he can, because he may lose his way for six days together in a wood; and then, if a man has not his belly well lined or his wallet well provided, there he may stay till he is turned into a mummy." "Thou art in the right, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "go where thou wilt, and eat what thou canst; my appetite is already satisfied, and my mind only needs refreshment, which the tale of this good man will doubtless afford." The goatherd being now requested by the others of the company to begin his tale, he patted his goat, which he still held by the horns, saying, "Lie thee down by me, speckled fool; for we shall have time enough to return to our fold." The goat seemed to understand him; for as soon as her master was seated, she laid herself quietly down by him, and, looking up into his face, seemed to listen to his story, which he began as follows:—

CHAPTER LI.

The goatherd's narrative.

"THREE leagues from this valley there is a town which, though small, is one of the richest in these parts ; and among its inhabitants was a farmer of such an excellent character that, though riches generally gain esteem, he was more respected for his good qualities than for his wealth ; and his happiness was completed in possessing a daughter of extraordinary beauty, discretion, and virtue. When a child, she was lovely, but at the age of sixteen she was perfectly beautiful, and her fame extended over all the neighbouring villages—villages, do I say ?—it spread itself to the remotest cities, even into the palaces of kings ! People came from every part to see her, as some relic or wonder-working image. Her father guarded her and she guarded herself : for no padlocks, bolts, or bars, secure a maiden so well as her own reserve. The wealth of the father, and the beauty of the daughter, induced many to seek her hand, insomuch that he whose right it was to dispose of so precious a jewel was perplexed, and knew not whom to select among her importunate suitors. I was one of the number, and had indulged fond hopes of success, being known to her father, born in the same village, untainted in blood, in the flower of my age, rich, and of no mean understanding. Another of our village, of equal pretensions with myself, solicited her also ; and her father being equally satisfied with both of us, was perplexed which to prefer, and therefore determined to leave the choice to Leandra herself—for so the maiden is called : an example worthy the imitation of all parents. I do not say they should give them their choice of what is improper ; but they should propose to them what is good, and leave them to select thence according to their taste. I know not which of us Leandra preferred ; this only I know, that her father put us both off by pleading the tender age of his daughter, and with such general expressions as neither bound himself nor disobliged us. My rival's name is Anselmo, mine Eugenio ; for you ought to know the names of the persons concerned in this tragedy, the catastrophe of which, though still suspended, will surely be disastrous.

"About that time there came to our village one Vincent de la Rosa, son of a poor farmer in the same place. This Vincent had returned from Italy and other countries, where he had served in the wars, having been carried away from our town at twelve years of age, by a captain who happened to march that way with his company ; and now, at the end of twelve years more, he came back in a soldier's garb, bedizened with a variety of colours, and covered with a thousand trinkets and glittering chains. To-day he put on one piece of finery, to-morrow another : but all slight and counterfeit, of little or no value. The country-folks (who are naturally envious, and if they chance to have leisure, are malice itself) observed and reckoned up all his trappings and gew-gaws, and found that he had three suits of apparel, of different colours, with hose and garters to them ; but those he disguised in so many different ways, and with so much contrivance, that had they not been counted, one would have sworn that he had above ten suits, and twenty plumes of feathers. Do not look upon this description of his dress as impertinent or superfluous, for it is an important part of the story. He used to seat himself on a stone bench, under a great poplar-tree in our market-place, and there he would hold us all gaping and listening to the history of his exploits. There was no country on the whole globe that he had not seen, nor battle in which he had not been engaged. He had slain more Moors than are in Morocco and Tunis, and fought more single combats, according to his own

account, than Gante, Luna, Diego Garcia de Paredes, and a thousand others, from which he always came off victorious, and without losing a drop of blood; at the same time he would show us marks of wounds which, though they were not to be discerned, he assured us were so many musket-shots received in different actions. With the utmost arrogance he would thee and thou his equals and acquaintance, and boast that his arm was his father, his deeds his pedigree, and that under the title of soldier he owed the king himself nothing. In addition to this boasting, he pretended to be somewhat of a musician, and scratched a little upon the guitar, which some people admired. But his accomplishments did not end here; for he was likewise something of a poet, and would compose a ballad, a league and a half in length, on every trifling incident that happened in the village.

"Now this soldier whom I have described, this Vincent de la Rosa, this hero, this gallant, this musician, this poet, was often seen and admired by Leandra, from a window of her house, which faced the market-place. She was struck with the tinsel of his gaudy apparel; his ballads enchanted her for he gave at least twenty copies about, of all he composed. The exploits he related of himself reached her ears—in short, as the devil would have it, she fell downright in love with him, before he had entertained the presumption of courting her. In short, as in affairs of love none are so easily accomplished as those which are favoured by the inclination of the lady, Leandra and Vincent soon came to a mutual understanding, and before any of her numerous suitors had the least suspicion of her design, she had already accomplished it, and left the house of her affectionate father (she had no mother), and quitted the town with the soldier, who came off in this enterprise more triumphantly than in any of those of which he had so arrogantly boasted. This event excited great astonishment. Anselmo and I were utterly confounded, her father grieved, her kindred ashamed, justice alarmed, and the troopers of the holy brotherhood in full activity. They beset the highways, and searched the woods, leaving no place unexplored; and at the end of three days they found the poor giddy Leandra in the cave of a mountain, stripped of all her clothes, and the money and jewels which she had carried away from home. They brought her back to her disconsolate father; and being questioned, she freely confessed that Vincent de la Rosa had deceived her, and upon promise of marriage had persuaded her to leave her father's house, telling her he would carry her to Naples, the richest and most delicious city in the whole world. The imprudent and credulous girl said, that having believed him, she had robbed her father, and given the whole to him on the night of her elopement: and that he had carried her among the mountains, and left her shut up in that cave, after plundering her of everything but her honour. It was no easy matter to persuade us of the young man's forbearance, but she affirmed it so positively, that her father was much comforted with the idea that she had not sustained an irreparable loss.

"The same day that Leandra returned, she disappeared from our eyes, as her father placed her in the monastery of a neighbouring town, in hopes that time might efface the blemish which her reputation had suffered. Her tender years were some excuse for her fault, especially with those who were indifferent as to whether she was good or bad, but those who know how much sense and understanding she possesses could only ascribe her fault to levity, and the foibles natural to womankind. When Leandra was gone, Anselmo and myself were blind to everything—at least no object could give us pleasure. We cursed the soldier's finery, and reprobated her father's want of vigilance; nor had time any effect in diminishing our regret. At length, we agreed to quit the town, and retire to this valley, where we pass our lives, tending our flocks, and indulging our passion by praises, lamentations, or reproaches, and sometimes in

solitary sighs and groans. Our example has been followed by many other admirers of Leandra, who have joined us in the same employment: indeed, we are so numerous, that this place seems converted into the pastoral Arcadia; nor is there a part of it where the name of our beautiful mistress is not heard. One utters execrations against her, calling her fond, fickle, and immodest; another condemns her forwardness and levity: some excuse and pardon her; others arraign and condemn her: one praises her beauty, another rails at her disposition: in truth, all blame, and all adore her—nay, such is the general frenzy, that some complain of her disdain who never had spoken to her, and some there are who bemoan themselves and affect to feel the raging disease of jealousy, though, as I have said before, her fault was known before her inclinations were suspected. There is no hollow of a rock, nor margin of a rivulet, nor shade of a tree, that is not occupied by some shepherd, lamenting to the winds. Wherever there is an echo, it is continually heard repeating the name of Leandra; the mountains resound Leandra; the brooks murmur Leandra: in short, Leandra holds us all in a state of delirium and enchantment, hoping without hope, and dreading we know not what. He who shows the least, though he has the most sense, among us madmen, is my rival Anselmo, for he complains only of absence; and to the sound of a rebec, which he touches to admiration, pours forth his complaint in verses of wonderful ingenuity. I follow a better course: and inveigh against the levity of women, their inconstancy, and double-dealing, their vain promises, and broken faith, their absurd and misplaced affections.

“This, gentlemen, gave rise to the expressions I used to the goat; for being a female, I despise her, though she is the best of all my flock. I have now finished my story, which I fear you have thought tedious; but I shall be glad to make you amends by regaling you at my cottage, which is near, and where you will find new milk, good cheese, and abundance of fruit.”

CHAPTER LII.

Of the quarrel between Don Quixote and the goatherd; with the rare adventure of the disciplinants, which he happily accomplished with the sweat of his brow.

LOOKING and speaking, as he did, more like a gentleman and a scholar than an unpolished goatherd, Eugenio's tale amused all his auditors: especially the canon, who was struck by his manner of telling it; and he was convinced that the priest was perfectly right when he affirmed that men of letters were often produced among mountains. They all offered their services to Eugenio: but the most liberal in his offers was Don Quixote, who said to him, “In truth, brother goatherd, were I in a situation to undertake any new adventure, I would immediately engage myself in your service, and release your lady from the nunnery in spite of the abbess and all opposers, then deliver her into your hands, to be disposed of at your pleasure, so far as is consistent with the laws of chivalry, which enjoin that no kind of outrage be offered to damsels. I trust, however, in Heaven, that the power of one malicious enchanter shall not be so prevalent over another but that a better disposed one may triumph; and then I promise you my aid and protection, according to the duty of my profession, which is no other than to favour the weak and necessitous.”

The goatherd stared at Don Quixote, and observing his sad plight and scurvy appearance, he whispered to the barber, who sat next to him, “Pray, sir, who is that man that looks and talks so strangely?” “Who should he be,”

answered the barber, "but the famous Don Quixote de la Mancha, the redresser of injuries, the righter of wrongs, the protector of maidens, the dread of giants, and the conqueror of battles?" "Why, this is like what we hear in the stories of knights-errant," said the goatherd; "but I take it either your worship is in jest, or the apartments in this gentlemen's skull are unfurnished." "You are a very great rascal," exclaimed the knight; "it is yourself who are empty-skulled and shallow-brained; for mine is fuller than was ever the head of any of your vile generation!" and as he spoke, he snatched up a loaf and threw it at the goatherd's face with so much fury that he laid his nose flat. The goatherd did not much relish the jest; so without any respect to the table-cloth or to the company present, he leaped upon Don Quixote, and seizing him by the throat with both hands, would doubtless have strangled him, had not Sancho Panza, who came up at that moment, taken him by the shoulders and thrown him back on the table-cloth, demolishing dishes and platters, and spilling and overturning all that was upon it. Don Quixote finding himself free, turned upon the goatherd, who, being kicked and trampled upon by Sancho, was feeling about, upon all-fours, for some knife or weapon to take a bloody revenge withal: but the canon and the priest prevented him. The barber, however, maliciously contrived that the goatherd should get Don Quixote under him, whom he buffeted so unmercifully that he had ample retaliation for his own sufferings.

This ludicrous encounter overcame the gravity of both the churchmen, while the troopers of the holy brotherhood, enjoying the conflict, stood urging on the combatants, as if it had been a dog-fight. Sancho struggled in vain to release himself from one of the canon's servants, who prevented him from going to assist his master. In the midst of this sport a trumpet was suddenly heard sounding so dismally that every face was instantly turned in the direction whence the sound proceeded. Don Quixote's attention was particularly excited, though he still lay under the goatherd in a bruised and battered condition. "Thou devil," he said to him, "for a devil thou must be to have such power over me, I beg that thou wilt grant a truce for one hour, as the solemn sound of that trumpet seems to call me to some new adventure." The goatherd, whose revenge was by this time sated, immediately let him go, and Don Quixote, having got upon his legs again, presently saw several people descending from a rising ground, arrayed in white, after the manner of disciplinants.*

That year the heavens having failed to refresh the earth with seasonable showers, throughout all the villages of that district processions, disciplines, and public prayers were ordered, beseeching Heaven to show its mercy by sending them rain. For this purpose the people of a neighbouring village were coming in procession to a holy hermitage built upon the side of a hill not far from that spot. The strange attire of the disciplinants struck Don Quixote, who, not recollecting what he must often have seen before, imagined it to be some adventure which, as a knight-errant, was reserved for him alone; and he was confirmed in his opinion on seeing an image clothed in black, that they carried with them, and which he doubted not was some illustrious lady forcibly borne away by ruffians and miscreants. With all the expedition in his power, he therefore went up to Rozinante, and taking the bridle and buckler from the pommel of the saddle, he bridled him in a trice, and calling to Sancho for his sword, he mounted, braced his target, and in a loud voice said to all that were present: "Now, my worthy companions, ye shall see how important to the world is the profession of chivalry! now shall ye see, in the restoration of that captive lady to liberty, whether knights-errant are to be valued or not!"

* Persons, either volunteers or hirelings, who march in processions, whipping themselves by way of public penance.

So saying, he clapped heels to Rozinante (for spurs he had none), and on a hand-gallop (for we nowhere read, in all this faithful history, that Rozinante ever went full speed), he advanced to encounter the disciplinants. The priest, the canon, and the barber, in vain endeavoured to stop him; and in vain did Sancho cry out, "Whither go you, Signor Don Quixote? What devils drive you to assault the Catholic faith? Evil befall me! do but look—it is a procession of disciplinants, and the lady carried upon the bier is the blessed image of our Holy Virgin: take heed, for this once I am sure you know not what you are about." Sancho wearied himself to no purpose; for his master was so bent upon an encounter, that he heard not a word: nor would he have turned back though the king himself had commanded him.

Having reached the procession, he checked Rozinante, who already wanted to rest a little, and in a hoarse and agitated voice cried out, "Stop there, ye who cover your faces for an evil purpose, I doubt not—stop and listen to me." The bearers of the image stood still, and one of the four ecclesiastics, who sung the litanies, observing the strange figure of Don Quixote, the leanness of Rozinante, and other ludicrous circumstances attending the knight, replied, "Friend, if you have anything to say to us, say it quickly; for these our brethren are scourging their flesh, and we cannot stay to hear anything that cannot be said in two words." "I will say it in one," replied Don Quixote: "you must immediately release that fair lady, whose tears and sorrowful countenance clearly prove that she is carried away against her will, and that you have done her some atrocious injury. I, who was born to redress such wrongs, command you, therefore, not to proceed one step farther until you have given her the liberty she desires and deserves." By these expressions they concluded that Don Quixote must be some whimsical madman, and only laughed at him, which enraged him to such a degree that, without saying another word, he drew his sword and attacked the bearers; one of whom leaving the burden to his comrades, stepped forward, brandishing the pole on which the bier had been supported; but it was quickly broken in two by a powerful stroke, aimed by the knight, who, however, received instantly such a blow on the shoulder of his sword-arm, that, his buckler being of no avail against rustic strength, he was felled to the ground. Sancho, who had followed him, now called out to the man not to strike again, for he was a poor enchanted knight, who had never done anybody harm in all his life. The peasant forbore, it is true, though not on account of Sancho's appeal, but because he saw his opponent without motion; and, thinking he had killed him, he hastily tucked up his vest under his girdle, and fled like a deer over the field.

By this time all Don Quixote's party had come up; and those in the procession, seeing among them troopers of the holy brotherhood, armed with their cross-bows, began to be alarmed, and drew up in a circle round the image; then lifting up their hoods,* and grasping their whips, and the ecclesiastics their tapers, they waited the assault, determined to defend themselves, or, if possible, offend their aggressors, while Sancho threw himself upon the body of his master, and believing him to be really dead, poured forth the most dolorous lamentation. The alarm of both squadrons was speedily dissipated, as our curate was recognized by one of the ecclesiastics in the procession: and, on hearing from him who Don Quixote was, they all hastened to see whether the poor knight had really suffered a mortal injury or not; when they heard Sancho Panza with streaming eyes exclaim: "O flower of chivalry, who by one single stroke hast finished the career of thy well-spent life! O glory of thy race, credit and renown of La Mancha, yea, of the whole world, which, by wanting

* The disciplinants wear hoods that they may not be known, but which they can see through.

thee, will be overrun with evil-doers, who will no longer fear chastisement for their iniquities ! O liberal above all Alexanders, since for eight months' service only thou hast given me the best island that sea doth compass or surround ! O thou that wert humble with the haughty, and arrogant with the humble, undertaker of dangers, sufferer of affronts, in love without cause, imitator of the good, scourge of the wicked, enemy of the base ; in a word, knight-errant—which is all in all." Sancho's cries roused Don Quixote, who faintly said, "He who lives absent from thee, sweetest Dulcinea, endures far greater miseries than this !—Help, friend Sancho, to place me upon the enchanted car : I am no longer in a condition to press the saddle of Rozinante, for this shoulder is broken to pieces." "That I will do with all my heart, dear sir," answered Sancho ; "and let us return to our homes with these gentlemen, who wish you well ; and there we can prepare for another sally, that may turn out more profitable." "Thou sayest well, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "and it will be highly prudent in us to wait until the evil influence of the star which now reigns is passed over." The canon, the priest, and the barber, told him they approved his resolution : and the knight being now placed in the waggon, as before, they prepared to depart.

The goatherd took his leave ; and the troopers, not being disposed to attend them farther, were discharged. The canon also separated from them, having first obtained a promise from the priest that he would acquaint him with the future fate of Don Quixote. Thus the party now consisted only of the priest, the barber, Don Quixote, and Sancho, with good Rozinante, who bore all accidents as patiently as his master. The waggoner yoked his oxen, and, having accommodated Don Quixote with a truss of hay, they jogged on in the way the priest directed ; and at the end of six days reached Don Quixote's village. It was about noon when they made their entrance ; and, it being Sunday, all the people were standing about the market-place, through which the waggon passed. Everybody ran to see who was in it, and were not a little surprised when they recognized their townsman ; and a boy ran off at full speed with tidings to the housekeeper, that he was coming home, lean and pale, stretched out at length in a waggon drawn by oxen. On hearing this, the two good women made the most pathetic lamentations, and renewed their curses against books of chivalry ; especially when they saw the poor knight entering the gate.

Upon the news of Don Quixote's arrival, Sancho Panza's wife repaired thither, and on meeting him, her first inquiry was whether the ass had come home well. Sancho told her that he was in a better condition than his master. "The Lord be praised," replied she, "for so great a mercy to me ! But tell me, husband, what good have you got by your squireship ? Have you brought a petticoat home for me, and shoes for your children ?" "I have brought you nothing of that sort, dear wife," quoth Sancho ; "but I have got other things of greater consequence." "I am very glad of that," answered the wife, "pray show me your things of greater consequence, friend ; for I would fain see them, to gladden my heart, which has been so sad, all the long time you have been away." "You shall see them at home, wife," quoth Sancho, "and be satisfied at present ; for if it please God that we make another sally in quest of adventures, you will soon see me an earl or governor of an island, and no common one either, but one of the best that is to be had." "Grant Heaven it may be so, husband," quoth the wife, "for we have need enough of it. But pray tell me what you mean by islands ; for I do not understand you." "Honey is not for the mouth of an ass," answered Sancho : "in good time, wife, you shall see, yea, and admire to hear yourself styled ladyship by all your vassals." "What do you mean, Sancho, by ladyship, islands, and

vassals?" answered Teresa Panza, for that was the name of Sancho's wife, though they were not of kin, but because it was the custom of La Mancha for the wife to take the husband's name. "Do not be in so much haste, Teresa," said Sancho; "it is enough that I tell you what is true, so lock up your mouth;—only take this by the way, that there is nothing in the world so pleasant as to be an honourable esquire to a knight-errant, and seeker of adventures. To be sure most of them are not so much to a man's mind as he could wish; for, as I know by experience, ninety-nine out of an hundred fall out cross and unlucky; especially when one happens to be tossed in a blanket, or well cudgelled; yet, for all that, it is a fine thing to go about in expectation of accidents, traversing mountains, searching woods, marching over rocks, visiting castles, lodging in inns, all at pleasure, and the devil a farthing to pay."

While this discourse was passing between Sancho Panza and his wife Teresa, the housekeeper and the niece received Don Quixote, and, after undressing him, they laid him in his old bed, whence he looked at them with eyes askance, not knowing perfectly where he was. Often did the women raise their voices in abuse of all books of chivalry, overwhelming their authors with the bitterest maledictions. His niece was charged by the priest to take great care of him, and to keep a watchful eye that he did not again make his escape, after taking so much pains to get him home. Yet they were full of apprehensions lest they should lose him again as soon as he found himself a little better; and indeed the event proved that their fears were not groundless.

But the author of this history, though he applied himself with the utmost curiosity and diligence to trace the exploits which Don Quixote performed in his third sally, could get no account of them, at least from any authentic writings; fame has only left a tradition in La Mancha that Don Quixote, the third time he sallied from home, went to Saragossa, and was present at a famous tournament in that city, where he performed deeds worthy of himself. Nor would he have learned anything concerning his death, had he not fortunately become acquainted with an aged physician, who had in his custody a leaden box, found, as he said, under the ruins of an ancient hermitage; in which box was discovered a manuscript, written on parchment, in Gothic characters, but in Castilian verse, containing many of his exploits, and describing the beauty of Dulcinea del Toboso, the form of Rozinante, the fidelity of Sancho Panza, and the burial of Don Quixote himself, with several epitaphs and eulogies on his life and habits. All that could be read, and perfectly made out, are here inserted by the faithful author of this most extraordinary history, who desires no other recompense for the vast labour he has bestowed in searching into the archives of La Mancha, than that this work may find equal favour with other books of knight-errantry: with this he will be quite satisfied, and moreover encouraged to seek after others, that may be quite as entertaining, though not so true. The first stanzas written on the parchment which was found in the leaden box, were the following:—

THE ACADEMICIANS
OF ARGAMASILLA, A TOWN OF LA MANCHA,
ON THE
LIFE AND DEATH OF THE VALOROUS
DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA,
HOC SCRIPSERUNT.

MONICONGO, ACADEMICIAN OF ARGAMASILLA, ON THE SEPULTURE
OF DON QUIXOTE.

EPITAPH.

Mancha's thunderbolt of war,
The sharpest wit and loftiest muse,
The arm which from Gaëta far
To Catai did its force diffuse;
He who, through love and valour's fire,
Outstript great Amadis's fame,
Bid warlike Galaor retire,
And silenced Belianis' name:
He who, with helmet, sword, and shield,
On Rozinante, steed well known,
Adventures fought in many a field,
Lies underneath this frozen stone.

PANIAGUADO, ACADEMICIAN OF ARGAMASILLA, IN PRAISE OF DULCINEA
DEL TOROSO.

SONNET.

She whom you see the plump and lusty dame,
With high erected chest and vigorous mien,
Was erst th' enamoured knight Don Quixote's flame,
The fair Dulcinea, of Toboso, queen.

For her, arm'd cap-à-pie with sword and shield,
He trod the sable mountain o'er and o'er;
For her he travers'd Montiel's well-known field,
And in her service toils unnumber'd bore.
Hard fate! that death should crop so fine a flower!
And love o'er such a knight exert his tyrant power!

CAPRICHOSO, A MOST INGENIOUS ACADEMICIAN OF ARGAMASILLA, IN
PRAISE OF DON QUIXOTE'S HORSE ROZINANTE.

SONNET.

On the aspiring adamantine trunk
Of a huge tree, whose root, with slaughter drunk,
Sends forth a scent of war, La Mancha's knight,
Frantic with valour, and return'd from fight,
His bloody standard trembling in the air,
Hangs up his glittering armour beaming far,
With that fine-temper'd steel whose edge o'erthrows,
Hacks, hews, confounds, and routs opposing foes.
Unheard-of prowess! and unheard-of verse!
But art new strains invents, new glories to rehearse.
If Amadis to Grecia gives renown,
Much more her chief does fierce Bellona crown.

Prizing La Mancha more than Gaul or Greece,
As Quixote triumphs over Amadis.
Oblivion ne'er shall shroud his glorious name,
Whose very horse stands up to challenge fame!
Illustrious Rozinante, wondrous steed!
Not with more generous pride or mettled speed,
His rider erst Rinaldo's Bayard bore,
Or his mad lord, Orlando's Brilladore.

BURLADOR, THE LITTLE ACADEMICIAN OF ARGAMASILLA, ON SANCHEO PANZA.

SONNET.

See Sancho Panza, view him well,
And let this verse his praises tell.
His body was but small, 'tis true,
Yet had a soul as large as two.
No guile he knew, like some before him,
But simple as his mother bore him,
This gentle squire on gentle ass
Went gentle Rozinante's pace,
Following his lord from place to place.
To be an earl he did aspire,
And reason good for such desire,
But worth, in these ungrateful times,
To envied honour seldom climbs.
Vain mortals! give your wishes o'er,
And trust the flatterer Hope no more,
Whose promises, whate'er they seem,
End in a shadow or a dream.

CACHIDLABLO, ACADEMICIAN OF ARGAMASILLA, ON THE SEPULTURE OF DON QUIXOTE.

EPITAPH.

Here lies an evil-errant knight,
Well bruised in many a fray,
Whose courser, Rozinante hight,
Long bore him many a way.

Close by his loving master's side
Lies booby Sancho Panza,
A trusty squire of courage tried,
And true as ever man saw.

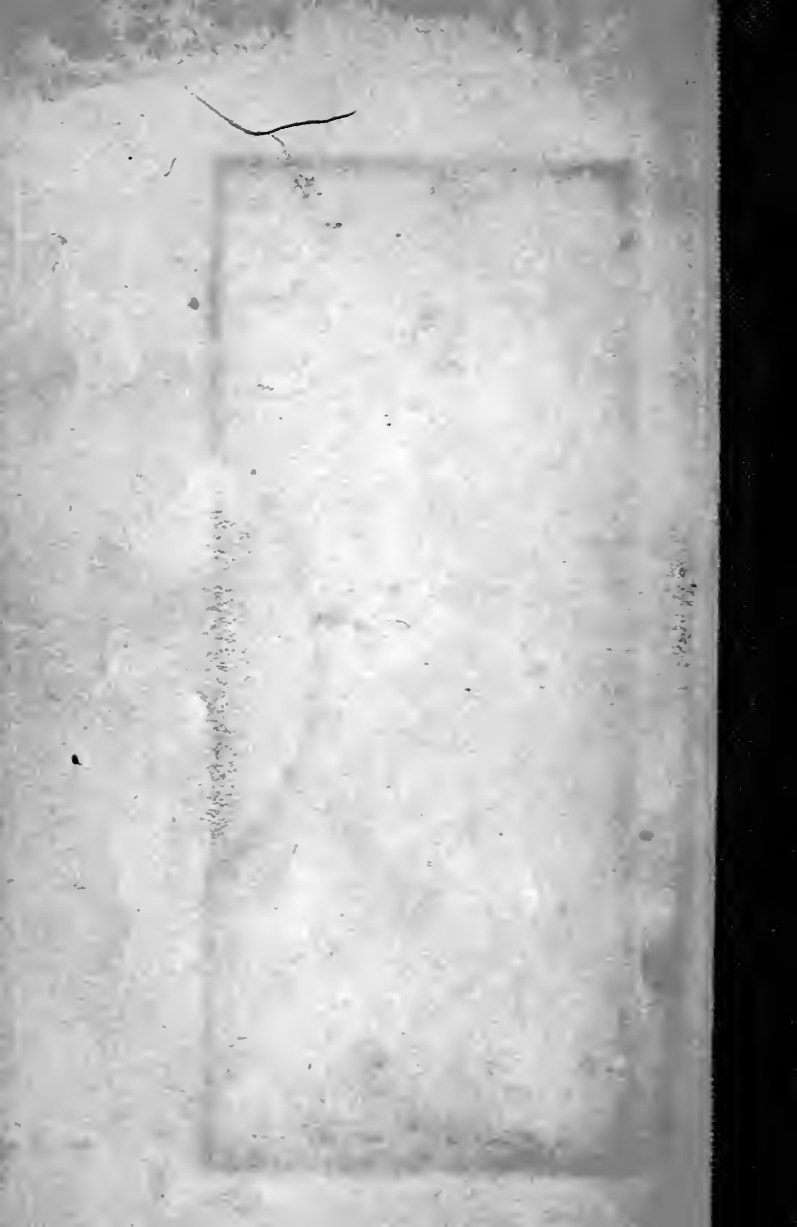
TIQUITOC ACADEMICIAN OF ARGAMASILLA, ON THE SEPULTURE OF DULCINEA DEL TOBOSO.

Dulcinea, fat and fleshy, lies
Beneath this frozen stone,
But since to frightful death a prize,
Reduced to skin and bone.

Of goodly parentage she came,
And had the lady in her;
She was the great Don Quixote's flame,
But only death could win her.

These were all the verses that were legible; the remainder, being much defaced and worm-eaten, were put into the hands of one of the Academicians, that he might discover their meaning by conjecture; which, after much thought and labour, we are informed he has actually done, and that he intends to publish them, in the hope of Don Quixote's third sally.

“Forse altro cantarà con miglior plectro.”



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